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**THE
ALABAMA HISTORICAL
QUARTERLY**

PETER A. BRANNON, *Editor*



Published by the
State Department
of
Archives and History

Vol. 27

Nos. 1 and 2

SPRING and SUMMER

1965



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CONTENTS

Editorial	5
French and Spanish Cartography of Alabama, by <i>Jack D. L. Holmes</i>	7
Charles Strachan in Mobile: The Frontier Ordeal of a Scottish Factor, 1764-1768, by <i>John D. Born, Jr.</i>	23
Economics and Politics in the 1860 Presidential Election in Alabama, by <i>Durwood Long</i>	43
The Birmingham & Southeastern Railroad, by <i>Michael J. Dunn, III</i>	59
Mobile and the Visit by Woodrow Wilson, by <i>Derrell Roberts</i>	81
A Hoosier Regiment in Alabama, by <i>Arville L. Funk</i>	91
A Description and History of Blount County, by <i>George Powell</i>	95
Contributors	133

EDITORIAL

This issue of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly* contains articles spanning the history of Alabama from the colonial period to the present. An earlier article on Woodrow Wilson's Mobile visit was published in Volume XIX of the *Quarterly*. As Mr. Roberts' contribution emphasizes the social rather than the political aspects, it has been considered not to be repetitious. The last article in this number of the *Quarterly* is a reprint of one of the Alabama Historical Society's early publications which has become increasingly rare. In keeping with the policy of the *Quarterly* of making available local and county histories, it is herein reprinted.—P. A. B.

FRENCH AND SPANISH CARTOGRAPHY OF ALABAMA

By

Jack D. L. Holmes*

For almost four centuries French and Spanish cartographers explored the southeastern United States with compass and pen in constructing their many maps. An anonymous map-maker drew up in 1511 what may be the earliest extant map of the Gulf of Mexico, which includes part of Alabama.¹ Numerous general maps of the Gulf and specialized maps featuring portions of the coast and interior of the Floridas and Louisiana have been reproduced in handsome, and often expensive, volumes.² There are, however, in French, Cuban and Spanish archives literally hundreds of unpublished plans, charts, maps and drawings which vividly illustrate the early history of Alabama. Check-lists have been compiled of Alabama maps³ and maps in both French and Spanish archives covering Louisiana.⁴

*Research on early American maps was made possible through a Fulbright Research Grant to Spain during 1961 and 1962, and again to Spain, the British Isles, Portugal and France during the summer of 1964 under a grant from the University of Alabama Research Council, Project 463. The compiler is associate professor of history at the Birmingham Center of the University of Alabama.

¹Academia Real de Historia, *Mapas espanoles de America*, siglos xv-xvii (Madrid, 1951), #5.

²*Ibid.*; Servicio Geografico del Ejercito and Archivo del Servicio Historico Militar (Madrid), *Cartografia de Ultramar*, Carpeta II: *Estados Unidos y Canada* (2 vols.; Madrid, 1953); E. M. Morrison, *The American South, an Historical Atlas* (3 vols.; Athens, Ohio, 1964-1965), I; Pedro Torres Lanzas

³For example, see Rucker Agee (comp.), "Maps of Alabama," Unpublished manuscript written to illustrate the exhibition of the Rucker Agee Collection at the Birmingham Public Library, January 28-February 17, 1955; Woodbury Lowery, *The Lowery Collection, A Descriptive List of Maps of the Spanish Possessions within the Present Limits of the United States, 1502-1820*, Ed. with notes by Philip Lee Phillips (Washington, 1912).

⁴Jack D. L. Holmes (comp.), "Maps, Plans and Charts of Louisiana in Spanish and Cuban Archives: a Checklist," *Louisiana Studies*, 11, No. 4 (Winter, 1963), 183-203; Jack D. L. Holmes (comp.), "Maps, Plans and Charts of Louisiana in Paris Archives: a Checklist," *Louisiana Studies*, scheduled for publication in 1965.

Little has been done, however, in listing the materials on Alabama which have not been printed. The accompanying checklist of seventy-two items mainly in the eighteenth-century may be useful to geographers and historians interested in the cartographical background of the state.

In Spain the following archives and/or libraries were consulted: Museo Naval (Madrid), Archivo del Servicio Historico Militar (Madrid), Servicio Geografico del Ejercito (Madrid), Biblioteca Nacional (Madrid), Archivo Historico Nacional (Madrid), Archivo General de Simancas, Archivo Museo D. Alvaro de Bazan Marina de Guerra (El Viso del Marques), and the Archivo General de Indias (Sevilla). In France the best repositories of maps, charts and plans are the Service Hydrographique de Marine, 13 Rue de l'Universite, in Paris; the Collection d'Anville, Bibliotheque National (Paris); and the Archives Nationales (Paris). Because of present political conditions, it was impossible to visit the Archivo Nacional de Cuba, but the present writer made use of an excellent catalog of the holdings of the Cuban archives.⁵

⁵Archivo Nacional de Cuba, *Catalogo de los Mapas, Planos, Croquis y Arboles genealogicos existentes en el Archivo Nacional de Cuba* (4 vols.; Havana, 1951-1956).

MAPS, PLANS AND CHARTS OF COLONIAL ALABAMA IN FRENCH AND SPANISH ARCHIVES

Compiled by
Jack D. L. Holmes

Gulf Coast

1. Soupart. "Carte de la Cote de la Louisiane depuis la Cote de Ouest de la Floride jusqu'a l'Ouest de la Riviere du Mississipy." Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris (hereafter cited as BN), Collection d'Anville (hereafter cited as CA), No. 8801. Brown and gray water colors on manila paper. Sketch. Approximately 36" x 12".

2. "Carte de la Coste du Nouveau Biloxy avec les Isles des Environs pour faire voir la situation de la Rade de l'Isle aux Vaisseaux, et celle de l'Isle de la Chandeleur." BN, CA, No. 8817. Colors. Territory covered from Isle Bienville to Baye St. Louis.

3. "Carte de la Coste de la Floride depuis le Baye de la Mobile jusqu'aux cayes de St. Martin. BN, CA, No. 8807. Printed.

4. "Plan du Terrain que occupe les concessions de Messieurs les Marquis de Mezieres et des Marches aux Nouveaux Biloxy a la Louissiane." Archives Nationales, Paris (hereafter cited as AN), Cartes, K-1232, No. 52.

5. "Carte de partie de la Coste du Nouveau Biloxy, environ douze cent toises a l'est et a l'Ouest de l'endroit ou l'on doit placer le Fort." Service Hydrographique, Naval Ministry, Paris (hereafter cited as SH), Amerique Septentrionale, Cartes Particulieres, Etats Unis. *circa* 1740. Colors. Approximately seven feet by fourteen inches.

6. "Carte de la Coste et des environs du fleuve de Mississipi, 1699." Sketched by I.M.F., SH, AS, Cartes Particulieres, Etats-Unis. Incomplete sketch in colors.

7. Carte de la Coste et des environs du fleuve de Mississipi, 1699." SH, AS, Cours d'Eau. About thirty inches by twenty. Shows Gulf Coast from the Bahamas to Rio Bravo del Norte (Rio Grande).

8. Nicolas de Fer (Geographer of Mons. le Dauphin, 1646-1720), "Les costes aux environs de la Riviere de Misisipi decouverte par M. de la Salle en 1683, et reconnues par Mr. le Chevalier d'Iberville en 1698 et 1699." SH, AS, Cours d'Eau. See Woodbury Lowery, *A Descriptive List of Maps of the Spanish Possessions within the Present Limits of the United States, 1502-1820* (Washington, 1912), 219.

9. "Carte Nouvelle et tres exacte d'une partie de la Louisianne et de l'Isle de Cuba en 1718." SH, AS, Cours d'Eau. See *ibid.*, 237.

10. F. Saucier. "Carte particuliere pour pour (*sic*) parvenu a la connoissance de la distance qui il ya du fleuve St. Louis a la Riviere de la Mobille, en connoissant aussy le cours de la Riviere desasoux et de celle des Pascagoula. Na. la ligne ponctue en rouge marque le terrain qui contenant tous les villages T-Chactas." A la Nlle. Orleans le 8e. May 1738. SH, AS, Cours d'Eau.

11. N. B. (Jacques Nicolas Bellin, 1703-1772). "Partie de la Coste de la Louisiane et de la Floride depuis le Mississipi jusqu'a St. Marc d'Apalache dressee sur les Manuscrits du Depost des Plans de la Marine, par N. B. Ingr. du Roy et de la Marine." 1743. SH, AS, Cours d'Eau.

12. Jacques Nicolas Bellin. "Partie de la Coste de la Louisiane et de la Floride depuis le Mississipi jusqu'a St. Marc d'Apalache dressee sur les manuscrits du depost des Plans de la Marine, par N. B. Ingr. du Roy et de la Marine." 1744. BN, CA, No. 8806. See Lowery, *Descriptive List*, 290.

13. Untitled map of the Gulf, and the Mississippi River, from Pensacola to Baton Rouge, and from the thirty-first parallel to the mouth of the Mississippi. *circa* 1798. SH, AS, Cours d'Eau. Colors.

14. "Seno Mejicano, Plano que comprehende desde el Lago de Movila hasta la Bahia de Panzacola." *circa* 1785. Museo Naval (Madrid) (hereafter abbreviated as MN), VI, A, No. 5.

15. (Jose de Evia?). Undated map of the Gulf of Mexico, from the Pearl River to Point San Miguel, showing part of Cuba. MN, VI, B, No. 15.

16. Simon de Evia. "Plano y descripcion de la Provincia de la Luaciana en la Costa del N. te del Seno Mexicano..." 1736. Biblioteca Nacional (Madrid) (hereafter abbreviated as BNE), M-1-142.

17. "Province de la Louisianne M.DCC.XLIII." 1743. BNE, M-1-326.

18. Francisco Mathias Celi. "Plano de la Provincia de Luisiana." 1744. BNE, M-1-189.

19. Juan Josef Elixio de la Puente. "Descripcion geografica de la parte que los espanoles poseen actualmente en el continente de la Florida..." Havana, May 25, 1765. MN, showcase of museum. Colors include red, blue, yellow and brown.

20. William Faden. "An accurate chart of the Coast of West Florida and the Coast of Louisiana . . . surveyed in the Years 1764, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 70, & 71, by George Gauld..." Printed February 4, 1803. Copy in Servicio Geografico del Ejercito (Madrid), and published in their *Cartografia de Ultramar*, Carpenta II: *Estados Unidos y Canada* (2 vols.; Madrid, 1953) No. 106. See Lowery, *Descriptive List*, 338. There is a published version of this map dated 1823.

21. M. Bonne (Rigobert Bonne). "Copia de la Carta de la Luisiana y la Florida." *circa* 1783. Servicio Historico Militar y del Ejercito (Madrid) (hereafter abbreviated as ASHM), 5-1-9-14, attached to Josef de Gabriel y Estenoz's manuscript *Descripcion historica de la Luisiana*. The map has been printed in Jack D. L. Holmes (ed.), *Documentos ineditos para la historia de la Luisiana, 1792-1810* (Madrid, 1963), No. 4. See Lowery, *Descriptive List*, 397.

22. Sr. Broutin (son of Capt. Broutin, Engineer-in-Chief of French Louisiana). "Carte de la Louisiane." MN, VI-A-No. 6, and printed in Holmes (ed.), *Documentos de Luisiana*, No. 1. The original map, in colors of red and green, with a yellow line along the Mississippi which separates Spanish and English possessions (*circa* 1763), is based on the explorations and charting of various French engineers in Louisiana. Approximately six feet by three feet!

23. "Provincias de Florida." *circa* 1763. MN, VI-B, No. 6. Green outlines. Has list of latitudes and longitudes of various posts in Louisiana and West Florida. See Lowery, *Descriptive List*, 331.

24. Jose de Evia. "Descripcion de la costa y sondas desde la Isla del Cuerno hasta la pasa del Sur del Rio Misisipi . . ." 1784. MN, VI-A-No. 9.

25. Jose de Evia. "Descripcion hidrografica de una parte de la Costa de la Florida Occidental, desde el Cavo de San Blas hasta el Rio de Pascagulas . . ." 1784. MN, VI-B-No. 5.

26. William Faden. "The United States of North America: with the British Territories and those of Spain, According to the Treaty of 1784." 1793. MN, VI-C-No. 13. This is probably the same map engraved by Faden in 1785. See Carl I. Wheat, *Mapping the Trans-Mississippi West, 1540-1861* (5 vols.; San Francisco, 1957-1963), 1, 235.

27. "Plano del terreno comprehendido entre Manchak en el Ro. Misisipi hasta el Puerto de Panzacola inclusive." (*circa* 1808). Archivo General de Indias (Sevilla), Planos, Luisiana y Floridas (hereafter cited as AGI), No. 231.

28. Francisco Armero. "Carta de las Costas de la Escambia, Alabama, y Bocas del Rio Misisipi, la Luisiana, Tejas, con la Provincia del Nuevo Santander en el Golfo de Mexico . . ." 1846. MN, VI-B-No. 12.

ALABAMA: GENERAL

29. Gilberto Guillemard. "Plano topographico copiado de varias ingleses, que comprehende los Establecimientos Americanos al occidente de los Montes Apalaches . . ." Nueva Orleans, September 25, 1787. Archivo Historico Nacional (Madrid), hereafter cited as AHN. This map has been published in Miguel Gomez del Campillo (ed.), *Relaciones diplomaticas entre Espana y los Estados Unidos segun los documentos del Archivo Historico Nacional* (2 vols.; Madrid, 1944-1945), I, opposite 78.

30. Undated, untitled sketch of the Mississippi, Ohio, and Tennessee Rivers. (September 1, 1788 according to documents in AGI, Papeles de Cuba, legajo 2361). AGI, No. 120.

31. Robert Sayer. "A New and General Map of the Southern Dominions belonging to the U.S. of A . . . and the Spanish Possessions of Louisiana and Florida." Printed for Robert Sayer, London, January 1, 1788. MN, VI-C-No. 1.

32. Untitled map showing the lands of the Virginia Yasou Company and the South Carolina Yasou Company, *circa* 1790. Shown are the Alabama, Mobile and Tombigbee Rivers. AHN. The map has been published in Gomez del Campillo (ed.), *Relaciones diplomaticas*, I, opposite 326; and in Manuel Serrano y Sanz, *El brigadier Jaime Wilkinson y sus tratos con Espana . . .* (Madrid, 1915), 26.

33. Baron de Carondelet. Untitled map of the Old-Southwest from the junction of Illinois and Mississippi in North to below Natchez in South, from the Mississippi River to the Apalachians. *circa* 1794. AGI, No. 209. The map shows location of Alabama forts and frontier American settlements from the Ohio River to the Tennessee River. Also printed in *ibid.*, opposite 48.

34. Joseph Warin (aide an dengineer to General George Henri Victor Collot). "Chart of the Source of the Mobile and of the River Yazoo. Including a part of the Course of the Mississippi from the River Margot to the Natchez." 1796. SH, AS, Cartes Anciennes. This has been printed in the atlas (Plate 33)

of Collot, *A Journey in North America* . . . (2 vols. & atlas; Paris, 1826; reprinted Florence, 1924).

35. Regis du Rcullet. "Carte du cours de la Riviere aux Perles depuis son embouchure jusqu'a Boukfouka et du Chemin qui est depuis le Fort de la Mobile jusques au Dt. Boukfouka." 1732. SH, AS, Cours d'Eau. Colors, approximately 36 by 18 inches.

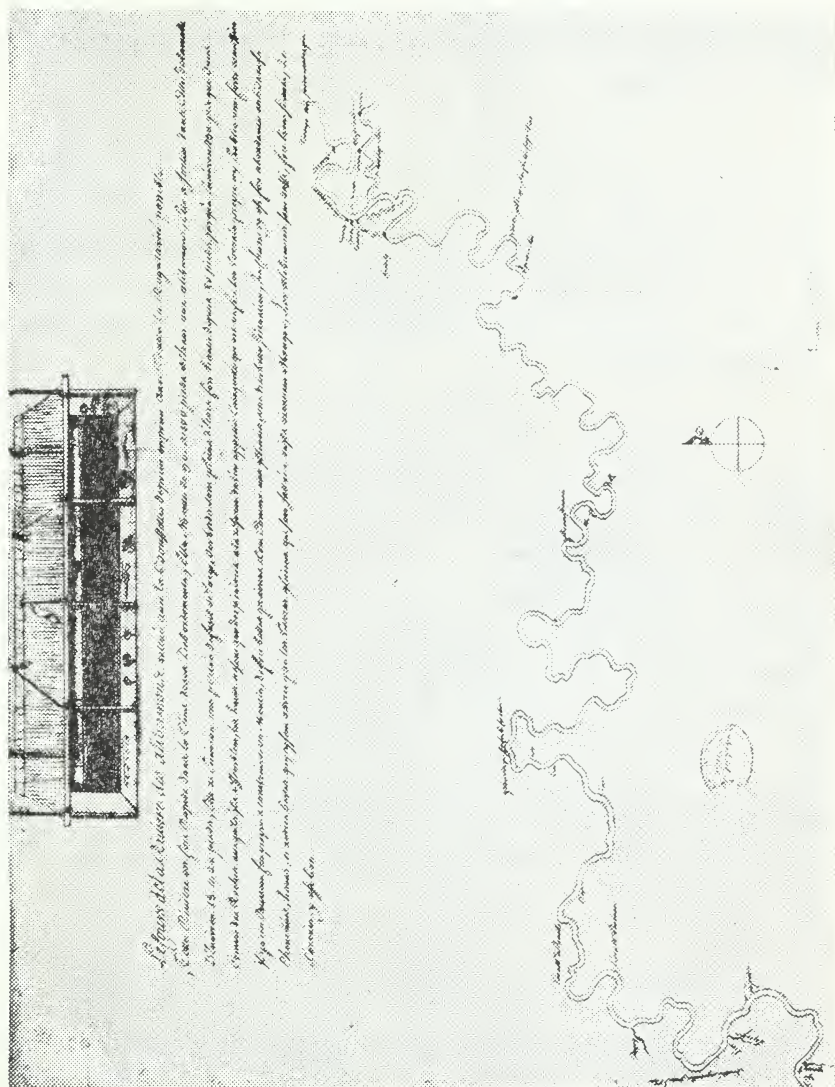
36. Regis du Roulet. "Carte du chemin du Fort de la Mobille aux villages des Tchaktas levee par estimee en 1732 le 14 juillet par . . ." SH, AS, Cartes Particulieres, Etats-Unis. Colors, about thirty-six by fourteen inches.

37. Regis du Roulet. "Carte du cours de la Riviere aux Perles depuis Boukfouka jusqu'a son embouchure qui est a la Passe a Dion Visavis l'Isle aux Oyes levee a l'Estime le 14 juillet 1732 par Monsieur . . ." SH, AS, Cours d'Eau. Colors, about thirty-six by eighteen inches.

38. Regis du Roulet. "Carte du cours de la Riviere aux Perles depuis son embouchure qui est au Lack Pontchartrain jusqu'a Boukfouka. Levee en 1732 par Mr. Regis qui a estime les distances de sa route et les airs de Vents avec une Boussolle de 4 a 5 pouces . . ." Redrawn according to map of Philippe Buache de l'ac, December 1737. Paris, August 25, 1750. SH, AS, Cours d'Eau. Colors, about four by three feet.

39. "Le cours de la Riviere des Alibamons reclue avec le Boussolle . . ." BN, CA, No. 8816. In addition to a sketch of the river and settlements along its banks, there is an interesting inset drawing of an Indian council hut or 'Cabén de Conseille.'

40. "Carte pour donner une idee de la positions des Villages sauvages ou l'on voit par une ligne ponctuee en rouge la separation des sauvages qui tiennent pour nous d'avec ceux qui tiennent pour les Englois." *circa* 1730 (?). #SH AS, Cartes Particulieres, Etats-Unis. Colors. Area covered from Mobile to Pascagoula and indicates Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Talapousa (Creek) towns.



Courtesy of Bibliothèque National

39. MAP OF ALABAMA

41. Untitled map showing Indian villages on Cherokee (Tennessee) River with numbers in the various tribes. SH, AS, Cartes Particulieres, Etats-Unis. Colors, about eighteen by twenty-four inches.

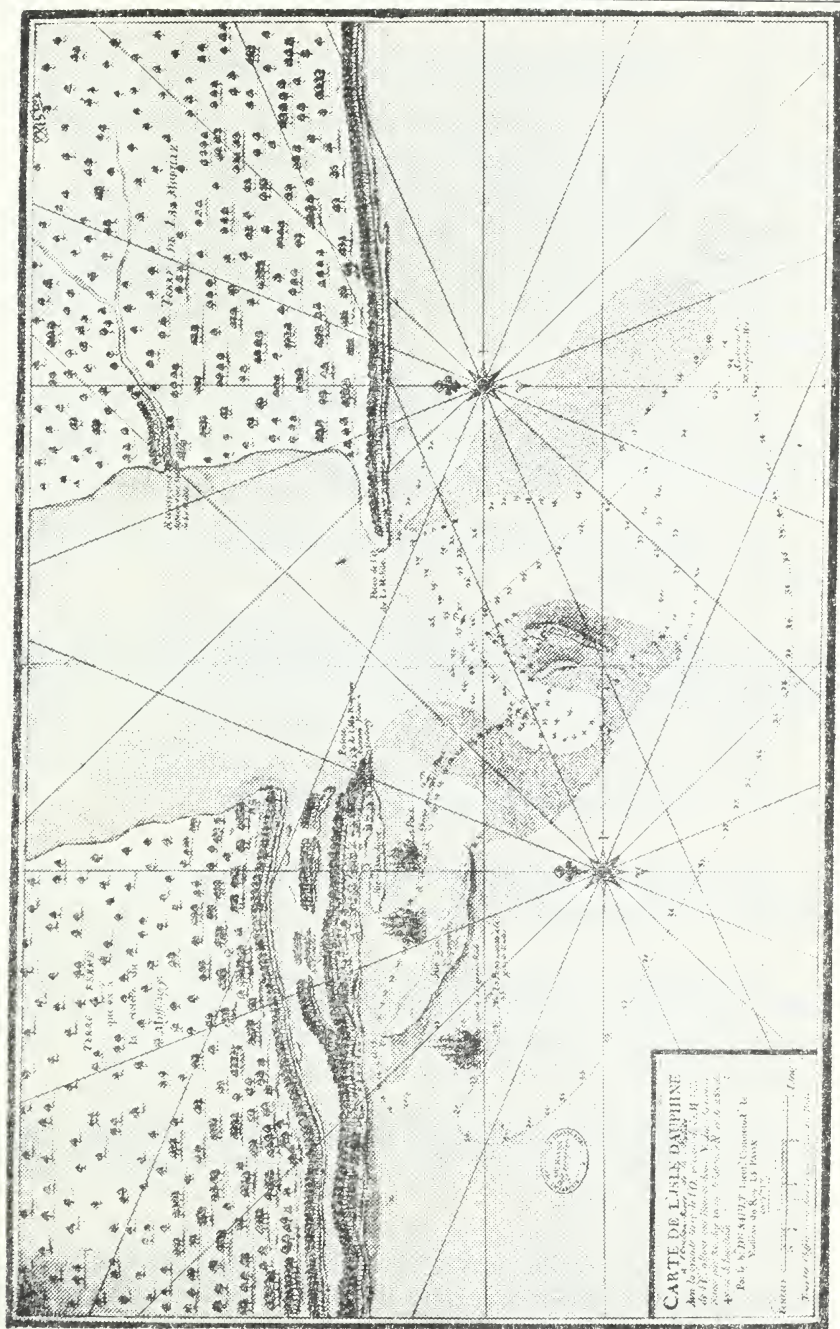
42. "Carte de l'Isle de Saint Domingue, ainsy que celles de Cuba, de la Jamaïque, avec Le Canal de Bahama, et le province de La Louissianne, L'entree de fleuve de Saint Louis. . . ." *circa* 1720. Archives Nationales (Paris), Maps, N-111-2. A general map of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, which features a highly imaginative interpretation of the coast line and rivers of Alabama. Colors.

43. "Carte de la Province de la Louissianne." AN, Maps, N-111-1. Map featuring Alabama and Mississippi, but also including Choctaw Indian villages. Colors.

44. "Plano del rio de la Movila en latitud de 30 grados y 10 minutos cuya conquista e igualmente la de su fortificacion y habitaciones se ha hecho por el brig. y comandante general de la Provincia de la Luis. el 12 de marzo de 1780, Dn. Bernardo de Galvez." Archivo General de Simancas (Spain), Mapas, XV-6. The size is 305 by 298 mm. Originally in the papers of the late Marques de Sonora (Jose de Galvez, 1720-1787). The sketch shows the location of the town of Mobile, its defenses, and the ships which attacked the English defenders in 1780.

45. "Plano del Rio de la Movila cituado en la Florida Occidental, y se halla su Punta del Este por la Latitud de 30° 11' 00", y en longitud de 286° 52' 00" del Meridiano de Tenerife." *circa* 1780. Black sketch showing fort and town of Mobile. MN, VI-B-No. 9.

46. (Stephen Minor?). Untitled Plan of the territory between the Mobile Bay and the Tennessee River. *circa* 1799. AGI, No. 202. Details on the survey, probably done by Spanish commissioner Minor are in AGI, PC, leg. 2355.



Courtesy of Biblitheque Nationale

48. MAP OF DAUPHIN ISLAND

MOBILE AND DAUPHIN ISLAND

47. "Plano del Fuerte Conde de la Movila." ASHM, K-b-9-41. Engineer's plan of the fortification at Mobile. Colors.

48. Sr. du Sault. "Carte de l'Isle Dauphine a la'embouchure de la Mobile . . . par . . . lieut. commandt. le Vaisseau du Roy Le Paon." 1717. BN, CA, No. 8815 *bis*. Three feet by two feet. Colors.

49. "Ydee ou plan du Chenal par lequel Est Sorty la navire, la Prise et le Vaisseau du Roy le Pan, du fort de l'Ile Dauphine le 15me. May 1717." BN, CA, No. 8815.

50. "Plan du post et rade de l'Isle Dauphine." May 15, 1717. AGI, No. 35. Colors.

51. "Carte de l'Isle dauphine, ses environs." BN, CA, No. 8814. About forty-eight inches by twelve inches. Shows houses, fort, Mobile Point.

52. Untitled fragment of plan of fortifications for Fort Conde de Mobbille, *circa* 1735-1738. AGI, No. 36.

53. Untitled rough sketch of Fort Conde de Mobbille. April 26, 1736. ,AGI, No. 38.

54. Dessat. Pabellon de Mobile, 27 juin 1752. AGI, PC, leg. 2357, and printed in Diego Angulo Iniguez, *Planos de Monumentos arquitectonicos de America y Filipinas existentes en el Archivo de Indias* (3 vols.; Sevilla, 1934), 11, plate 140.

55. Untitled sketches of Mobile fortification bastion, 1760. AGI, Nos. 61, 62. Labeled, "Figure de la platte forme du Bastion Sud ouest & S. O'est."

56. Gilberto Guillemard. "Fachada y elevacion del quartel proyectado en el Fuerte Carlota de la Mobila, Nueva Orleans 6 de mayo 1793." Archivo General de Simancas, Mapas, VII-75. 448 x 330 mms. Colors and ink. Explanatory letter is Luis de

las Casas to Conde del Campo de Alange, La Habana, June 12, 1793, AGS, Guerra Moderna, leg. 7240, No. 310.

57. Jose (Joseph) Collins. "Plano que se refiere a haber sido medido y lindado el solar curial de 65 pies de frente sobre la Calle Real, con 150 de frente sobre la calle Iglesia, con la profundidad, segun las estacas y lineas representadas; igualmente el solar de la Iglesia de 85 pies de frente sobre la Calle Real . . ." Mobile, 1807. Archivo Nacional de Cuba, Section of Floridas, leg. 10, No. 26. Size: 20 x 31 cms.

58. Antonio de Arango. "Plano del Castillo de Movila." circa 1812. Redrawn by Nicolas deFiniels. ASHM, K-b-4-71. Colors. Features two-story plan, with fold-out part of map for upper story.

59. Vicente Sebastian Pintado. "Plano que existe en el expediente en que el comandante Francisco Collell pide el titulo de terrenos que le fueron cedidos en Mobila." 1815. Archivo Nacional de Cuba, Floridas, Leg. 11, No. 37. 19½ x 31 cms.

TOMBIGBEE RIVER POSTS

60. Deverges. "Pabellon de Ft. Tombecbe." July 20, 1759. AGI, BC, leg. #2357. Printed in Angulo Iniguez, *Planos de monumentos*, plate 142.

61. Deverges. "Cuartel de Ft. Tombecbe." December 8, 1759. AGI, PC, leg. 2357. Printed in *ibid.*, plate 141.

62. Deverges. "Cuerpo de guardia y carcel, Ft. Tombecbe." June 12, 1761. Printed in *ibid.*, plate 143, from original in AGI, PC, leg. 2357.

63. Untitled sketch of a horseshoe bend in the Tombigbee River illustrating position of lands belonging to "Whaker" (Abraham Walker?), Baker (John Baker?), and Joyce (John Joyce?). AGI, No. 121. According to documents in AGI, PC, leg. 2361, the sketch is about 1788; distances are indicated.

64. Antonio Palao. Untitled drawing of Ft. Confederacion on the Tombigbee. Confederacion, June 24, 1794. AGI, No. 165. A typical frontier fort designed to defend the Spanish post on the Tombigbee River drawn by the commandant.

65. Antonio Palao. Untitled sketch of Ft. Confederacion, which indicates two-story block-house with emplacements for cannon. Confederacion, June 25, 1794. AGI, No. 166.

66. Antonio Palao. "Plano y Perfil del Fuerte de la Confederacion." Confederacion, August 12, 1794. AGI, No. 164. A partially destroyed engineer's drawing of the fortifications, showing location of various buildings within the fort. The middle section of the plate is missing.

67. Antonio Palao. "Plano o Perfil de la estacada puesta sobre el Malecon del Frente de la Rivera del Fuerte de la Confederacion en el biejo Tombeche." Confederacion, September 4, 1794. AGI, No. 161. Military sketch showing details of door, stockade and trench bulwark.

68. Antonio Palao. "Plano o Perfil de la estacada, y Puerta puesta en el Recinto del Fuerte de la Confederacion." Confederacion, September 4, 1794. AGI, No. 163. Similar to No. 67 above, but a different gate of the fort.

69. Antonio Palao. "Plano del estado y Posicion en que se hallan los fuegos de la Casa Fuerte, y la de los angulos de los francos, hallandose colocados los canones de dha. casa fuerte en el segundo alto." (Confederacion, September 11, 1794, as indicated in letter, Palao to Carondelet, AGI, PC, leg. 1574). AGI, No. 167. Drawing No. I of a series of three showing fire-power and angles of cannon protection of the fort, this mistakenly says it represents the second floor fire, when it is actually the first floor.

70. Antonio Palao. "Plano. . . ." (same as above). AGI, No. 168. Drawing No. 2 of a series of three, which shows fire-power and angles from second floor of block-house.

71. Antonio Palao. Untitled drawing which demonstrates the building plans and techniques for the blockhouse of Ft. Confederacion. Drawing No. 3 of a series of three, described above, No. 69. AGI, No. 169.

72. Antonio Palao. Untitled sketch of lay-out and position of Ft. San Estevan de Tombigbee. (June 20, 1795, as indicated from letter of Palao to Carondelet, AGI, PC, leg. 134-b). AGI, No. 171. Outlines of fort showing actual construction as of that date. Done in brown ink.

CHARLES STRACHAN IN MOBILE:
THE FRONTIER ORDEAL
OF A SCOTTISH FACTOR, 1764-1768

By John D. Born, Jr.

Under the terms of the Treaty of Paris in 1763, the territorial holdings of Great Britain were increased in several areas of North America. Among these British acquisitions was the province of West Florida with northern and southern boundaries extending from a line thirty-two degrees and twenty-eight minutes down to the Gulf of Mexico. The eastern boundary of the colony was fixed at the Apalachicola and Chattahoochee rivers while the western boundary was placed at the Mississippi River and Lake Ponchartrain.¹ Thus the colony roughly comprised a rectangle which included portions of the present states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida.

British military occupancy was effected during the summer of 1763 and shortly thereafter an outburst of remarkable contemporary accounts written in the colony indicated that West Florida possessed tremendous commercial potential. In official reports, personal letters, and diaries, an impressive number of travelers, governmental officials, and occupying troops described not only the extensive flora and fauna, natural resources, and navigable rivers, but also the great economic advantages to be enjoyed by those who settled in West Florida. These accounts were especially laudatory about the proximity of Pensacola, the new capital, and Mobile, an old French settlement, to the rich

¹Cecil Johnson presents an excellent brief account in **British West Florida, 1763-1783** (New Haven, 1943) and Clinton Newton Howard covers the early history of the colony in **The British Development of West Florida, 1763-1769** (Berkeley, 1947).

Spanish colonies in the South.² Optimistic ideas of a rich future for West Floridians seemed to flow from every quarter. Even the provincial governor, George Johnstone, a brawling Scot with a questionable naval record, joined the ranks of the promoters of West Florida.³ At one point he became so convinced that Pensacola would become the leading port-city of North America that he was prompted to write:

Panzacola in a few hours can receive the Produce of a circumference of One hundred and fifty miles round; such is the width and so numerous are in the Trenches of its very Commodious Bay; it has been remarked in all Ages that Cities never flourished from the natural Fertility alone of the Plantation on which they stood; it is commerce only that gather together those great Societies which constitute Towns; it was thro it that anciently Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Colchos [*sic*], and Palmyra rose, tho built in Deserts and on sand; and in modern times we find that their situations have not hindered Amsterdam, Venice, and Genoa from being great and populous.⁴

The British government was visibly impressed by these glowing accounts of West Florida's commercial potential; so much so that the Board of Trade made several recommendations to Governor Johnstone designed to accelerate the economic growth of the colony. The Board's suggestions included a liberal land-grant program for war veterans mustered from the

²Bernard Romans, *A Concise Natural History of East and West Florida* (Philadelphia, 1775), 10-11, 205-222; N. Bossu, *Travels Through that Part of North America formerly called Louisiana*, trans. John R. Foster, (London, 1771), 222; Frank Heywood Hodder (ed.), *Captain Philip Pittman's The Present State of the European Settlements on the Mississippi* (Cleveland, 1906), 58; Peter Joseph Hamilton, *Colonial Mobile* (2d. ed.; Boston, 1910); Dunbar Rowland (ed.), *Mississippi Provincial Archives, 1763-1766, English Dominion I* (Nashville, 1911), 7-17; Great Britain, Public Record Office, Colonial Office, Class 5:574, George Johnstone to the Board of Trade, Pensacola, October 31, 1764; cited hereafter as C.O.

³John Knox Laughton, "George Johnstone," *Dictionary of National Biography*, ed. Sidney Lee (London, 1908), X, 963-965.

⁴George Johnstone to the Board of Trade, Pensacola, February 20, 1765, C.O. 5:583.

regular army,⁵ recruitment of French, Swiss, and German settlers from the west bank of the Mississippi,⁶ and the encouragement of British immigration into the colony.⁷ One interesting British group which migrated into the new province of West Florida was the Scots. Contemporary Scotland was the scene of economic and social unrest, and many of her sons took the opportunity to brave the wilds of the North American frontier business community to build their lives and enhance their fortunes.⁸ The eminent historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr. has noted that so many Scots sought out places as representatives of large mercantile firms, the word Scot became synonymous with factor.⁹ Schlesinger's is not isolated testimony. Even a cursory perusal of primary materials covering this period of the colony's history bears witness to the validity of his statement. Names such as McGillivray, McIntosh, Graham, Bruce, Fitzpatrick, Ross, Dunbar, Struthers, Stephenson, and Strachan fill the letter books, bills of lading, delegations of the power of attorney, and other primary materials which describe the activities of contemporary commerce during the period of British rule in West Florida. These Scots were hard-working, tight-fisted entrepreneurs whose business was money-making, and they exhibited shrewd, honest, but quite demanding traits in the pursuit of their respective businesses.¹⁰

The purpose of this study is to examine the American sojourn of one of these Scots in order to illustrate the trials and tribulations which beset a merchant on the West Florida frontier. Charles Strachan, a native of Kinnabec near Montrose in

⁵References of Petitions for Land from the Principals involved to the Board of Trade, London, various dates, C.O. 5:576.

⁶Johnson, **British West Florida**, 35; George Johnstone to the Duke of Halifax, Pensacola, May 4, 1765, C.O. 5:574; J. H. Deiler, "Settlement of the German Coast of Louisiana, and the Creoles of German Descent," **German American Annals**, XI (1909), 34-63, 67-102.

⁷General State of the Province Message from George Johnstone to John Pownall, Mobile, February 19, 1765, C.O. 5:574; Rowland, **Mississippi Provincial Archives, English Dominion I**, 271-273.

⁸Ian Charles Cargill Graham, **Colonists from Scotland** (Ithaca 1956), 23-89.

⁹Arthur Meier Schlesinger, **The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution** (New York, 1918), 35.

¹⁰**Pinkney's Virginia Gazette**, March 23, 1775; Graham, **Colonists from Scotland**; 117-119.

Scotland, spent five years of what he termed the "best part" of his life engaged in the frontier trade.¹¹ He came to Savannah, Georgia, in the latter part of 1763, where he was employed as a member of the mercantile firm of Johnson and Wylly. After a short apprenticeship, the company allowed him the opportunity to become a factor representing their enterprise in Mobile. Based on extant primary sources, it would appear that no restrictions were placed upon his personal activities because the Scot subsequently formed his own company in Mobile while continuing to act as the agent of Johnson and Wylly.

Strachan departed for Mobile about January 1, 1764, on board the English sloop, *Adventure*, under the command of Captain Robert Stapleton. Aboard he supervised a quantity of goods placed under his authority by Johnson and Wylly which were to be sold or bartered to traders. Because of a stormy passage of eleven weeks, during which time the vessel was almost lost, the Captain was forced southward to the port of New Providence in the Bahamas.¹² After the weather cleared and the goods were checked to determine if there was any appreciable damage, the voyage to West Florida was resumed. When the vessel docked in Pensacola, Strachan proceeded overland to Mobile via the Creek nation. Why he did this is a matter for conjecture. It may be that he was weary of the sea voyage or it is quite possible that he may have desired to inform potential business connections of the new Johnson and Wylly operation in Mobile. Whatever the reason, Strachan arrived in Mobile in time to help land the cargo which was mostly ruined or spoiled due to the aforementioned problems of a tempestuous voyage. After a survey of the damage was made, Strachan decided to sell the goods at public auction or vendue, which was the common practice in the colony. Damaged goods, or those not in great demand, often met this fate when merchants deemed it necessary to make room for a stock of marketable merchandise. The goods in question were simply turned over to a vendue master who sold them on a specified day at the highest price offered.¹³

¹¹Letterbook of Charles Strachan, ms. 720, National Library of Scotland.

¹²Strachan to John Beswicke and Company of London, Mobile, May 14, 1764, *Ibid.*

¹³Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, May 10, 1764, *ibid.*

Charles Strachan was disappointed to find that there were few traders in Mobile. He soon discovered, however, that the local Indians had been in town recently where they attended a congress jointly sponsored by the ranking French official, Governor Jean Jacques D'Abbadie, and the new English military commander for Mobile, Major Robert Farmar. As a result of these time consuming harangues, no hunts had been made and the traders of the interior were unable to procure a goodly supply of skins and furs from the Indians.¹⁴ Strachan made reconnoiter by sending two local traders, Joe Wright and John McIntosh, into the interior to investigate the situation, but his emissaries found that active Pensacola traders had already bought and bartered for the few skins available. With this disheartening news, Johnson and Wylly's Mobile agent notified his superiors that no commerce would develop in Mobile before September.¹⁵

Having little to do, Strachan decided to locate and purchase a house. He looked about and made several inquiries before settling on a small house with four rooms and a separate kitchen situated on a double lot. Mobile's newest resident purchased the house for three hundred and fifty dollars, but was later disturbed when an associate confided that he had paid too dearly for the property. True to his Scottish sense of value, however, Strachan rationalized that his was the only tolerable house for sale which possessed the advantage of proximity to his work.¹⁶ After moving into his new residence, the grim Scotsman began to learn all he could of the state of local affairs. Considerable inquiries caused Strachan to judge that, at least temporarily, trading prospects were not bright. He noted, as countless others had and would, that the lands about the city were barren, and even several miles north, were only tolerably productive.¹⁷ The population was sparse; a trading enterprise would founder

¹⁴John R. Alden, **John Stuart and the Southern Colonial Frontier** (Ann Arbor, 1944), 195.

¹⁵Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, May 10, 1764, letterbook.

¹⁶*Ibid*

¹⁷Andrew Burnaby, **Travels through the Middle Settlements in North America in the Years 1759 and 1760** (3rd. ed. rev.; London, 1812), 751; William Bartram, **Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, and West Florida** (Philadelphia, 1791), 404; Bossu, **Travels**, 221.

without an adequate number of residents to support it. But Strachan did think that Mobile was well situated on two navigable rivers, the Tombigbee and the Alabama, to receive the trade of the Choctaw and the Chickasaw nations. And when rumors were circulated that New Orleans was to become a Spanish possession, the new merchant rejoiced because the lately vanquished would no longer be in power in that city to incite the Indians against the British.¹⁸

Strachan, nevertheless, declared to his superiors that he would order no goods until the prospects of trade were better. It seemed that the only hope for developing an extensive commerce lay in the possibility of the Spanish allowing New Orleans to engage in free trade with the colony. Since the Treaty of 1763 recognized the British right of free navigation on the Mississippi, there seemed to be justification for thinking that trade there would eventually materialize.¹⁹

When the vendue master succeeded in selling the damaged cargo, Strachan experienced his first conflict with Farmer's forces in Mobile. They demanded that he present the sales receipts to military headquarters for inspection before being forwarded to the home office of Johnson and Wylly in Savannah. The Scotsman expressed considerable irritation at this action because to his mind the act slowed the channels of commercial intercourse and relegated them to a position subordinate to military affairs. Strachan never changed his mind about the high-handed, arbitrary attitude of the West Florida military because they seemed to discourage trade at every turn; it is not unlikely that his opinion represented the feelings of the citizens and merchants of Mobile when he expressed the hope that a civil governor would arrive shortly to place matters on a more equitable footing between the merchants and the military authorities.²⁰

¹⁸Strachan to John Beswicke and Company of London, Mobile, May 14, 1764, letterbook.

¹⁹Thomas Hutchins, *An Historical Narrative of Topographical Description of Louisiana and West Florida* (Philadelphia, 1784), 1, Howard, *British Development of West Florida*, 18.

²⁰Strachan to John Beswicke and Company of London, Mobile, May 14, 1764, letterbook.

Time seemed to drag slowly in colonial Mobile for the ambitious, but yet somewhat disappointed, Strachan. The early summer months of 1764 were hot and monotonous being broken only with the fearful news of sporadic smallpox epidemics which allegedly decimated undetermined segments of the Indian population in neighboring environs.²¹ Strachan and other residents of the nascent village expressed considerable joy during the latter part of June when news reached them that a Spanish vessel laden with gold and silver bullion and the desired goods of Latin America had appeared off Pensacola. It seemed to the Mobile settlers that the rich trade to the South was finally to break wide open. The euphoria was not long to endure, however, for British naval officers, acting under the letter of the newly revitalized mercantilistic legislation, seized the ship and towed her from Pensacola harbor without allowing discharge of goods or intercourse between the Spanish and the English. Hearing about the orthodox British position, Strachan glumly commented:

... it is my opinion that had they met with no interruption there might have been a great deal of business done in that way. Why they discourage a trade that consumes such a quantity of our manufactures and brings us cash in return is more than I can imagine.²²

The Scotsman became more depressed as time elapsed and the inland trade proved to be of little consequence. With affairs already bad, Strachan contracted a painful condition which he described as the "dry Gripes" and had to take to bed, quitting work for nearly three months. He was up and around, though in a weakened condition, by October and he took heart upon learning that Governor George Johnstone was daily expected in Pensacola.²³ The convalescing merchant resolved not to leave Mobile without making a renewed attempt, for he and his peers felt that the Governor would end the military blockade imposed upon the Spanish trade by the military.²⁴ As a matter of fact,

²¹Rowland, *Mississippi Provincial Archives, English Dominion I*, 123.

²²Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, June 27, 1764, letterbook.

²³Robert Farmar to the Board of Trade, Mobile, June 30, 1764, C.O. 5:574.

²⁴Rowland, *Mississippi Provincial Archives, English Dominion I*, 279-280.

Strachan had anticipated the Governor's action by ordering a token amount of goods which he felt would be of interest on the Spanish market.²⁵ A news leak hinted that Spanish troops had arrived in New Orleans and Strachan ever hopeful for a break in the mercantilistic policy, determined to be among the first to make a push "where there may [be] an opening."²⁶

Economic opportunity, however, remained stagnant in Mobile. The Governor was having no luck with his program to implement the Spanish trade, and food was increasingly hard to purchase in town. Even the bad beef on which citizens had subsisted throughout the hot summer was now in short supply. Many local merchants grew despondent, and seeing no chance for success, left the province. Strachan complained to friends, "we are all starving here" and asked Johnson and Wylly to send some meat if at all possible.²⁷ His health, already threatened, became so bad that by the end of November, 1764, he could not muster the strength to write to his friends and business correspondents.²⁸ Strachan decided to make a trip to New Orleans where he might rest and possibly engage in some business if his health improved. In that city he spent several weeks in January, 1765, while making business acquaintances and taking orders for British manufactured goods.²⁹ The illegal business with New Orleans evidently became brisk, for Strachan reported selling 1,000 pounds sterling worth of linens, osnaburgs, and strouds. As a matter of fact, he sold more goods than he had in stock and was forced to give half his sale to Robert Crooke and Company of Mobile so that the rest of the New Orleans order might be filled.³⁰ The principal New Orleans purchaser was a certain Monsieur Petit whom Strachan regarded as "one of the surest men in New Orleans."³¹ The French merchant bought

²⁵Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, November 2, 1764, letter-book.

²⁶**Ibid.**

²⁷Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, November 10, 1764, **ibid.**

²⁸Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, November 27, 1764, **ibid.**

²⁹Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, February 18, 1765, **ibid.**

³⁰Strachan to Monsieur [possibly Joseph] Petit of New Orleans, Mobile, February 12, 1765, **ibid.**

³¹Although the references are brief, on the basis of Strachan's correspondence with West Florida peers, the Scot seemed to be greatly impressed with Petit's character and honesty.

glasses, calicos, chintzes, handkerchiefs, printed linens and strouds. Business activity was on the upsurge, even if illegal. In February, Strachan sold most of his saleable items on hand. He was very much elated, but remained cautious and refused to plunge headlong into the ordering of goods which might not sell. Rumors continued to persist that when Spain officially occupied New Orleans a voluminous commerce would ensue between Louisiana and West Florida. Governor Johnstone went on record by assuring the merchants that the token Spanish trade with New Orleans would be considerably augmented in the near future.³² Although Strachan made no direct mention of it in his correspondence, there is strong implication that the peltry and skin trade with New Orleans had begun to improve.³³

Events seemed to be moving so well that Strachan asked Johnson and Wylly to order an entirely new stock from their London supplier, John Beswicke and Company. But in March, 1765, conditions began to deteriorate. Strachan's health grew bad once more and he became so weakened that he asked Johnson and Wylly to countermand his requisition to the London firm; his reason was quite simple.

... I am afraid this country will not do for me and I would not choose to be engaged with a new cargo which it will be a considerable time before we could get rid of until I see if I am likely to keep my health better for the future than I have done hitherto . . . as there is no consideration [that] would induce me to suffer so much as I have done since the first [of] July last.³⁴

But Strachan's health was not the whole story. In November, 1764, he had remarked to acquaintances that it would be weak to leave a place in which there were "tolerable prospects from the Spanish trade,"³⁵ and as late as February, 1765, had said that he wanted to be certain there were no chances of success before departing.

³²Johnstone to the Board of Trade, Pensacola, February 19, 1765, C.O. 5:574.

³³Francois-Xavier Martin, *The History of Louisiana from the Earliest Period* (New Orleans, 1827), I, 345-346.

³⁴Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, March 27, 1765, letterbook.

³⁵Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, November 2, 1764, *ibid*.

It seems, from extant correspondence, that by March the merchant was convinced that profitable trade was not going to develop with Spanish America because the Spanish had not shown up, as previously was rumored, to occupy New Orleans. He rationalized that it would be easy to order goods at a later date if the Spanish did appear in the Crescent City. At this point Strachan reflects the appearance of a dejected and sick man who wanted desperately to prosper, but to whom no avenue of hope seemed open. This condition grew worse with the passing days and he reported in May, 1765, that in his opinion Mobile would soon be nothing but a military post.³⁶

The scarcity of fresh meat and vegetables plagued the starving inhabitants of Mobile.³⁷ Strachan again became so ill that he could not work. He did accept a small shipment of marketable goods in April, 1765, from Johnson and Wylly; However, upon examination of the merchandise, it was found to be so rotten and motheaten that most of the items had to be returned to Savannah. In a letter to Strachan, Johnson and Wylly expressed concern over the health of their Mobile representative and offered to send help, but Strachan assured his superiors that in spite of his poor physical condition he could handle ten times the amount of business available in Mobile.³⁸

At the end of his first twelve months travail in this frontier outpost, Strachan had made a net gain of sixteen hundred dollars. This figure even includes the loss of five hundred and fifty dollars suffered because of damaged goods which had to be sold at public auction shortly after his arrival.³⁹ In spite of sickness, hunger, bad weather, loneliness, and Indian problems the Scot had made considerable economic gain which goaded him to greater personal efforts in making an individual success of his venture at colonial Mobile.

During the spring of 1766, Strachan enjoyed better health and decided to resume commercial activities. He became disap-

³⁶Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, May 9, 1765, *ibid*.

³⁷Rowland, *Mississippi Provincial Archives, English Dominion I*, 14-17, 31; Hamilton, *Colonial Mobile*, Chapter XXV.

³⁸Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, April 12, 1765, letterbook.

³⁹Strachan to Johnson and Wylly, Mobile, May 9, 1765, *ibid*.

pointed, however, during the course of his renewed efforts. Two episodes in particular illustrate the difficulties of frontier finance as encountered by Strachan. They will be offered here in some detail because of their representative features which seem to have characterized and complicated the problems of Strachan and other merchants in West Florida. The first episode was occasioned when the Scot received a letter and power of attorney from Arthur Gordon, merchant and lawyer in Pensacola, who was then serving in the official capacity of provincial Advocate-General.⁴⁰ Gordon asked Strachan to look for a certain Captain Ralph Wardlaw while he was in New Orleans. Wardlaw allegedly owed money to the Georgia mercantile firm of Dunbar, Young, and Simpson. The story received by Strachan was that Wardlaw was trying to escape payment of a debt to the company by sneaking out of West Florida into New Orleans with ultimate plans of going to Jamaica. Gordon's letter claimed that he had not sufficient time to get a deposition to the Captain's bond; therefore, he had not been able to arrest him in Pensacola. Strachan expressed irritation that Gordon should call upon him for such aid. He judged that the Advocate-General had been neglectful and tardy in not arresting Wardlaw in Pensacola. Strachan was acutely aware, however, that he might need to confer the power of attorney on peers in Pensacola to collect bad debts there, and did not want people in the capital city to feel that he was unco-operative. Strachan, accordingly, left for New Orleans to stop Wardlaw but entertained no illusions of being able to detain the Captain without a deposition. He was able to find Wardlaw in the Crescent City, however, and there explained the nature of his mission. One might imagine that the Captain was rather reluctant to discuss the matter, but Strachan persisted until the seaman agreed to tender a bill of sale for alleged personal property at Pensacola in lieu of the debt.⁴¹

Strachan was happy to get this much; and even when he heard later that Wardlaw had already sold his Pensacola property, the Scot felt he had carried out the instructions of the pro-

⁴⁰George Johnstone to Sir John Pownall, Pensacola, February 19, 1765, C.O. 5:575.

⁴¹Strachan to Arthur Gordon, Mobile, May 10, 1765, letterbook.

vincial Advocate-General.⁴² This affair reveals the fact that merchants and other participants in colonial trade had a tremendous problem in the collection of outstanding debts. If a debtor refused to honor his obligation on the date due, the creditor, as was a common response, might confer the power of attorney on a friend better able to collect the money. This practice, however, was complicated by problems of time, weather, transportation, and costs; and it was not unusual for bills to remain outstanding for years.

The role of Charles Strachan acting as a collector of debts illustrates the complications of the problem and enlists the reader's understanding. For example, in the Wardlaw affair, Strachan gave the Captain's power of attorney and the bill of sale for a lot and house at Pensacola to Thomas Hardy, a merchant who resided in the city.⁴³ This situation was stretched out for years and was marked by a series of letters which passed between Strachan and Hardy; Strachan and Dunbar, Young, and Simpson; and Strachan and the Advocate-General. Because of the depressed state of colonial finances, it was November, 1767, before Hardy was able to clear up the matter and even then only a portion of Wardlaw's alleged debt was wiped out. The last note of the affair which we have from Strachan's letters is a message from Strachan to Dunbar, Young, and Simpson in which the former explained that Captain Wardlaw was at Dauphin Island in the Gulf of Mexico, but hourly expected in Mobile.⁴⁴ The matter was never mentioned again as far as the extant correspondence indicates.

A second complicated episode which illustrates the vagaries of West Florida finance was Strachan's business with the same company, Dunbar, Young, and Simpson, involving their purchase of the schooner, *Charming Nancy*, from a certain Captain Samuel Bennyworth. The Captain owed money to the firm and gave a bill of sale for his schooner as security on the debt. He also allowed the register of the vessel to be transferred from his name to theirs. Bennyworth, however, remained in charge,

⁴²Ibid.

⁴³Strachan to Thomas Hardy, Mobile, May 21, 1766, *ibid.*

⁴⁴Strachan to Dunbar, Young, and Simpson, Mobile, November 28, 1767, *ibid.*

going as master of the vessel to West Florida. Once there, he sold her as his own to a Captain James Ross, who got a new registration from James Bruce, Collector of Customs at Pensacola, and renamed the vessel, *King of Prussia*. The Savannah firm was apprised of the complicated affair and extended their power of attorney to Charles Strachan who was visiting in that city in January, 1766. The company officials asked the Scot to seize the schooner and on his return to Mobile via Pensacola, Strachan stopped to confer with Bruce who showed him the original register in the name of Dunbar, Young, and Simpson. Pressing business responsibilities, however, occasioned Strachan's return to Mobile, but he sent his power of attorney to Thomas Hardy in Pensacola to acquaint the latter party with the available facts of the case and requested Hardy to get a copy of the original registration.⁴⁵ Strachan subsequently wrote to Bennyworth in Pensacola and asked him to meet with Hardy and explain his actions. The problem at hand apparently had one of two solutions. If there was no authority for the sale to Ross, then Dunbar, Young, and Simpson should be considered the legal owners, and Bruce was at fault for altering the property in question by granting a new registration to Captain Ross. If, on the other hand, there was some undisclosed agreement between the company and Bennyworth, then the latter could elect to seek out Hardy and explain the intricacies of the matter.⁴⁶

Acting upon the advice of Strachan and having the necessary power of attorney, Hardy interceded to stop the *King of Prussia's* exit from the port of Pensacola. Captain Ross became furious because he had a cargo loaded and ready to set sail for Jamaica. Strachan was informed of the complications, and posted a letter to Hardy which indicated that the schooner would be allowed to leave provided Bennyworth put up the necessary security for the vessel. Vouching that he was the true owner when the vessel was sold to Ross, Bennyworth claimed there were mitigating circumstances and that Dunbar, Young, and Simpson had not explained the entire nature of the original transaction. Strachan wearied of the matter as time elapsed and

⁴⁵Strachan to Thomas Hardy, Mobile, May 10, 1766, *ibid*.

⁴⁶*Ibid*.

the business became more complicated; he began to suspect that there were numerous factors being omitted from the case. In an attempt to clear up the situation, Strachan wrote the Savannah merchants requesting a full and unfettered account of the entire sales transaction. Bennyworth, meanwhile, complained that he had agreed with Dunbar, Young, and Simpson to do with the vessel as he saw fit.⁴⁷ Close examination of the papers received from Savannah convinced Strachan of Bennyworth's good intentions, and he sympathetically instructed the Captain to write the company and point out the legality of his actions on the basis of the original agreement. Fate intervened, however, and on the afternoon of May 21, 1766, before the message could be sent, Strachan received orders from the alleged Savannah owners to sell the schooner at public auction for whatever amount of cash she might bring. This message was relayed to Hardy in Pensacola who promptly made preparations for the sale.⁴⁸

A group of merchants in Mobile heard about the impending sale of the vessel and asked Strachan if they might purchase her. He was more than happy to oblige when they guaranteed to pay more than the *King of Prussia* would bring at a public sale. Once again, in this comedy of errors, it was too late; Hardy had already completed the sale in Pensacola on June 24, 1766. Arriving there a few days later, Strachan found that it would be very difficult to recover the vessel legally. The price received, however, did not cover Bennyworth's alleged indebtedness to Dunbar, Young, and Simpson but the Captain placidly agreed to transfer the ownership of a slave plus a house and lot in Pensacola for the balance due the Georgia merchants. Strachan inspected the schooner and cheerfully reported that it was old and weather-beaten, but the real estate and Negro were worth upwards of eight hundred dollars. No longer trusting the ethics of the Georgia firm, the Scot requested that they send him a full statement of Bennyworth's account signed under the testimonial of a local resident so that the entire business might be terminated.⁴⁹ Dunbar, Young, and Simpson, however, were dilatory and had not replied by January 7, 1767, when Strachan re-

⁴⁷Strachan to Thomas Hardy, Mobile, May 21, 1766, *ibid.*

⁴⁸Strachan to Thomas Hardy, Mobile, May 22, 1766, *ibid.*

⁴⁹Strachan to Dunbar, Young, and Simpson, Mobile, June 24, 1766, *ibid.*

peated his request. Again, they did not reply to inquiry; subsequent requests met the same fate and the affair dragged along until Bennyworth died in June, 1768. By that time Strachan had become so exasperated with the entire matter that he complained ". . . it is very surprising that if he owes you anything you should not before now have furnished me with the means of recovering it for you by transmitting me proper account."⁵⁰

It is evident from these examples that debt collection was one of the most time-consuming and tedious problems of trade and commerce in West Florida. No merchant or factor liked the task, but equally apparent is the fact that it was necessary to offer this reciprocal courtesy if the merchants were going to survive in business. No matter how much one might complain, he knew that time and circumstance would inevitably put him in the position of having to press a customer or business peer for debts so that he might continue. Charles Strachan provides us with an excellent example of such activity. He wrote to Dunbar, Young, and Simpson that their business required more of his time than his own affairs. He cursed the *King of Prussia* as that "damned schooner" which vexed him more than anything in his life heretofore.⁵¹ But he carried out the work of collection to the utmost of his ability because Strachan felt that eventually he would be in the same position with respect to a future debtor.

Collecting debts was one thing. Stirring up business remained quite another. All through the year 1766, the merchants of West Florida held their collective breaths while Governor Johnstone fought for their desire to trade freely with the Spanish colonies. As a result of countless letters, memorials to the Parliament, and demands that West Florida was on the verge of stagnation, the Parliament appeared to heed the governor's admonitions,⁵² Actually, Great Britain merely suspended part of her mercantilistic program because of British merchant demands that they were losing profits as a result of colonial non-importation agreements invoked against the Stamp Act

⁵⁰Strachan to Dunbar, Young, and Simpson, Mobile, July 21, 1768, *ibid.*

⁵¹Strachan to William Telfair of Georgia, Mobile, June 24, 1766, *ibid.*

⁵²Howard, *British Development of West Florida*, 41.

along the Atlantic seaboard. External trade did not develop for West Florida and money grew more and more scarce in the province.⁵³

Ironically, at this juncture Strachan was enjoying better health than he had in years.⁵⁴ The political and economic conditions of the colony, however, began to sag. A struggle between Governor Johnstone and the military commanders over the status of free trade with the Spanish colonies was beginning to rupture the colony into civil and military factions; stability was ebbing away. Strachan had hoped that Johnstone would be able to solve the complex problems of the province, but had accurately regarded his fellow countryman as a person "too hot" for the colony.⁵⁵ It was also in 1766 that the New Orleans trade was blocked. The Spanish governor there, Don Antonio de Ulloa, in a flourish of Latin geniality, had issued a statement to Governor Johnstone which expressed his desire for friendship and amity; and even sent his personal secretary, Don Antonio Manuel Felix Reisch, on a journey of state to greet Johnstone and convey to him expressions of Spanish good-will. West Florida's chief executive was initially impressed and reciprocated by sending his envoy to New Orleans. It was, however, not very long before Johnstone received reports that Ulloa was inspecting every part of Louisiana "as narrowly as a Jew does his Purse" and was apprehensive of the latter's real intentions.⁵⁶ Strachan made no mention of these events to friends in his correspondence, but he was well informed of contemporary political affairs because of a trip to New Orleans in May, 1766. He knew that local French residents hated Ulloa, and the Spanish forces in western Louisiana were being deployed to fortify Spanish defenses because they feared British entry into the colony from West Florida bases.⁵⁷

⁵³George Johnstone to Sir John Pownall, Pensacola, October 23, 1766, C.O. 5:575.

⁵⁴Strachan to William Telfair of Georgia, Mobile, October 24, 1766, letterbook.

⁵⁵Howard, *British Development of West Florida*, 22-25.

⁵⁶George Johnstone to Sir John Pownall, Pensacola, July 19, 1766, C.O. 5:575.

⁵⁷Charles Gayarre, *History of Louisiana* (New Orleans, 1903), II, 133-135.

Strachan first mentioned trouble between French and Spanish inhabitants of New Orleans during January, 1767, when he related to a friend the story of quarrels and arguments going on there. But he felt, at the same time, that the Spanish would chase out the French, allow a larger Spanish population to come in, engage in free trade with West Florida, and bolster the over-all economy. Mobile would, in the wake of such a policy, profit with higher prices and more diversity of goods.⁵⁸ However, the struggle for control of New Orleans between entrenched French merchants and Spanish soldiers proved to be a long and drawn out affair. At first irked, Strachan became increasingly disillusioned, and returned to minor trading activities within the province. The last piece of commercial correspondence between Strachan and the New Orleans merchants is dated April 8, 1767, and he subsequently advised friends in West Florida that they would never recover any outstanding debts from the Crescent City.⁵⁹

Trade continued to be dull in Mobile, with goods simply rotting on the shelves. Strachan discouraged acquaintances from sending any items to Mobile except supplies for local consumption. He reported that grain was so scarce the poultry was dying, and even asked a Savannah correspondent to send fifty bushels of Indian corn if at all possible.⁶⁰ Evidently he did not receive the grain because there is record of repeated requests for it. Nothing seemed to change except hotter weather which added more strain throughout the summer of 1767, a condition which prompted the Scotsman to write ". . . this place is if possible becoming worse daily. It is said that the two regiments [British] here are to be removed and only two companies are to remain in the province."⁶¹

Charles Strachan was not the only merchant at Mobile to predict a bleak future for the commerce of West Florida. His friend and fellow merchant, William Telfair, had entered into a partnership with John Dunbar, but by the latter part of 1764

⁵⁸Strachan to William Telfair, Mobile, January 7, 1767, letterbook.

⁵⁹Strachan to William Telfair, Mobile, May 7, 1767, *ibid.*

⁶⁰Strachan to William Morgan of Savannah, Mobile, May 8, 1767, *ibid.*

⁶¹Strachan to William Telfair, Mobile, July 4, 1767, *ibid.*

decided to leave the city and return to another of his business enterprises in Georgia. Strachan had been perceptive enough, even at that early date, to applaud the decision as being that of a very sensible man.

. . . I should think it the greatest folly in nature for a man who has got to a tolerable business in an agreeable healthy place to give it up for a precarious trade in I am certain the most disagreeable and unhealthy place in America.⁶²

Upon leaving Mobile, Telfair gave his friend a power of attorney to collect outstanding debts and take care of his personal affairs. Strachan tried to make these collections throughout his entire stay in Mobile. There was some initial progress, but as the economic depression became worse, fewer debts were collected. Affairs were so bad by 1766 that Strachan confessed to Telfair, "Most of the people have already and the rest are preparing to quit Mobile as soon as possible so that in a short time, I expect it to be entirely deserted."⁶³ Nor were any debts collected in 1767, and Strachan's report to Telfair was dismal.

. . . with regard to your other affairs here I can do very little in them, the houses will fetch very little at present nor will anyone rent them. Bruce is gone home on Charity I myself lost about 70 dollars by him Mills and LeConte there is not a farthing to be got from. I have again sent their notes to Orleans to endeavour to be recover'd but, I'm afraid without Effect. Lysetts Bill has never been heard of & there has been several Judgments out against Carr these months & nothing found to satisfy them⁶⁴

Business remained in this depressed condition well into 1768. To make matters worse, Strachan became quite ill with his old malady and remained sick from November, 1767, until July, 1768, when he decided that he would endure the hardships no longer and resolved to return to a permanent residence in Savannah.⁶⁵

⁶²Strachan to Johnson and Wyly, Mobile, November 2, 1767, *ibid.*

⁶³Strachan to Johnson and Wyly, Mobile, November 5, 1767, *ibid.*

⁶⁴Strachan to William Telfair, Mobile, November 28, 1767, *ibid.*

⁶⁵Strachan to John McIntosh of Natchez, Mobile, June 20, 1768, *ibid.*

As Strachan formulated these plans, he received a message from Scotland which bore the news of his grand-father's death there. Strachan had been named the beneficiary of an estate at Kinnabec near Montrose, and this legacy appeared as a gift from heaven for the unhappy, sick, and apparently luckless Scot. He made immediate plans to return, gave his power of attorney to Daniel Ward and Company of Mobile, and notified peers and correspondents of his intentions to return home.⁶⁶

Because of complications in travel, Strachan did not arrive in Scotland until January, 1769, where he found that he had not been freed from the spectre of complicated provincial business. It seems that in January, 1767, he had, with Peter Swanson of Mobile, been appointed as a joint executor in the estate of William Pope. John McNab and William Pope had a partnership in Mobile but were in indigent circumstances until the latter had been employed by the military in West Florida to send a detachment of troops into the interior on a mission of reconnaissance. Eager to make a profit, Pope engaged himself for the payment of all the expenses to get the job.⁶⁷ He then charged the "commanding officer commissary" about fifteen hundred dollars for the cost of the trip. These charges were refused by the officer because they were deemed excessive. Pope, however, died before any understanding could be reached and the matter fell on the shoulders of the executors of his estate, Strachan and Swanson. They decided to sue for the money; they were successful in recovering it, but the expenses involved were heavy. During the course of the investigations it was ascertained that Pope had not paid many people who went on the expedition and the executors had no recourse other than to pay these authenticated claims out of the estate funds.⁶⁸

Alexander Pope, the father of the decedent and a clergyman of Caithness, Scotland wrote to Strachan accusing him of having done injustice in his role as co-executor of the estate. Strachan reacted to the accusation by inquiring of the father

⁶⁶Strachan to Johnson and Wyly, Mobile, July 28, 1768; Strachan to George Ancrum of the Carolinas, Mobile, July 23, 1768, *ibid.*

⁶⁷Charles Fullertown to Alexander Pope of Caithness, Scotland, Kinnabec, Scotland, January 6, 1769, letterbook.

⁶⁸*Ibid.*

on what grounds he felt that the estate had been cheated. He further demanded that if there was news from West Florida which accused him of dishonestly, then the elder Pope's informants were simply liars.⁶⁰ The minister complained for awhile, but as far as the correspondence indicates, never attempted to make legal issue of the matter.

Charles Strachan failed as a businessman in the New World, but he had returned to his home where he intended to spend his remaining days. Analysis of his brief career as a West Florida merchant and trader reveals several significant pieces of evidence regarding the reasons for his failure to establish a profitable business, and perhaps more significantly, why West Florida failed. Very important is the fact that the desired, if illegal, trade with Spanish America never opened. There was a lack of money in the colony which prevented even the internal commerce from becoming spirited. Merchant after merchant pulled out of Mobile to return to South Carolina, Georgia, New England, or Europe because of the unfavorably climate which, incidentally, was held to be the primary reason for poor health in West Florida. The New Orleans trade never materialized because the Spanish were fearful of cooperation lest they arouse the wrath of the mother country. Strachan's example, though admittedly isolated, reveals the harsh conditions encountered in frontier life, the lack of necessary profits which might have provided some incentive, and the unending pursuit of creditor after debtor. The commerce of West Florida by 1768 was, indeed, in the doldrums.

⁶⁰Ibid.

ECONOMICS AND POLITICS IN THE 1860 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN ALABAMA

by Durwood Long

Alabama politics in the presidential election of 1860 was a vigorous contest among three factions. The Southern Rights men and their former opposition, the Southern Rights Opposition, uncomfortably in alliance, supported John C. Breckinridge, the nominee of the Southern Democrats. A small group of Southern Democrats promoted the candidacy of Stephen A. Douglas as the Democratic nominee with the best chance of winning the election. The old line Whigs made a rather valiant effort to secure votes for John Bell, the Constitutional Union standard bearer.

The results of the election in November gave Breckinridge a clear majority. Forty-two counties cast pluralities for Breckinridge; thirty of them gave majorities. Bell and Douglas received pluralities in five counties each, majorities in two counties each. By the county count it appears that the voters overwhelmingly endorsed Breckinridge and his platform. Yet Breckinridge's total votes were 49,019 compared to 41,484 for Bell and Douglas. Almost half of these voting in the election in Alabama voted for a candidate other than Breckinridge. Why? Was it economics or politics which set the pattern? It is apparent from the facts given above that there must have been a higher concentration of population in the areas giving Bell and Douglas majorities. Is this significant? This paper is an analysis of select representative counties in an attempt to determine the relationship between economic interest groups and political action in Alabama in the significant presidential election of 1860.

Many explanations of why the Alabama voters cast their ballots as they did have been offered. Some historians have suggested that the possession of party machinery by a particular faction in an area was the crucial determining factor. Unfortunately, exact definitions of party machinery are not given in this interpretation, and are left to the imagination of the reader. Denman, for example, attributes the Breckinridge vic-

tory to his possession of the regular party machinery.¹ The unanswered question is what constituted party machinery in Alabama in 1860?

Another favorite interpretation states that the vote reflected conflicting economic groups. To examine this view adequately a study of economic groups in Alabama in 1860 must be made. Still another suggested explanation is the thesis that the vote reflected differing political philosophies. According to this premise, the north-south Alabama cleavage is explained by asserting that the northern section held to the tenets of Jacksonian Democracy while the southern section advocated a kind of Calhoun Democracy. The Jacksonians were characterized as small farmers, anti-bank, favoring free land and favoring the liberal capitalist, laissez-faire policies of a national government. The followers of Calhoun have been described as large planters advocating overseas expansion (Cuba), limited western expansion, pro-bank, mercantile-agrarian aristocracy with a sectional nationalism or states-rights view. Actually the Whigs in the Black Belt were a split from this group, differing mainly in political loyalties and in their greater devotion to nationalism. The Whigs in the Black Belt and a few cities followed Clay and his political policies. An interpretation closely associated with this one maintains that historic and economic sectionalism determined the vote in 1860. According to this view, north Alabama traditionally supported Jacksonian policies while south Alabama historically advocated Calhoun doctrines within the Democratic party. Also related to the latter is the idea of the political loyalty of the voter, regardless of economic interest. The explanation that in 1860 the Constitutional Union (Bell) vote reflects old Whig strength and that the Democratic vote was split between Douglas and Breckinridge is the practical application of this idea to the election.

A study of the Alabama counties will serve to determine the validity of these ideas and their practical application. The Douglas counties will be examined first. Of the five counties

¹Clarence Phillip Denman, **The Secession Movement in Alabama**, *op. cit.*, pp. 85-86. (Montgomery Alabama State Department of Archives and History, 1933), pp. 85-86.

which gave Stephen A. Douglas a plurality, four of these, Lawrence, Madison, Lauderdale, and Marshall, were north Alabama counties, all bordering on the Tennessee River. The fifth was Mobile in the extreme south, on the Gulf of Mexico. The counties in which Douglas ran second were Walker, Morgan, St. Clair, Jackson, Blount, Autauga, and Coosa. The first five were in north Alabama also, but the last two named were in the central part of the state. The location of these counties seems to suggest a sectional vote. Nine out of the twelve were in north Alabama. To explain sectionalism, however, is perhaps more important than to denote it. Why was there sectionalism? Did economic interest groups vote as blocs? Did a commonness of demographic origin determine the views of the voters? Was political consistency present because of the first or the latter? To dismiss the question by answering simply "sectionalism" is superficial unless the causes of such sectionalism be explained. Even sectionalism does not explain the reasons for the Douglas vote in Mobile, Autauga, and Coosa counties. Neither does it explain why no more of the north Alabama counties gave Douglas a plurality.

The explanation by sectionalism is in itself insufficient and unsatisfactory. It is tenable only when bolstered by almost as many exceptions as illustrations or when amended by corollary. The explanation that people having origins in Tennessee, North Carolina, or Virginia would most likely vote either for Douglas or Bell and those from Georgia and South Carolina would give Breckinridge the vote is also unsatisfactory. This would ignore other vital factors such as economic interests and the possibility of change in political views. The element of change cannot be ignored in a fluid and frontier society such as Alabama in 1860. If, however, the thesis of demographic origin is valid, how does it square with the fact that Mobile in the South was populated by people from Georgia and South Carolina more than from Virginia, North Carolina, or Tennessee but gave Breckinridge a definite minority? On the other hand, why did Breckinridge carry many of the north Alabama counties populated by people having origins in Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia?

²Either these voters did not imagine secession as an issue or they did not regard Breckinridge as advocating such a course.

Like the demographic and sectional explanations, the thesis of historical party loyalty, in itself, is incomplete. When the latter is applied to the Douglas vote and the vote of the north Alabama counties it is found unsatisfactory, for it only partially explains the outcome. Historically, north Alabama was the stronghold of Jacksonian democracy. Why did not more of the counties in that area give Douglas the nod as the heir of Jackson? Why did these counties, in large measure, give their votes to Breckinridge, thought by some to be the representative of Calhoun democracy?

The hazardous search for an answer discovers that in north Alabama the choice was determined by party machinery and propaganda. Both Democratic candidates claimed to be the rightful heir of Jackson and since the local platforms were so similar the voter followed the leadership of the machinery. But what constituted such machinery? How effective was it? Since much of Alabama was largely in the frontier stage of development in 1860, party machinery consisted of (1) endorsement and support by party officeholders; (2) influence of local persons of status who were accepted by the community as leaders; (3) partisan newspapers and (4) party conventions' support. When concentrated, these elements usually produced for the voter the norm of party loyalty. In view of the fact that the machinery was greatly divided in most all areas of the state, the interpretation that party loyalty was decided by party machinery is not without weakness. Party machinery, no doubt, helped to increase pluralities where the candidate was strong because of other reasons. The party machinery interpretation fails to explain counties which voted contrary to dominant party machinery as Lauderdale, Autauga, and Coosa. The *Florence Gazette*, in Lauderdale, championed the cause of Breckinridge as did many of the local politicians. Still the county voted for Douglas. The vote in counties like Mobile and Montgomery where considerable support was had by all three factions is also difficult to explain by this interpretation.

Each of the foregoing interpretations contributes something to the full understanding of the situation, though no one of them is sufficient in and of itself. In addition to these explanations already offered, the economic structure of the

counties, or at least representative ones, should be examined to test the validity of the economic thesis.

Slaveholding as an economic and social factor determining political action in 1860 is a point of inquiry. For the five counties giving Douglas a plurality the average percentage of nonslaveholding families was 67 per cent. In the Bell counties the percentage of nonslaveholding families was 53 per cent, while that of the Breckinridge counties was 64 per cent. A hasty conclusion might be drawn that the nonslaveholders voted for Breckinridge or Douglas.³ These percentages do not give a true picture, however, and in themselves contribute to the view that the slaveholders voted for Bell. This could be an outgrowth of the idea that the Whig party in Alabama was the party of the slaveholders and big planters and that the Democratic party consisted mainly of the small farmers and nonslaveholders. Any interpretation based on the above figures must take into account the fact that large percentages of nonslaveholders in one county will decrease when taken in a group with other counties which have lower percentages. The reverse is also to be considered.

A more exact conclusion can be made only by examining specific counties within each group. When this is done, there seems to be little distinction. Counties having high percentages of slaveholders as well as those having lower percentages owning slaves may be found in all three groups. The average number of slaves per slaveholder seems to be no crucial factor in the casting of votes. Perhaps it is significant, however, that no county in which the average number of slaves per owner was twenty or more gave Douglas first or second place. Of the five Douglas counties, in two (Lauderdale and Madison) there was an average of 10-15 slaves per slaveholder, in one (Lawrence) the average was between 15-20, and in two (Mobile and Marshall) the averages were less than ten. Small farmers,

³See David Y. Thomas, "Southern Nonslaveholders in the Election of 1860," *Political Science Quarterly*, XXVI (March-December, 1911), pp. 224-237. His conclusion is that there is very strong evidence against the view that the slaveless whites were "conservative." He also advances the view that Breckinridge drew heavy support from nonslaveholders.

or those having less than 100 acres, were in a majority in Alabama and also in the majority in all of the Douglas counties. This could give an erroneous impression, however, for small farmers were in a plurality in the Bell and Breckinridge counties as well.

Even when a farm of fifty acres is used as the norm for a small farm, no meaningful pattern is discerned on the landholding basis. Of the seventeen counties in which the majority of farms consisted of fifty acres, or less, only two went for Douglas. The interpretation of the vote as an indication of party loyalty seems to be more valid in relation to the Douglas vote. The candidate from Illinois received the greatest support in old Democratic strongholds. All the counties giving Douglas a plurality voted Democratic consistently between 1848-1860, some even when Whiggery was strongest. Those giving Douglas second highest vote were also historically Democratic counties with the exception of the Whig landslide of 1848. Even with this explanation, however, the problem of why Douglas was chosen over Breckinridge remains unsolved. Both were Democrats. Both were candidates of a Democratic group. Both had party machinery supporting them in Alabama.

The economic structure of the counties which chose Douglas over Breckinridge offers a possible solution. Mobile County may be used as an illustration. There were only 21 farms consisting of 100 acres or more in Mobile County in 1860. There was no farm over 500 acres. Over 87 per cent of the total farms had less than 50 acres. Facts indicate the absence of a planter class of any consequence, if not entirely. The fact that only 440 bales of cotton were produced by Mobilians in 1860 suggests that the farming in that county was of a different kind from the cotton farming of the great part of the state. Indeed, it was different, for Mobile County produced \$89,225 worth of market garden products in 1860.⁴ This amount was over half the state's total. The Mobile farmers were largely commercial farmers, constituting almost half of the county's population and quite different from the cotton growers.

⁴U.S. Census Office, **Eighth Census of the United States: 1860. Agriculture** (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1865), p. 2. Hereafter cited as **Eighth Census, Agriculture**.

Agricultural and industrial laborers comprised a significant portion of the population of Mobile County.⁵ There were also over seven thousand⁶ foreign-born persons in the county, with the majority in the city of Mobile. Almost half this number was Irish⁷ laborers. The Irish comprised one-fourth of the county's population and almost a third of the city's total. When considered with native born Americans who might have been laborers, the labor force was an important factor in the politics of Mobile County.

The merchants and others engaged in commerce were unequaled in any other county. They comprised a significant part of the Mobile population. A small professional minority consisted of physicians, lawyers, teachers, editors, and ministers. The election returns show that no candidate received more than 3,770 out of the total vote, which leads one to believe that the small farmers (87.5 per cent) did not vote together, nor did the nonslaveholders (61 per cent) vote as a bloc. It is suggested that the foreign segment of the population would not have voted for the Constitutional Union ticket because of its supporters' close association with the American movement four years earlier. They probably voted for Douglas.⁸ A powerful figure leading the Douglas campaign in Mobile was John Forsythe, influential editor of the *Mobile Register*. His efforts

⁵It is significant that there were over 20,000 people in Alabama in 1860 following occupations of either blacksmith, carpenter, laborer, mechanic, or servant, while planters and farm laborers were only 82,000. U.S. Census Office, **Eighth Census of the United States: 1860. Population** (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1864), p. 11. Hereafter cited as **Eighth Census, Population**.

⁶*Ibid.*, pp. 9-10. The white population of Mobile County was 28,559 and 7,734 foreign born. Of this number 3,307 were Irish and 1,276 Germans.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. xxxii. In Mobile County, there were 774 persons employed in "Manufacturing" alone, according to U.S. Census Office, **Eighth Census of the United States: 1860. Manufacturers** (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1865), pp. 8-9.

⁸A reader wrote to the editor of the *Montgomery Daily Mail*: "It is understood in our neighborhood that a number of . . . foreigners in your city expect to support the Douglas ticket in the approaching election. We consider all such as enemies to the South and ask them closely watched at the polls that the patronage of the public may be withheld." Alabama **Greensboro Beacon**, October 19, 1860.

in behalf of Douglas had significant effect. Another contributing factor in Douglas' favor was his close relationship with the Illinois Central Railroad, the construction of which, with Mobile as a terminus, Douglas was greatly responsible.

In Lauderdale, like Mobile, the economy was more diversified than most Alabama counties. Too, the farming was commercial to a greater degree than the majority of Alabama counties. This county produced the second highest amount of market garden crops, exceeded only by Mobile. Diversified agriculture is shown by the large quantities of surplus molasses and Irish potatoes, which Lauderdale produced in quantities, placing her in the third and fourth rank in the state, respectively. There were also 39 manufacturing establishments in the county employing 647 workers, the third highest in the state. The city of Florence was in this county, located on the Tennessee and carrying on trade with Memphis and other cities in the river system.

Madison County, which Douglas carried also, was like Mobile and Lauderdale in that it was the site of a trading town—Huntsville. This city, having the third largest number of white inhabitants of any of Alabama towns,⁹ carried on trade with Tennessee by way of the Tennessee River. Over 300 laborers, the majority of which were hired by industrial establishments, worked in the country. There was also a significant number of agricultural laborers. Madison also produced the highest amount of Irish potatoes and rye in the state. It is presumed that these products were for market and produced on small farms (50-100 acres), where several slaves were utilized (the average per slaveholder was 10-15).

The other two counties which voted in plurality for Douglas were Lawrence and Marshall, both on the Tennessee River. Lawrence and Lauderdale joined borders with each other as did Marshall and Madison. The only plausible explanation for these counties voting for Douglas is a multiple one. The trade

⁹Huntsville's white population in 1860 was 1,980, surpassed only by Mobile (20,854) and Montgomery (4,341). **Eighth Census, Population, p. 9.**

in Huntsville and in Florence constituted an economic tie with these counties as did the trade with Tennessee by the river. The additional factor of the influence of Douglas supporters, propaganda and newspapers from the bordering counties provided another point of strength for Douglas. There was also a political tie. Marshall and Lawrence had voted Democratic with Lauderdale and Madison in the presidential elections between 1848-1860.

The counties not in north Alabama in which Douglas placed second reflect, though in less degree, the same characteristics as Mobile, Madison, and Lauderdale counties. Both Coosa and Autauga gave second place to Douglas. The "Little Giant" received 31 per cent of the votes in Autauga and almost 34 per cent in Coosa. These counties are located in the central part of the state. The slaveholding figures are not revealing in explaining the vote. The statistics concerning the size of farms and the average number of slaves per owner simply lead to the conclusion that Autauga was more of a planter, slaveholding county than Coosa. Perhaps this does, in part, explain the higher percentage for Douglas in Coosa.

The diversified economy, however, when coupled with a historic loyalty to the Democratic party is very revealing. Both Coosa and Autauga employed over three hundred manufacturing laborers.¹⁰ In Autauga the majority of these were engaged in industrial manufacturing which produced cotton gins, machinery, and cotton and woolen goods. Prattville, a textile settlement founded by Daniel Pratt, was in this county. In addition to the significant number of laborers Autauga had diversified farming. In 1860 that county produced the second highest amount of orchard crops for sale. Autauga also grew 60,000 bushels of peas and beans for the market in 1860. Coosa, similarly, produced a large amount of market crops. Cheese, as another market item, was produced in greater quantity in Coosa County than any other Alabama county. The Coosa farmers also harvested the second highest amount of Irish potatoes in 1860.

¹⁰Laborers are defined as those employees working in manufacturing establishments not related to agriculture.

Still another factor which explains the Douglas support is the historic loyalty of the two counties (Autauga and Coosa) to the Democratic party, as contrasted with surrounding counties which had been Whig strongholds. The combined vote of Breckinridge and Douglas in these counties far exceeds any other combination and reveals a strong support for the Democratic candidates and little for Whiggery. Too, both counties were bordered by a river by which market crops were transported to Mobile and other markets. The growers of these market-garden crops usually had to find a market in a city or town, near or far. The planters purchased their furnishings through factors due to lack of money and because of the double-entry system on which they operated. Neither county, though bordering the highest cotton producing counties, produced the staple in great quantities. The presence of towns, especially Kingston and Prattville, in Autauga was a contributing factor to Douglas support. Other factors, such as the absence of an appreciable trading interest, the lack of strong Douglas leadership¹¹ in these counties (Autauga and Coosa) and their proximity to Montgomery, Dallas and Lowndes counties overruled the above conditions to give Breckinridge the majority, though by a very small margin. This was particularly true in Coosa where the majority of farmers owned less than fifty acres each, and also where market crops were produced in large quantities.

In addition to these central counties giving Douglas second place, many of the north Alabama counties gave him the second highest number of votes. Breckinridge carried most of these northern counties. This is explained by traditional party loyalty and machinery, influenced by propaganda and certain unexplainable factors as habit, prejudice, fear and imagination. Party loyalty was identified with Breckinridge. Another very important factor influencing this identification was the advantage that Breckinridge had as a Southerner and as a "Southern Candidate." When the commercial leaders, the

¹¹Autauga was the home of Douglas' friend, Senator Benjamin Fitzpatrick, whose influence was significant in the Douglas vote in both Autauga and Coosa, and later in the co-operationist vote in those counties.

market-garden farmers, the "industrial" or manufacturing laborers and/or the foreigners, particularly Irish, were not of sufficient number and strength to out weigh the cotton planters and other closely related groups (such as tutors, lawyers, factors, ministers and even agricultural laborers), Democratic party loyalty was identified with Breckinridge. When these above-mentioned groups were important and a significant part of the population, and where it was usually shown by the presence of a "trading" town as contrasted to a "farmer" town, Douglas received a considerable vote. The exception to this statement was Tuscaloosa County, where party loyalty to the old Whig Party turned the vote to Bell for second place. The exception invites a corollary. The presence or absence of a historical Democratic party loyalty, particularly of the Jacksonian brand, is a factor in explaining the Douglas and Breckinridge vote. Where such loyalty was present Douglas had much better support.

The Bell vote has sometimes been explained as the old Whig vote, and that it came from planter, large slaveholding counties. In Alabama in 1860, Bell carried only five counties, Baldwin, Butler, Covington, Macon, and Greene. Of these, only three, Macon, Butler, and Greene, may be called "planter counties." In Butler and Covington the average slaves per slaveholder was less than ten. In three of the five, Baldwin, Butler and Covington, the majority did not own slaves. The only one in which the average slaves per slaveholder was twenty or more was Greene. Only Macon and Greene had majorities of farmers whose farms included 100 acres or more each. In fact, in Butler, over 40 per cent of the farms were less than fifty acres. In Baldwin, over 75 per cent were smaller than fifty acres. Also, the majority of farmers in Covington had land holdings of less than fifty acres. These facts indicate the weakness of the planter interpretation. The weakness is further shown by the fact that of the ten Alabama counties in which the majority of farms were over 100 acres, only two voted for Bell. Also, of the thirteen counties in which the average slaves per slaveholder was fifteen or more, only two gave Bell a plurality. In 1860, nine Alabama counties each produced 40,000 or more bales of cotton. Bell carried only two of the nine. The thesis that the Constitutional Union Party in

Alabama drew its greatest strength from planters owning a large number of slaves is weakened considerably by this observation and conclusion.¹²

Part of the above thesis, that the Bell vote reflected old Whig areas, is validated by the consistency of four of the five Bell counties. Counties where Bell received the second highest number of votes also illustrates this thesis. There was little distinction, however, in the economy of the Bell counties and that of several counties which cast plurality for Breckinridge. Such a fact suggests that the voter made his choice between Breckinridge and Bell on grounds other than economic. The exceptions to similarity of economic structure of Bell and Breckinridge counties are Baldwin and Covington. Baldwin produced a considerable quantity of market-garden crops and also employed over three hundred workers. It is significant, however, that the workers differed from those in Douglas counties. The Baldwin workers were utilized entirely in lumber, naval products, and related industry. A higher percentage of the population owned slaves than even in Butler County, and the average number of slaves per slaveholder was higher. These facts infer that slavery was utilized by Baldwin farmers even more than by the farmers of Mobile, Madison, or Lauderdale. In Baldwin, however, the commercial farmer is reflected in a 17.6 per cent vote for Douglas. Even though the agricultural products were different, the Baldwin interests in slavery as agricultural labor makes it similar to Butler in that respect. Covington's economy, like the Breckinridge counties in most other ways, was different in that it produced six-sevenths of the state's total of cane sugar. This is suggested as being a

¹²See also, Grady McWhiney, "Were the Whigs a Class Party in Alabama?" *Journal of Southern History*, XXIII (November, 1957), pp. 510-522. His conclusion is that the Whigs were not a class party any more than the Democrats. Charles Sellers, Jr., in "Who Were the Southern Whigs?" *American Historical Review*, LIX (January, 1954), pp. 341-346, resolves the apparent contradiction by pointing out that there were two kinds of Whigs, the commercial and banking interests of cities and towns, and the slaveholding planters. The weakness of this statement is that the term "planters" is not inclusive enough in an area of a Whig majority. Thomas B. Alexander, Kit C. Carter, Jack R. Lister, Jerry C. Oldshue, and Winfred G. Sandlin in "Who Were the Alabama Whigs?" *Alabama Review*, XVI (January, 1963) pp. 5-19, cast further doubt on the traditional interpretation of Whiggery.

good cause for Covington's traditional support of Whiggery. Covington was the only Alabama county which did not send delegates to the Alabama Democratic Convention of 1860. This fact indicates the lack of strong local Democratic machinery or support. The Bell vote, then, may be explained by party loyalty, particularly when such loyalty was directed by partisan newspapers and political leaders like Thomas Hill Watts of Montgomery County. The vote in 1860, when compared to the votes of the fifties, indicates that these counties, particularly Butler, Macon, Covington, and Greene, reflect the pockets of old Whig support, though not peculiarly characterized by the dominance of large slaveholders or a "planter aristocracy." The high number of south and central Alabama counties giving Bell second place also shows the steadily declining Whig strength.

There was a diversity among the counties which went for Breckinridge. This was to be expected, of course, when the general majority voted for the Southern Democratic candidate. Some of the counties with the highest percentage of nonslaveholding families, as Winston (98 per cent), Walker and Blount, both with 93 per cent, as well as those with the lowest, illustrated by Dallas (16 per cent), Wilcox and Sumter (both 24 per cent), gave Breckinridge pluralities. This observation and similar facts caused James Ford Rhodes¹³ and Albert Bushnell Hart¹⁴ to point out, perhaps in amazement, that the nonslaveholder voted with the slaveholder and that the yeoman farmer voted the same as the plantation owner. By comparing percentages of votes cast for any candidate with percentages of slaveholders and large farmers, it is evident that the small farmers did not vote as a bloc nor did the planters. For example, Breckinridge received only about a third of the vote in Mobile County even though 94 per cent had farms less than 100 acres. There (Mobile County) 39 per cent of the families held slaves. These 39 per cent probably constituted more than 39 per cent of the voters. Another supporting item is that despite the fact that 50 per cent of the farmers in Mobile were definitely small

¹³James Ford Rhodes, **History of the United States, 1850-1877**, 7 vols. (New York: Macmillan Company, 1912-1914), I, p. 345.

¹⁴Albert Bushnell Hart, **Slavery and Abolition**, Vol. XVI of **The American Nation Series**, ed. A. B. Hart, 28 vols. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1904-18), p. 76.

farmers, no one candidate came near to receiving that proportion of the vote.

The Breckinridge counties also ranged from the richest to the poorest. Winston, with a per capita tax of less than 18¢ as well as Dallas with \$5.45 per capita tax voted for Breckinridge.¹⁵ The per capita value of property was \$168 in Winston but \$6,431 in Dallas, yet both gave large pluralities to the Southern candidate. The highest cotton producing counties as well as some producing the lowest amounts gave Breckinridge the nod over Douglas and Bell. Counties of the north, central, south, east and west sections of the state gave Breckinridge pluralities. Even counties which previously had voted Whig as often as Democratic in the three presidential elections preceding 1860 gave a majority to the Southern Democratic candidate.

After analyzing the Alabama counties, the economic structure and the historical loyalties to parties, a loose, multiple interpretation is possible. In the northern part of Alabama, where the Democratic party had reigned almost supreme since the days of Jackson and even when Whigs were victorious throughout the rest of the state and nation, the Democratic voters split their vote between Breckinridge and Douglas. In that area a high percentage of the old Whigs voted for Bell. Both these choices came from party loyalty. The choice between Douglas and Breckinridge seems to have been partly determined by the presence or absence of several of the following factors. The presence of a significant number of industrial laborers, a trading city, a noticeable percentage of commercial (growing products other than cotton for the market) farmers, and everyday connections with other such counties and states, particularly Tennessee, and/or cities was reflected by a plurality for Douglas. Where these factors were present, they were normally reflected in the pro-Douglas newspapers and political leaders. In this same area, where the cotton farmers or hill farmers were present in large numbers without the above elements to outweigh them, Breckinridge received a majority.

¹⁵Bessie Martin, **Desertion of Alabama Troops from the Confederate Army** (New York: The Columbia University Press, 1932), p. 54. It is interesting to note, however, that four of the five counties giving Bell a plurality ranked moderately high or high in per capita taxes.

In the southern and central division of the state where cotton farming and planter aspiration (as important as planter *de facto*) was very prevalent and where Whig strength had been centered in the fifties, the voters split between Breckinridge and Bell, swelling in some cases the old Whig numbers of a generation earlier, and in others the old Democratic percentage. Even in this section, however, the presence of the previously listed Douglas factors, as in Autauga and Coosa, is reflected in a considerable vote for Douglas. The decisive factor in a voter's choosing between Bell and Breckinridge was probably based more on emotion than economics, more on grudge than government, and more on personality than policies. Here is where the political leaders played an important role; where the lines were less distinctly drawn on issues. Economics probably had more effect in determining the Douglas vote while party loyalty determined, in a great measure, the Bell and Breckinridge vote. Many voters probably voted for Breckinridge over Bell because they felt the Bell party was attempting to dodge an issue. The voter's real or imagined knowledge of the Bell and Breckinridge records and the mental prediction of future courses of action to insure Southern Rights were most important whenever issues were considered. This factor was probably the determining one for thinking voters who might have considered Bell and Breckinridge apart from blind and somewhat irrational political loyalty. An important, though unascertainable, factor in much of the voting was irrationality. There must have been a significant number who voted without any economic or political reason. Some probably voted "against" more than "for." In some cases the voter probably voted against a candidate because of personal enmity, not against the candidate, but against some of his local supporters.

A man's temperament in the situation of 1860 would probably determine to a degree whether he would join sides with the fire-eaters supporting Breckinridge or the less fiery Bell supporters. No doubt the frontier temperament of the hill country dwellers had much to do with their support of Breckinridge. It seems from research that small farmers and big planters, slaveholders and nonslaveholders, when producing cotton and aspiring to the "planter dream," split their votes between Bell and Breckinridge. On the other hand, small farmers, big farmers,

slaveholders and nonslaveholders, when producing market-garden crops, trading outside the avenues of cotton factors, and near a trading town, voted for Douglas except in an area strongly influenced by Breckinridge and Bell propaganda, and where a record of Whiggery and/or the Calhoun Democracy existed. Finally, unknowable mainsprings prompted many choices. As Nathaniel Stephenson has put it:

We have come to recognize that men have always misapprehended themselves, contradicted themselves, obeyed primal impulses and then deluded themselves with sophistications upon the springs of action. . . . We are prone to forget that we act from the subconscious quite as often as from the conscious influence from motives that arise out of the dim parts of our being, from the midst of shadows that psychology has only recently begun to bring to light, where sense subtler than the obvious makes use of fear, intuition, prejudice, habit, and illusion and too often play with us as the wind with blown leaves.¹⁶

¹⁶Nathaniel Stephenson, "Abraham Lincoln and The Union," *The War of Secession*, Vol. XIV, in *The Chronicles of America Series*, 26 vols. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1919-1924), Part I, pp. 8-9.

THE BIRMINGHAM & SOUTHERN RAILROAD

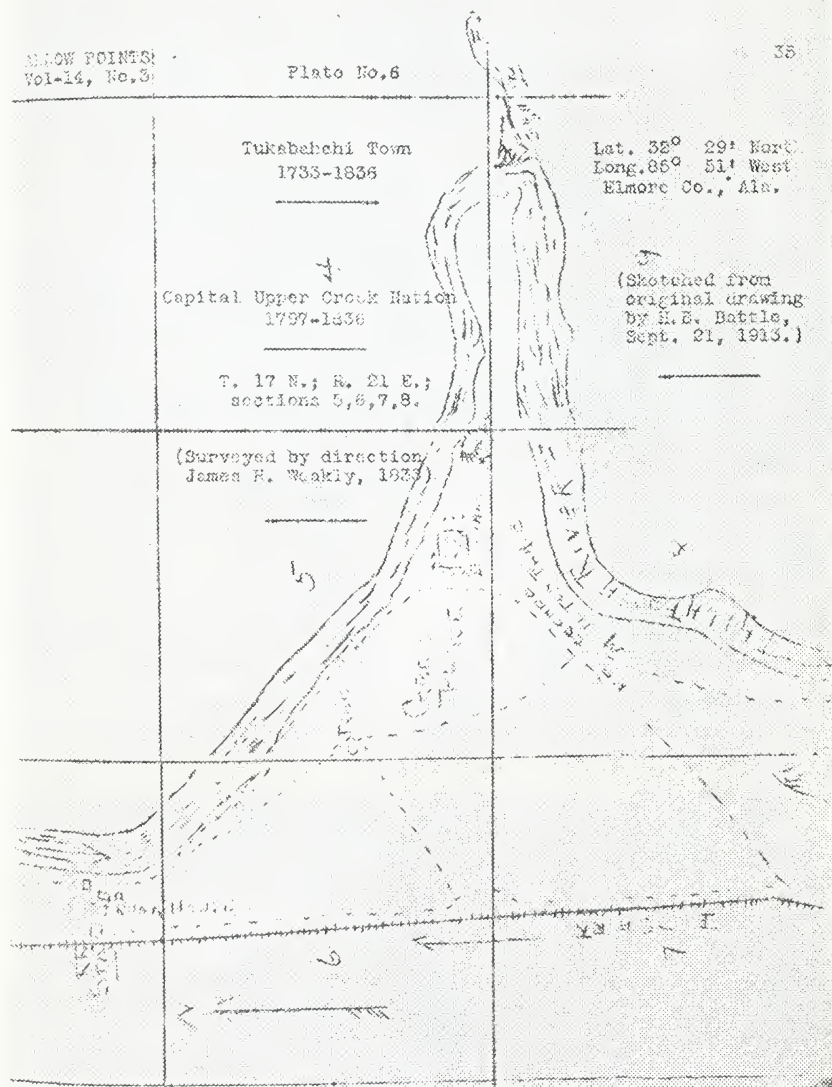
By Michael J. Dunn, III

The historic plain of Tukabahchi, which once, as capitol of the Upper Creek Indian nation, a century and a half ago echoed to the clear-voiced harangues of Tecumseh, echoed until March 5, 1965 to the nasal bleat of a latter-day Tecumseh. While the original Tecumseh was a famed Indian warrior-leader who came down from Ohio in 1811 to speak under the famous old Council Tree, hoping to rally the Creeks against the encroaching whites, the modern namesake of the famous chieftain was a diesel locomotive. The engine whose horn was heard regularly over the historic plain was owned and operated by the Birmingham & Southeastern Railroad Company, whose eight mile line between Tallassee and Milstead crossed the fields of Tuckabatchie, as it was spelled in the railroad's timetables and tariffs.

That proud name, given to the locomotive at formal ceremonies putting it into service in 1953, was symbolic of the B&SE, a railroad that throughout its long career tried never to lose the gentle and personal touch. Finally abandoned in 1965, the victim of a changing economy and motor truck competition, the B&SE deserves more of an epitaph than the meager and yellowing newspaper notices that attended its passing, or tomorrow's string of rotting ties along a weed-grown, trackless right of way.

Operating just eight miles of line—plus necessary yard and side tracks—made the Birmingham & Southeastern a very short railroad indeed. Among the nineteen line-haul, point-to-point railroads operating in Alabama at the time of the B&SE's demise, only the four-mile Sumter & Choctaw (in Sumter County) was shorter.¹ And that was only because the S&C had been the subject of some drastic amputations in recent years. Also smaller was the now-defunct Tuskegee Railroad, which not only lay near the B&SE but shared some of the same owners and officials until its 1963 abandonment.

¹**Railroad Mileage by States**, December 31, 1962 (Washington: Bureau of Railway Economics of the Association of American Railroads, 1963), 3.



Tallassee has been a textile producing community ever since the mill first opened in 1844, an enterprise of the Tallassee Falls Manufacturing Company, chartered the very last day of 1841.² Its original belfried building was joined over the years by a welter of substantial grey masonry structures, most of them opposite it on the east side of the Tallapoosa River. Across the river's jumbled and rocky bed was stretched a dam to provide water power. It was freight traffic from this mill, now known as Tallassee Mills and a unit of Mount Vernon Mills, Incorporated, which mainly justified the continued existence of the Bump & Slide Easy, as it was fondly called.

Mill shipping and receiving was heavy enough to force consideration of a railroad to replace the inadequate transport provided by such expedients as mule teaming, though the mill continued to use mule teams locally beyond 1918.³ Therefore it had the Tallassee & Montgomery Railway chartered on August 10, 1895, authorized to link Tallassee in Elmore County with a point on the Western Railway of Alabama now known as Milstead, in Macon County.⁴ Construction began in September, 1895, and was completed the following March. The work crews consisted of the forces of Messrs. Watkins and Hardaway, contractors, supplemented by the railroad company's own men.⁵ It is recorded that on February 6, 1896, the first steam locomotive made its appearance in Tallassee. Its accompaniment was gasps of wonder from the assembled crowd that had patiently awaited its arrival, along with the squalling and shrieking of terrified babies and children. Following a not uncommon railroad custom of the time, the engine bore the name Anna Roman, after the daughter of a mill owner.⁶ The track reached the mill buildings across the river by a new bridge, completed at the same time as

²Virginia Noble Golden, *A History of Tallassee for Tallasseeans* (Tallassee, Alabama: Tallassee Mills of Mount Vernon-Woodbury Mills, Incorporated, 1949), 17-18. Hereinafter cited as Golden, *History of Tallassee*.

³Golden, *History of Tallassee*, 55.

⁴*Interstate Commerce Commission Reports* (Washington: Interstate Commerce Commission), CXXXV (1928), 52. Hereinafter cited as *ICC Reports*.

⁵*ICC Reports*, CXXXV, 64.

⁶Golden, *History of Tallassee*, 40.

the railroad and fitted also for vehicular traffic. That bridge was washed out in 1919 when flood waters burst the dam above Tallassee, and only after twelve months was a new permanent bridge completed.⁷

The T&M Railway remained under the control of the Tallassee Falls Manufacturing Company until April 15, 1912, when it was sold to the newly-formed Union Springs & Northern Railway Company.⁸

The Union Springs & Northern had been born almost simultaneously with the new century. Preliminary planning came to a climax on March 8, 1901, when the US&N was incorporated and organized.⁹ In line with its charter, the US&N's first segment completed lay between Union Springs and Fort Davis and was put into operation in November, 1901. This portion, like all the mileage which the US&N eventually acquired by construction—to follow precise Interstate Commerce Commission terminology—was built under contract by William Blount. For ten years, however, Union Springs “and Northern” meant no more than seven and a half miles of railroad trackage northward from the metropolis in its corporate title. Though the US&N was quite short in its own right, however, the US&N's management reportedly secured an arrangement with the Seaboard Air Line whereby the trains of the UnSafe & Nasty operated over Seaboard tracks between Fort Davis and Montgomery, after proceeding up from Union Springs. The distance for such trains was forty-six miles; the year would have been around 1904.

Two important amendments to the original 1901 charter reveal the planning that was soon to expand the railroad five-fold. By the terms of the changed charter, amended April 26, 1911 and effective May 1, the road was to be known henceforth as the Birmingham & Southeastern Railway and was empowered to build and operate additional mileage, to construct which Mr. Blount was authorized in a contract dated June 27, 1911.¹⁰

⁷Golden, *History of Tallassee*, 17, 40, 64-66.

⁸ICC Reports, CXXXV, 52 and 64.

⁹ICC Reports, CXXXV, 52.

¹⁰ICC Reports, CXXXV, 53.

He headed to New York to secure capital; some of the earlier funds of the US&N had come from Baltimore and a railroad investment brokerage house, Middendorf, Williams and Company.

While construction crews inched their way between Fort Davis and Milstead, the B&SE arranged to buy the 6.28 mile line of the Tallassee & Montgomery Railway. The twenty miles of new trackage was completed to Milstead around June of 1912, coinciding with the date the T&M sale was made effective (its final date was June 24).¹¹ Working then from a junction near the present shops, a mile short of downtown Tallassee, crews put final touches on the B&SE by completing fourteen additional miles to Eclectic on June 15, 1913, and the B&SE reached its zenith with 48.20 route miles.

Fleshing out the bare bones of a corporate biography are many anecdotes about the construction and operation of the line, related to the author by Colonel Roberts Blount, who returned to Union Springs after the end of World War I, in which he had seen service in France as a lieutenant in transportation service. Following his return and discharge from the army engineers, he took a position with the B&SE. In 1944 he succeeded his late brother as third president of the line that had felt Blount influence ever since its construction.

Sentimental enough to name his first engine the Kathleen, after his daughter, William Blount could also move boldly and swiftly when need arose. On one such occasion the Central of Georgia, a railroad already serving Union Springs, disputed the new line's right to insert a crossing into the Central track near the water and power plant, despite the fact that President Blount came to battle armed with a franchise from the city fathers, something the Central lacked. To thwart its upstart rival, whose track by now had been built right up to the crossing site, the big road stationed a row of boxcars on its own track. Flushed with determination and, no doubt, righteous indignation, Blount had his engine ram the obstructing cars and smash them to pieces; then he put in the crossing diamond. The

¹¹ICC Reports, CXXXV, 53.

little road's president perhaps felt occasionally that he had won a Pyrrhic victory, as resulting hostility forced him for some years to post a guard at that point.

World War I cut off all new railroad financing and many a railroad expansion plan was stillborn. Thus affected, reminisced Colonel Blount in 1963, were dreams of the B&SE too. It had aspired to sharing in the prospective coal traffic to the port of Panama City, Florida, and to tapping vast pine forests by building up toward Rockford and Pell City. Plans were shelved for north and south extensions that would have achieved these aims. As a result, traffic remained primarily agricultural except for the intermediate segment serving industrialized Tallassee. A compress at Union Springs, for example, availed itself of favorable mill-in-transit rates to prepare lint for foreign shipment.

President William Blount, the Colonel's father, turned attention in his final years to attempts to improve the lot of America's numerous small independent railroads and was active in the organization and direction of the American Short Line Railroad Association, serving as a vice president of that group until his death, July 27, 1919. His son, Winton Blount, succeeded to the B&SE presidency.¹²

World War I and government operation of all railroads pinched the short line railroads of the land especially hard. Partly in consequence of this and partly as a result of the December, 1919, flood, the B&SE went into receivership July 26, 1920. It was unable to meet the interest payment on its debt of \$680,000 worth of first and second mortgage bonds.¹³ The rampaging waters had not only damaged Tallassee railroad facilities—even sweeping two loaded coal hoppers off their track and dumping them into the deluge—but had also inundated or washed out much of the line to Milstead, including track both on fills and on trestles.¹⁴ (Flooding as late as 1961

¹²All the anecdotes in the foregoing four paragraphs were related in a series of interviews, Colonel Roberts Blount with Michael Dunn, January and June, 1963.

¹³ICC Reports, XCIV (1925), 307-8.

¹⁴Golden, *History of Tallassee*, 64.

was still plaguing B&SE. When the Tallapoosa spilled over its banks near the B&SE's high steel bridge six miles south of Tallassee, a washed-out fill kept the line shut down from February 25 to March 5.)

Responding to the need to trim expenses, the receivers in fall, 1923, even replaced many steam passenger runs with cost-cutting gasoline coaches. The end of the receivership came into sight when bondholders agreed to accept about thirty-three cents on the dollar, offered by a new company to be formed to take over the line.¹⁵

Certificates of public and convenience and necessity authorized the reorganized firm to operate the line and were issued by the ICC on December 23, 1924¹⁶ and by the Alabama regulatory agency the following April.¹⁷ The Interstate Commerce Commission heard testimony to the effect that the line's survival was insured by a promising future hauling not only the agricultural needs and products of the 48 miles of gently rolling farmland it served, but also mill traffic and expected dam construction materials that alone were projected to amount to 16,000 carloads. It could count too on hauling timber products from the estimated 500,000 feet of standing timber along the uppermost portion of the line, a task that would help keep the B&SE busy for an anticipated fifteen years.¹⁸

The Birmingham & Southeastern Railroad was the title of the organized corporation. It was organized January 31, 1925 and on that day purchased the assets of the B&SE Railway at a receivers' sale.¹⁹ Every day its local train would plod unglamorous and unhonored between Eclectic and Union Springs, dependent on slim agricultural traffic, supplemented eventually by a little gravel and aggregates. Consistent industrial traffic and heavy passenger patronage came only on the seven-mile

¹⁵ICC Reports, XCIV, 308.

¹⁶ICC Reports, XCIV, 309.

¹⁷Minutes of the Alabama Public Service Commission (and predecessor bodies), in the offices of the Public Service Commission, Montgomery, IV, 364-5. Docket 4632. Hereinafter cited as Minutes, Public Service Commission.

¹⁸ICC Reports, XCIV, 308-9.

Tallassee-Milstead segment, which benefited from a fifty percent expansion carried out by the mill and by an extensive program of dam construction undertaken by the Alabama Power Company. This boost came in 1923.²⁰ Before the dam-building era would close, ten years later, the B&SE was to prove an indispensable ally in completing four dam jobs, beginning with work on a new dam right at Tallassee in 1923.

Biggest of all was construction at Martin Dam, ten miles above Tallassee at Cherokee Bluff. Near Asberry or Kent on the Eclectic line there veered off to the north and east a tortuous spur track which the power company and its contractors had constructed to provide a rail link to the dam site. Over the tight curves and lofty trestles of this track moved the cars of construction material and equipment, sometimes coming over the B&SE from Milstead in such volume (up to 125 cars a day) that the little road had to rent extra engines from the Western to handle them.

Martin Dam activity was then followed by work at Yates Dam, three miles upstream from town. Supplies reaching it were delivered by B&SE over a track that crossed the Tallapoosa River atop the dam at Tallassee and ran up the east side of the river. Finally attention reverted to Tallassee and Thurlow Dam. Originally constructed with B&SE's help in 1923, it was stripped of the new unnecessary Yates Dam spur line and built thirty feet higher.

A third of a century later, Colonel Blount was still proud of the achievements of the 1923-33 decade, which must have been the golden age of the B&SE. As evidence he cited the figure of 22,000 cars handled for Martin Dam alone²¹ and the fact that though the railroad borrowed something like \$400,000 to make ready for this boom, it paid off \$850,000 as a result of the spurt in business.²²

¹⁹**Moody's Transportation Manual**, 1962 (New York: Moody's Investors Service, 1962), 538.

²⁰Golden, **History of Tallassee**, 66-68.

²¹**The Tallassee Tribune**, May 16, 1963.

²²Interviews, Colonel Roberts Blount with Michael Dunn, January and June, 1963.

In a far-sighted move, the B&SE in 1930 asked authorization to institute experimental store-door delivery service within a two-and-quarter-mile radius of the depot (which was located beneath the bluff atop which perches Tallassee's business district). That petition, however, was denied by regulatory authorities.²³

The volume of freight along the extremities of the B&SE began to diminish as Depression gripped the land and as trucks nibbled at the vulnerable agricultural traffic. Service was discontinued unofficially on the Eclectic end by the mid-1930's, when there was no longer any perceptible demand for rail freight hauling service to or from the area. Abandoning this part of the line and the similarly profitless Union Springs end was the only way to keep the company solvent and capable of rendering continued service between Tallassee and Milstead. The wolf was at the door!

This on February 27, 1937, the abandonment petition was presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission, arbiter of such matters. There was, alleged B&SE, no reasonable prospect of future traffic sufficient to pay maintenance and operating costs. Inconvenience would be slight. Except for farming there was no industry on the lines to be dropped that was not served by other railroads.²⁴ Still ready to offer service were the Central of Georgia at Union Springs, Seaboard at Fort Davis, and Western Railway of Alabama at Milstead. The B&SE could retrieve an estimated \$100,000 in scrap value and recover additional funds by selling unneeded real estate. Even such little things as saving the expense of maintaining an interlocking plant at the Western crossing at Milstead would help contribute to the financial well being of the surviving operation.

On April 13 the ICC consented. By letter of July 22 the vice president of the B&SE informed the Commission that operations on the portions authorized had been discontinued on May 19.

²³Minutes, Public Service Commission, X, 176.

²⁴ICC Reports, CCXXI (1938), 284 and following.

Up the steep and winding three-quarter-mile grade into Union Springs chuffed the last train in the May darkness. During the waning years no passenger trains were run into Union Springs. The only sign of any passenger service at all was the presence at the rear of the freight train of a combination coach-baggage car; in final years it carried no riders to speak of but was retained for the small amount of mail and package freight still entrusted to the rails. The trains of that era were scheduled to leave Tallassee around five in the afternoon and might arrive at Union Springs any time between two in the morning and nine in the forenoon. There the engine would complete some switching chores, take on water at the big tank, be turned on the turntable that distinguished the yards, and if time permitted it would rest a few hours in the small enginehouse. This was the heart-tearing routine, like that of its countless happier predecessors, through which the last little train went on its last night at Union Springs. Watching it was President Winton Blount, filled with immeasurable sadness.

Recollections of old-timers and study of the depreciation records of the railroad enable the scholar to reconstruct on paper the facilities of the 1930s. There were depots at Eclectic, Asberry, Tallassee, Milstead, Liverpool, and a depot-office at Union Springs; the Fort Davis station was the property of the Seaboard. Water stations were located at Union Springs and Tallassee, and the employees recall that the same communities were sites of the line's only two turntables. At Tallassee was located the sole coal-loading facility for filling steam locomotive tenders. The wye tracks at Milstead and Tallassee in use at the end of operations must also have been there thirty years back. Though there was a small shop or engine shed at Union Springs, the main shop was at Tallassee. The B&SE forces at the shop in Tallassee handled even the most challenging of repair and maintenance duties, including extensive and complicated boiler repairs on steam engines and new paint jobs on the brightly colored diesels.

Through the years of World War II and afterward there continued on the Milstead-Tallassee segment a full range of services: passenger, freight, mail and express. Passengers rode doodlebugs; three steam locomotives shared freight assign-

ments. Later on passenger and mail service ended, and express came to Tallassee's big yellow Victorian depot in the green trucks of REA Express, for distribution by the B&SE. By 1964 rail service was restricted to freight only, handled five days a week for the mill, for a few customers located along the one-mile spur that remained as a cut off remnant of the abandoned line to Eclectic, and to other customers who either had little warehouses near the station or who unloaded or loaded cars at the public team track there—all at Tallassee. It was the mill that provided most of the business at Tallassee, but eventually truck competition began taking much of that traffic, just as it had already taken most of the non-mill freight handled into the city. Elsewhere on the line in recent years there had been a one-shot flurry of activity as a pipeline was built past Tallassee. Much of the pipe was brought in by rail and unloaded and stockpiled at the siding near Gibson or the pulpwood yard. Once in a great while the state experimental farm at Tuckabatchie, operated by Auburn University, would be the consignee of a carload of lime, spotted at a siding just opposite the farm—but from Jan. 1, 1962 to July 31, 1964 this traffic totaled just two cars.

The pinch of reduced freight volume resulted in a retrenchment of sorts in 1963 and 1964, in hopes that the B&SE could pare expenses to the bone. For example, a modified section-gang-type motor car was put into service in January, 1964 to carry mail at less cost than a larger unit then in use.²⁵ The final steam engine, long retired, was sold. Standby diesel locomotive 198 and rail motor coach 500 were put up for sale.²⁶ In offering the motor car for sale and in selling the steamer, the company was cutting strong and sentimental ties to some of the most colorful aspects of its past: the era of passenger service and the age of steam.

Pioneering in passenger handling economy—and in the vanguard of a trend that later swept many short and branch

²⁵Reply to questionnaire, P. H. Icenhour, Manager of B&SERR, to Michael Dunn, January 22, 1964.

²⁶**Weekly Information Bulletin** (Washington: American Short Line Railroad Association), December 23, 1963, 506 advertises locomotive for sale. Letter, P. H. Icenhour to Michael Dunn, December 5, 1963, reports that car 500 is for sale.



Photograph by Michael Dunn

Motor Car 500, Birmingham & Southeastern Railroad, crosses the overflow trestle near the Tallapoosa River crossing north of Milstead in January, 1963, making one of three daily mail runs scheduled by the B & SE. Car 500, built in 1923, was used in mail and passenger service until it was retired and put up for sale in 1964.

lines—the B&SE replaced conventional steam passenger trains with rail motor cars. The first gasoline-powered coach unit and trailer car were purchased in autumn, 1923 from the Edwards Railway Motor Car Company, of Sanford, North Carolina. An endorsement by President Winton Blount of the B&SE printed in an Edwards catalog of 1924 states that the cars “increased the passenger business at least twenty per cent.”²⁷ Unfortunately the original motor car was smashed after just a few years; it was involved in a turntable accident in Tallassee, but was carrying no passengers at the time. A fire in October, 1936 destroyed many records, so there is no way to determine exactly when the accident occurred or when the B&SE bought a replacement car, number 500, from the Washington & Lincolnton.

²⁷**Monthly Bulletin** (Sanford, North Carolina: Edwards Railway Motor Car Company), July 1924, unpagued.



Photograph by Michael Dunn

Car 500 rambling across the historic plain of Tukabachi on a mail trip in January, 1963.

The abandonment date of the Georgia line (the W&L died in 1932) offers the only clue to the approximate time that car 500 might have made its appearance on the B&SE roster. Though re-engined twice, 500 ended up outliving two railroads and still being in excellent condition. It was regularly used until early 1964, and was still capable of rollicking joyfully along the tangent track to Milstead and back at speeds up to sixty miles per hour at the age of forty-two! Behind the driver's cab and baggage compartment were two tiny passenger compartments seating a total of twenty riders. The Edwards firm also built a third B&SE motor car, a much larger unit that saw earlier service on the Marion & Rye Valley in Virginia and then on the Central of Georgia until 1938. It too was a passenger-baggage combination car but was much larger than 500. The underfloor engines mounted right within the trucks propelled the 502; it

was forty-four feet long and weighed twenty-three tons.²⁸ When passenger service ceased in 1955, this car was considered surplus and was retired. The carbody was cut up for scrap, but the frame and trucks were salvaged to make a weedburner.

Use of the Edwards cars was restricted to Tallassee-Milstead service. The motor train crews were outfitted in fine new uniforms and for the assistance of passengers boarding at country road crossings (bearing such picturesque names as Tripple Springs) the crewmen even put down a little step stool, "just like the Twentieth Century Limited," reminisced Colonel Blount.²⁹ Busiest seasons for passenger trains were the summers during the 1920s, when vacationists were drawn to the newly formed lakes along the Tallapoosa. They helped swell monthly passenger receipts as high as three thousand dollars.

On the rest of the B&SE ridership was scanty. Passenger service to Eclectic, of course, ended first, probably in advance of the cessation of freight service on that end of the railroad. However, some time before abandonment of the Union Springs end, its passenger service was apparently discontinued as well. The combine (coach-baggage car) trailing behind a string of freight cars made the daily train a mixed train, in railroad parlance; and the presence of the combine was the only admission that there might even *be* riders. In the later years there weren't; the car carried only mail and small freight and express shipments.

All passenger service came to an official and formal halt on the B&SE in 1955. The Public Service Commission on May 12 agreed that an average of ninety-three riders per month was no longer sufficient reason to run regular passenger trains.³⁰ The Western and the B&SE subsequently asked permission to discontinue the little-needed station at Milstead. At first, on

²⁸Specification and plan sheet for gas rail car 11. Central of Georgia Railway Company, November 23, 1935. Document accompanied letter, W. H. Mims, Superintendent, Motive Power and Equipment, Central of Georgia Railway, to Michael Dunn, February 14, 1963.

²⁹Interviews, Colonel Roberts Blount with Michael Dunn, January and June, 1963.

³⁰Minutes, Public Service Commission, XXIV, 6-7. Docket 13896.



Photograph by Michael Dunn

Last steam locomotive of B & SERR was 200, built in 1926, replaced by diesels in 1953, formally retired in 1955, sold in 1963 but not shipped until mid-1964 to new owner, Vermont Railway.

August 1, 1955, the Public Service Commission denied authority for this change,³¹ but the presence of only the weed-grown foundation of the long dismantled station building at Milstead is vivid proof that the lines' persistence in seeking discontinuance of the agency finally paid off.

On April 24, 1964 the Postal Service terminated mail handling by the B&SE, one more hard bump for the Bump & Slide Easy. Between 1955 and 1964 the company ran three mail trains to Milstead every day but Sunday. There the mail sacks were tossed off the speeding streamliners or picked up on the fly as the streamliners of the Western streaked through with hardly a slackening of speed. There was no direct road connection between Tallassee and the mainline railroad which carried the mail, until in 1964 a highway bridge was completed across the

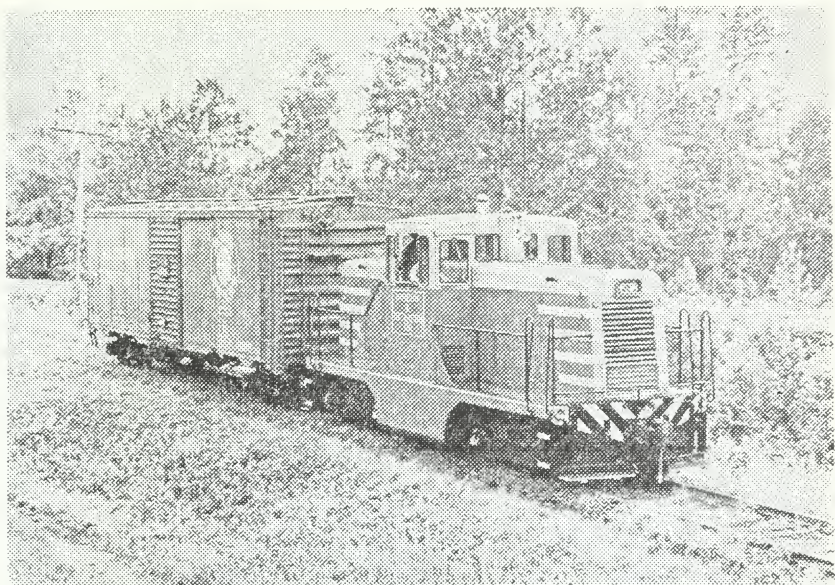
³¹Minutes, Public Service Commission, XXIV, 54-55. Docket 13881.

Tallapoosa, subjecting the mail train to the threat—eventually successful—of highway competition. Four or five days a week the mail would ride the freight train's locomotive instead of a motor car on the third scheduled run of the day. The motor car, and after January 10 its little section-car substitute, handled the morning and noon-time mail runs in addition to evening runs on days no freight worked the line. The 500 was an appealing sight as it waited for the Western train; painted red and yellow, it brightened the sombre surroundings created when the station at Milstead was razed. It was probably the last doo-dlebug in regular scheduled operation east of the Mississippi or even the Rockies. Until last April and cancellation of the mail contract, B&SE was most likely the smallest line haul railroad in the nation still holding a mail contract.

Two steam locomotives survived in B&SE service into the 1950s; five were on the books in 1929, four in 1935.³² One of the final pair of engines had come to the B&SE brand new in 1926, somehow diverted from its originally planned destination on a Latin American rail line. This was the 200, an eight-drivered Consolidation type. It boasted a headlight the size of a bushel basket, or thus at least it seemed. The bigger engine was the 227, a six-drivered Ten-Wheeler type (a four wheel pony truck accounted for the other four wheels named in the type). Built in 1903, this ninety-ton heavyweight outweighed the 200 by thirty-five tons, and had seen prior use by the Atlanta & West Point and the Western. The 227 was retired in 1953. In January vandals tampered with a switch, sending the 227 down the wrong track when it came switching at the Standard Oil terminal; instead it was sent down the spur of a concrete plant and ran off the end.³³ The shock sundered all water and air lines between engine and tender and the boiler was burned through for lack of water. As its engineer and another crewman nursed broken limbs, the engine was jacked up, a track built beneath her and she was hauled out, only to be cut up for scrap not long after the January 27 tragedy. Idled by a

³²Equipment and depreciation records of B&SERR, at the office in Tallassee. Reference is here made especially to depreciation statement of December 31, 1935.

³³*The Tallassee Tribune*, January 29, 1953.



Photograph by Michael Dunn

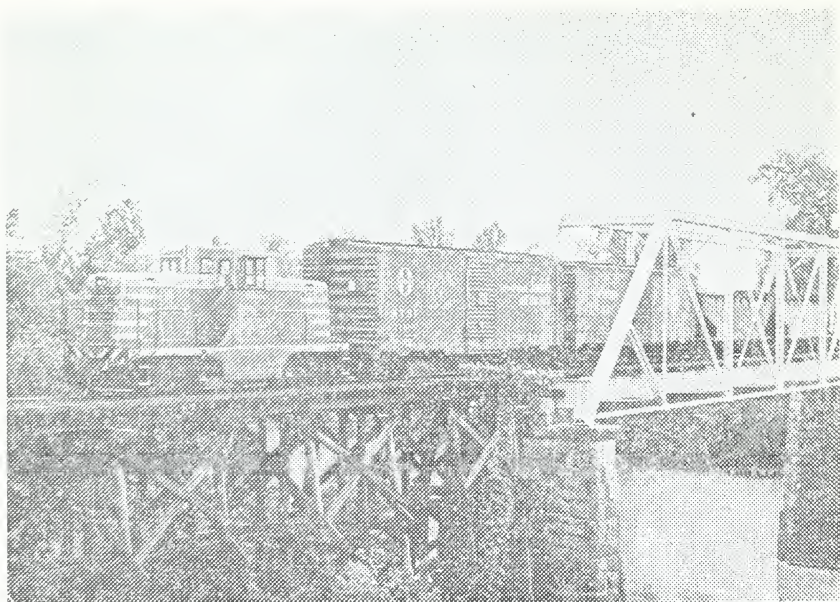
Mainstay of the Birmingham & Southeastern Railroad is General Electric diesel unit 199, the "Tecumseh," built and put into service in 1953 and shown near the Tallassee shops.

diesel in May, 1953, the 200 has met a much happier fate; though never fired up again for use after the months in early 1953 when she handled all the freight of the railroad, she was stored serviceable, even after formally being retired in 1955. During the summer of 1964, she was shipped off to the Vermont Railway, where in October this writer saw her being prepared for a new career hauling happy railroad buffs.

The Tecumseh was put into service after well-attended ribbon-cutting and christening ceremonies and a speech by Colonel Blount, a genial patriarch still obviously in love with his railroad. May 18, 1953 was the date when all operations but the rail bus runs were dieselized in one fell swoop.³¹

The Tecumseh (number 199 on the roster) was a General

³¹The Tallassee Tribune, May 21, 1953.



Photograph by Michael Dunn

Engine 199 leads a long string of freight cars across the Tallapoosa River bridge near Milstead, on a cloudy late June afternoon in 1963.

Electric product, weighing forty-four tons. Its light weight minimized strain on track and bridges but was still adequate for pulling fairly long trains over level trackage like that between Milstead and the Tallassee yard limits. For standby use another General Electric diesel was acquired in 1960, a forty-five ton government surplus engine that was soon repainted in the familiar B&SE color scheme, red and yellow, with silver lettering. Engines 198 and 199 and motor car 500 were immaculately groomed and meticulously maintained. Evident everywhere on the B&SE were signs of traditional pride and care, and touches of ingenuity that enabled the B&SE to survive on a shoestring during the last lean years. One old coach had been converted to a weedburning car. The last boxcar used in the B&SE's local service had been turned into a shed to house section motor cars and tools; the end of the car was cut out and hinged to create a huge doorway and the cars could roll right in. In the shop office the men would lunch on a salvaged couch.

Economies like dieselization and the substitute mail car, ingenuity like the weedburner and section shed, and even a change in management in 1963 were not enough to counteract a long downtrend in revenues on the B&SE. This downtrend began turning profits into losses in 1960. By July of 1964, the company's cash position had become so precarious that all the cash it had available, unallocated, was seventeen dollars.³⁵

After taking a long, hard look at the situation, the shareholders and directors met on September 29, 1964 in the saddest meetings the B&SE corporate family was ever to know. There both groups formalized their decision to abandon the doughty little railroad.³⁶ Accordingly, on October 19 the B&SE petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority to abandon its entire railroad, 7.95 miles of main line and 3.51 miles of way switching tracks and sidings.

A pile of documents three-eighths of an inch high (plus many duplicate sets) was filed with the ICC. It told the story of the decline. How losses began with \$2,021.24 in 1960, and grew in one short year to \$13,734.55 and in two more to almost double that: \$25,109.99 for 1963.³⁷ How sixty-two truck lines afforded actual or potential competition. How valued shipments to Standard Oil Company vanished between 1962 and 1964. How too many other users were in the same class as a local broom works and an appliance dealer; their rail receipts over the previous thirty-one months were one car of straw and one car of appliances, respectively; their shipments, nil.³⁸

There were no prospects of increased traffic either to provide a profit or even to meet expenses. In fact, continued opera-

³⁵Application of the Birmingham and Southeastern Railroad Company for authority to abandon its line of railroad . . . , dated October 19, 1964, and filed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, October 22, 1964, 2. ICC assigned docket number 23348 to the B&SE case. Documents in the abandonment case docket include Application, Return to Questionnaire, Exhibits, and Certificate and Order. References hereinafter will cite only the appropriate portion and the docket number.

³⁶Finance Docket 23348, Application, 4.

³⁷Finance Docket 23348, Return to Questionnaire, 19, and Exhibit B, unpagged. (Exhibit B consists of twenty sheets, unpagged, of income accounts and balance sheets for years 1959 through 1963).

³⁸Finance Docket 23348, Return to Questionnaire, 7-14.

tion would only create more losses, result in unsafe operating conditions, and exhaust the assets of the company, chief of which was its land and physical plant. The railroad property had an estimated salvage value of \$191,106.49.³⁰

There were no possibilities of disposing of the railroad to another operator, either. The City of Tallassee was not interested.³⁰ The mill company was approached too, before the formal decision to abandon. In a letter dated August 18, 1964, the head of the textile firm officially stated his company's position to Col. Blount: "Mount Vernon Mills, Inc., has no interest in the purchase of the Birmingham & Southeastern Railroad as we are firmly of the belief that this company should not operate a railroad or own one."³¹

On January 4, 1965, Finance Board Number 3 of the ICC acted favorably on the B&SE petition, agreeing that public convenience and necessity no longer required the operation of the little railroad to Tallassee, and authorizing its abandonment.³²

Business seemed to pick up a wee bit during the final weeks, despite the fact that the Western had an embargo published almost a month before the little line actually quit. Embargo notices are issued daily by the Car Service Division of the Association of American Railroads. In its advisory to the Division, dated January 25, the Western gave the effective date as February 5, embargoing all items that could not be delivered by midnight of that date. The B&SE actually quit at the close of March 5 business day. Soon afterward its management fulfilled the final ICC requirement by filing in duplicate the journal entries showing that the line had been abandoned as of March 10 and all tariffs canceled.³³

March 5 saw the last revenue train over the B&SE, and a

³⁰Finance Docket 23348, Return to Questionnaire, 3-4, and Exhibit C.

⁴⁰Finance Docket 23348, Return to Questionnaire, 19, and Exhibit G.

⁴¹Letters, Thomas M. Bancroft to Roberts Blount, August 18, 1964, included as Finance Docket 23348, Exhibit F.

⁴²Finance Docket 23348, Certificate and Order, 1. Service date of the order was January 15, 1965.

⁴³**The Tallassee Tribune**, March 11, 1965. Letter, Thaddeus W. Forbes, Director, ICC Bureau of Finance, to Michael Dunn, April 15, 1965.

rather long one, at that. Symbolically its consist included eight empty boxcars and only one load. The distinction of carrying the last rail shipment out of Tallassee fell to Rock Island box-car 27504, destined for New Haven and laden with cotton piece goods."

After leaving the last cars at the Milstead interchange, the diesel returned home alone across Tuckabatchie plain, the sound of Tecumseh's horn now destined to join the voice of an earlier Tecumseh as one of the ghost voices of the distant past.

"As far as can be determined, no fanfare or special attention marked the final run of the B&SE. The author is indebted to Mr. W. L. Hammond for the report on final cars handled by the B&SE. Mr. Hammond is agent of the Western Railway of Alabama at Chehaw, the station that controlled the WRA-B&SE interchange at Milstead.

MOBILE AND THE VISIT BY WOODROW WILSON

by Derrel Roberts

In 1913, the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, paid a formal visit to Mobile. Since this trip came during Wilson's drive for his domestic program, the New Freedom, most of the speculation on the subject of the President's speech indicated that he would probably talk about farm problems. As it turned out, he delivered a major foreign policy speech, which some diplomatic historians say, ushered in a new era in our Latin American relations.

The reasons for the gathering, as well as why Mobile was chosen as the site, were numerous. For one, the Southern Commercial Congress scheduled its 1913 meeting for Mobile and invited the President to speak. The Southern Commercial Congress was described as more than a convention. "It is a mighty movement for the commercial upbuilding of this Southern country," the *Mobile Register* announced.¹ The slogan of the organization was "For a greater nation through a greater South." The organization had permanent headquarters in the Southern Building in Washington, D.C. Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida was president of the Congress. He also served as Chairman of the Permanent American Commission on Agricultural Cooperation, made up of agricultural and Congressional leaders in the United States. This group toured Europe just prior to the Mobile meeting, where they studied agricultural methods and production. Dr. Clarence J. Owens, a native of Maryland, was director General of the Southern Commercial Congress and was also connected with the Commission on Agricultural Cooperation.²

The opening of the Panama Canal was one of the reasons given for the time and place of the meeting of the Southern Commercial Congress. Consequently, the Pan-American Union Director General, John Barrett, announced that the Union would also participate in the Mobile celebration. A large dele-

¹Mobile *Register*, September 25, 1913.

²*Ibid.*, October 26, 1913.

gation of "notable statesmen" from the Latin American states were invited through the Pan-American Union.³

Alabama was even more directly involved in that the late John Tyler Morgan, Senator from Alabama, was given a great deal of credit for the acquisition of the Panama Canal. Senator Morgan, born in Tennessee in 1824, eventually settled in Selma, Alabama, where he practiced law. In the Confederate Army between 1861 and 1865 he rose from the rank of private to brigadier general. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1876 and served there until his death in 1907.⁴

How much credit is really due Senator Morgan for the acquisition of the Panama Canal is another question. He was described as the "leading champion in Congress of the Nicaraguan route." He was recognized as a canal expert and chairman of a canal committee despite the fact that he was a Democrat in a Republican dominated Senate. But the ratification of the Hay and Bunau-Varilla Treaty in February, 1904 was described as a defeat for Morgan as he led a "vigorous opposition."⁵

Even so, the Mobile newspaper claimed major credit for Morgan to the extent that there would have been no canal without him. He kept the idea alive and before the Senate and the people, according to the paper.⁶ So special memorial services were planned for Morgan. A daughter, Cornelia Morgan, was invited as an honored guest of the Women's Auxiliary of the Southern Commercial Congress.⁷ Further, Professor Paul C. Boudousquie of Spring Hill College painted a portrait of the late Senator for the occasion. The oil painting was described as life size, half figure and an excellent likeness.⁸

Further claims for Alabama's part in the Panama Canal were made by the newspaper. Mobile born William Gorgas' work

³*Ibid.*, September 25, 1913.

⁴*Biographical Directory of the American Congress, 1774-1949* (Washington, 1950), 15-87.

⁵Julius W. Pratt, *A History of United States Foreign Policy* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1955), 400, 402n., 408.

⁶*Mobile Register*, October 19, 1913.

⁷*Ibid.*, October 15, 1913.

⁸*Ibid.*, September 30, 1913.

when disease struck saved the day in Panama. Alabamians like Colonel William L. Sibert among others aided Colonel George W. Goethals, while Goethals' early engineering experience came in his work on the Alabama and Tennessee River in northern Alabama. The school child who wrote the best essay on the subject "Alabama did it," would be allowed to sit on the platform with the President of the United States.⁹

An air of excitement settled on Mobile when on September 23d, news came that President Wilson was "definitely coming."¹⁰ This time there was no "ifs" attached and for only the second time in history, a President of the United States was visiting Mobile during his presidency.¹¹ In honor of the occasion and the President, the Mobile Chamber of Commerce provided a gold medalion for Wilson as a memento. On one side was a picture of the late Senator Morgan and on the other side was a replica of the topography of the Panama Canal. There were silver copies for cabinet members scheduled to appear and bronze ones on sale in a local jewelry store.¹²

The week before the celebration, Wilson sent what was described as a "laconic" telegram regarding the program. He had been given the plan for the event and he responded with the telegram: "Suggested Program entirely satisfactory."¹³

Meanwhile, pressure was exerted to have the President take part in programs along the way from Washington to Mobile. These attempts were futile, though, as the President's office announced that the press of affairs limited his speaking engagements to the dedication of the restored Congress Hall in Philadelphia on October 25th and the Mobile event on October 27th.

⁹*Ibid.*, October 19, 1913.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, September 24, 1913.

¹¹*Ibid.*, October 26, 1913, President Theodore Roosevelt visited Mobile in 1908.

¹²*Ibid.*, October 17, 1913. Bronze copies were on sale at E. O. Zadek Jewelry Co., Cabinet members scheduled to appear were Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan and Secretary of Navy Josephus Daniels.

¹³*Ibid.*, October 21, 1913.

The limiting force, in this case, was the unsteady situation in Mexico.¹⁴

The most obvious participants were those attending the Southern Commercial Congress, the Pan-American Union delegates, Mobile Chamber of Commerce members, but there were several other groups. The Chamber of Commerce was given major responsibility for entertaining the President's Cabinet and raising funds for the event. The 240 member delegation of the Chamber of Commerce planned a rather elaborate dinner at the "Cawthon Vineyard" for Secretaries Bryan and Daniels. As it turned out, Daniels attended; Bryan remained in Washington because of the Mexican crisis.¹⁵

Among others participating were all the Mobile fraternal orders and lodges. Also included were women's auxiliary groups of various organizations. When a group from Biloxi, Mississippi, applied for a train to Mobile, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad refused the request. Not to be outdone, the Mississippians made plans to travel to Mobile by boat.¹⁶ Meanwhile, a New Orleans editor was impressed with the significance of the event and expressed the hope that many from New Orleans would attend and continue the "neighborly spirit" between the two cities. After all, he said, the opening of the Panama Canal would help New Orleans most and it was already "the greatest city in the South. . . ."¹⁷

As usual, the most difficult task proved to be fund raising. The first financial drive, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, was in the form of a canvass late in September. Over one hundred canvassers participated, carrying pamphlets that explained how the money would be spent.¹⁸ Then early in October,

¹⁴*Ibid.*, October 23, 1913. In Mexico, General Huerta replaced Madero after he was brutally murdered by pro-Huerta forces. Most Europeans immediately granted diplomatic recognition to the Huerta government but Wilson refused recognition on a moral basis.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, October 17, 22, 23, and 24, 1913. The usual captions on the news items ran "Will Bryan Come?"

¹⁶*Ibid.*, October 5, 19, 20, and 23, 1913.

¹⁷From the New Orleans *States* reprinted in the Mobile *Register*, October 20, 1913.

¹⁸Mobile *Register*, September 30, 1913.

various fraternal orders combined and staged a musical depicting the development of the United States and Mobile.¹⁹ Toward the end of the drive, school children were allowed to volunteer to sell special buttons for the occasion. The week-end before the arrival of the President was set aside for the sale of the buttons. Meanwhile, the ladies of the Business Women's Club announced that they would sell "lunches and meals" on October 27 and that the proceeds would go, not to finance the event, but to build a clubhouse "across the bay."²⁰

During the financial campaign, there were some interesting comments regarding the contributors. The four railroads serving Mobile contributed from \$250 to \$1,000 each. Even so, after the first canvass, \$12,000 was collected and an estimated \$18,000 more was needed. Chamber of Commerce President William Ambrecht made some observations about the drive to the press. "It struck me . . .," he said, "that the men of small means were the ones who had given the most." "The proprietors of fruit and peanut stands have given \$25 in some instances," he observed, "and the big merchants have not contributed proportionately. One of the big firms which gives \$50 annually to the Mardi Gras gave \$20 to this event. Large property owners are conspicuous by their absence," Ambrecht concluded. Three days before the celebration, the drive was only \$2,000 short of its goal.²¹

There was another drive to provide rooms in private homes for visitors and still another to stir the excitement of the people. To boost the importance of the celebration, Chamber of Commerce President Ambrecht asked the question: "Do the people of Mobile appreciate the honor conferred upon them by the chief executive?" The editor of the paper, in a burst of enthusiasm, advised the people that it was "time to put our best foot foremost." "Clean up the city, fling the colors to the breeze, and put your shoulders to the wheel," he wrote.²²

¹⁹*Ibid.*, October 6, 1913.

²⁰*Ibid.*, October 17 and 23, 1913.

²¹*Ibid.*, October 8, 9, 12 and 24, 1913.

²²*Ibid.*, October 20, 23 and 24, 1913.

Among the events scheduled for the hours preceeding the President's speech, were memorial services for Senator Morgan in various churches of the city, with notable speakers and performances by the local "Morgan Memorial Chorus" of nearly 1,100 voices. In addition, there was a water revue to be viewed by the President with the public. Two revenue cutters and three government lighthouse tenders were provided for the occasion and private boat and shipowners were invited to decorate and participate.²³

Otherwise, the most important events of the day was the Presidential breakfast, the parade and of course, the President's speech. The President's schedule was filled, then, from the time he arose at 7:00 A.M. until he left Mobile at 12:53 P.M.²⁴ The Presidential Breakfast at the Battle House was formal and the dress for the occasion was rather rigidly prescribed for those attending. The imposed dress was a "Prince Albert coat or a black cut-a-way coat" with trousers of a "light grey or a stripe." Under some circumstances, those in business suits were allowed to meet the President, but they could not attend the breakfast.²⁵ The Breakfast Committee of the Chamber of Commerce arranged the affair for the Auditorium of the Battle House. . . ." The charge was seven dollars per plate, but those purchasing tickets were reminded that the assessment

²³*Ibid.*, October 18, 21 and 23, 1913. Among speakers were Governor Park Trammell of Florida, Governor Elliot W. Major of Missouri and John Temple Graves.

²⁴The President's schedule:

3:30 A.M. Arrive at Louisville and Nashville Depot.
 7:00 A.M. Arises.
 7:30 A.M. Leaves private railroad car for Presidential breakfast.
 7:45 A.M. Meets distinguished guests.
 8:00 A.M. Presidential breakfast.
 10:00 A.M. Presidential address at Lyric Theater.
 11:15 A.M. Presidential parade.
 12:15 P.M. Address to public from reviewing stand on St. Joseph Street.
 12:53 P.M. Leaves Mobile on Louisville & Nashville Railroad.
 From the Mobile **Register**, October 27, 1913.

²⁵MS, From R. V. Taylor and Harry T. Hartwell to Leon Schwarz, October 15, 1913, in the Leon Schwarz Scrap Book Number 2, in the Special Collections at the Mobile Public Library, Page 196. See also pages 197 and 198.

covered "the cost of complimentary plates to some sixty national and international guests of honor."²⁸ The menu emphasized Mobile as much as possible with "Mobile Grape Fruit," "Mobile Corn Pones," and of course "Fried Hominy Grits" among other delicacies.²⁷

The President's address was the featured speech before the Southern Commercial Congress in the Lyric Theater.²⁸ The security and safety of the President was planned with care by local officials with the Presidential party. A close guard was furnished the President all morning and the Mobile police had a special order: "No messages, bouquets or anything to be delivered to the President will be taken by officers but must be given to the official courier."²⁹

Early speculation from Washington on the subject of Wilson's address proved to be inaccurate. Early in October, word came from the Capitol that the topic would be "Rural Credits." After all, Dr. C. J. Owens, the Director of the Southern Commercial Congress had studied the problem in Europe and the President took the time to inform himself on the subject. Then too, the financial revision bills which led to the Federal Reserve System were before the Congress and were related.³⁰

There was never any official announcement of topic from Wilson and, therefore, no change announced. Even so, the October 25th headline in the *Mobile Register* might have given a clue. It read: "MEXICAN CRISIS REACHED; WILSON PREPARES TO WARN POWERS OFF." The article told of meetings by the President and Cabinet members and others to decide on a course of action. It was in this international climate that Wilson came to Mobile.³¹

²⁸From O. B. Fowkes to Leon Schwarz, October 21, 1913 in the Schwarz Scrap Book, 197.

²⁷A Menu for the occasion in the Schwarz Scrap Book, 198. The Menu included Compote of Fruit, Mobile Grape Fruit, Apollinaris, Blanket Pompano a la Daniels, Broiled Squab on Toast with Bacon, Fried Hominy Grits, Mobile Corn Pones, Hot Rolls, Coffee, Tea, Milk.

²⁸For programs and highlights of the whole affair, see the Schwarz Scrap Book Number 2, 196-199.

²⁹*Mobile Register*, October 26, 1913.

³⁰*Ibid.*, October 8 and 14, 1913.

³¹*Ibid.*, October 25, 1913.

Several passages from the Wilson speech have been quoted many times. More important passages from the address were selected by a Mobile editor and placed in a front page box. He quoted Wilson:

This is not America because it is rich. This is not America because it has set up for a great population great opportunities of material prosperity. America is a name that sounds in the ears of men everywhere as a synonym with individual opportunity, because it is a synonym of individual liberty.

I would rather belong to a poor nation that was free than to a rich nation that had ceased to be in love with liberty. But we shall not be poor if we love liberty, because the nation that loves liberty truly sets every man to do his best and be his best, and that means the release of all the splendid energies of a great people who think for themselves.

We dare not turn from the principle that morality and not expediency is the thing that must guide us, and that we will never condone iniquity because it is convenient to do so.⁸²

But the editor left out of his box the most often quoted passage that brought a new view of the Monroe Doctrine. Wilson said, "I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest." Even so, the editor was of the opinion that the Wilson address ushered in a "Second Monroe Doctrine." "Few men," the editor thought, "could have touched so delicately yet so firmly upon the bleeding sore of the Mexican situation as Mr. Wilson did; for he never mentioned Mexico by name nor yet by indirection; he spoke to all Latin America, and whenever his words do lodge there they will have their just application and fruit."⁸³

⁸²These excerpts are from the Mobile **Register**, October 28, 1913. The full text of the speech is also there as well as in Henry Steele Commager, ed., **Documents of American History**, Sixth edition (New York, 1958), 269-70. See also **President Wilson's Great Speeches and Other History Making Documents** (Chicago, 1918), 283-84.

⁸³Mobile **Register**, October 28, 29, 1913.

In mid-November, the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Walter Hines Page, wrote from London to President Wilson's close friend and advisor, Colonel Edward M. House, that "anybody concerned here understands the language that the President speaks now." "You mustn't forget," Page reminded House, "that in all previous experience in Latin America we ourselves have been as much to blame as anybody else." "Now we have a clear road to travel," he concluded, "a policy based on character to follow forever—a new era."³⁴

Modern historians vary in their opinion of Wilson's speech. A prominent biographer refers to this "famous speech" as one that assured the "Mexicans that in the campaign he was about to undertake against Huerta he would avoid intervention that carried with it acquisition of territory and would seek only to make possible the development of constitutional government in Mexico." The biographer thinks that the meaning of Wilson's address is more evident if the word "Mexico" is inserted in place of "Latin America," and "Great Britain" for "foreign interests."³⁵ By other authors it is described as a vigorous expression of the "ideals" of Wilson's "new policy."³⁶

"The reality, however, often fell short of the ideal," writes still another present-day diplomatic historian. He thinks that while the policies and motives of Wilson and Bryan were high, "politics and economics persistently intrude in the determination of policy."³⁷ Then Dexter Perkins, a well known authority on the Monroe Doctrine says that the pronouncements in the Wilson speech "undoubtedly produced a favorable impression. . . ." He points out, though, that President William Howard Taft's Secretary of State, Philander C. Knox, made a similar speech in 1912.³⁸

³⁴Burton J. Hendrick, *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*, I, (London, 1923), 210.

³⁵Arthur S. Link, *Woodrow Wilson and the Progressive Era* (New York, 1954), 118.

³⁶Nelson Manfred Blake and Oscar Theodore Barck, Jr., *The United States in its World Relations* (New York, 1960), 471-72.

³⁷Foster Rhea Dulles, *America's Rise to World Power, 1898-1954* (New York, 1954), 88-89.

³⁸Dexter Perkins, *A History of the Monroe Doctrine* (Boston, 1955), 322.

Even if it had been said before, it was not announced as policy, by the president, in the midst of a serious crisis as was the case of the Wilson address. Too, while Wilson did intervene in Vera Cruz, Mexico to keep a German ship from unloading war equipment, later, he agreed to arbitration of the United States-Mexican problem by Argentina, Brazil and Chile. This surprised most people, including the Mexican dictator, Huerta, who refused to arbitrate and was soon overthrown by an internal revolt led by Carranza. The *New York Times*, when the crisis ended, announced that the "wisdom of the President has . . . been clearly proven. . . ." "The outlook is hopeful," the editor wrote. "'Watchful waiting,' the joke of the shallow minded, had had its reward."⁹

Further, there were, possibly, more long range affects. Franklin D. Roosevelt was then Wilson's impressionable young Assistant Secretary of the Navy and much involved in Latin American affairs. When he became President in 1933, he had this background as well as the Clark Memorandum and the work of Dwight L. Morrow on which to base his "Good Neighbor" policy with Latin America.

While Wilson's speech had an impact on foreign relations, some Mobilians thought it affected the weather. The *Register* editor felt that a popular song title was appropriate for the day: "All the World seems brighter since we first met you." "The skies cleared," he wrote, "as the policy of the United States was made clear by the President on yesterday, and a faultless day followed."¹⁰

President Wilson enjoyed the trip to Mobile as he rarely enjoyed trips before, he told friends.¹¹ Then in December, 1913 and January, 1914, he came back to the Gulf Coast for a three week stay at the "Dixie White House" as Pass Christian, Mississippi.¹²

⁹New York *Times*, July 17, 1914.

¹⁰Mobile *Register*, October 28, 1913.

¹¹*Ibid.*, October 29, 1913.

¹²Ray Thompson, "The Dixie White House," in *Down South*, XIV (May-June, 1964), 5 and 21.

A HOOSIER REGIMENT IN ALABAMA

by Arville L. Funk

In July of 1864, General Joseph E. Johnston's Confederate Army of Tennessee was desperately engaged in the great Battle of Atlanta with General Sherman's Union forces. On the 17th of that month, Johnston was removed from command of the army and General John B. Hood was named to replace him. After Hood had led his new command in the severe fighting at Peach Tree Creek and Ezra Church, the Atlanta struggle settled down to a siege that was to last until the first of September. On September 2nd, General Sherman's victorious troops occupied Atlanta and Hood's Confederate force began a retreat into the mountain section of northwestern Georgia.

Hood had initially planned to attack Sherman's supply and communication lines in the mountain section, but had to change his strategy when Wheeler's Cavalry reported that the Union army was concentrated too strongly for any major attacks. Hood then retreated west into Alabama, moving toward a rendezvous with the new Confederate commander in the West, General G. T. Beauregard. The rendezvous occurred at the city of Gadsden on October 20th.

About the same date, certain elements of the Union Army of The Cumberland, including the 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, Fourteenth Army Corps, were sent into northeastern Alabama in pursuit of Hood's army. Serving in this brigade was the 38th Indiana Veteran Volunteer Infantry Regiment, commanded by Lt. Colonel Daniel F. Griffin. The 38th Indiana had participated in all of the campaigns of the Army of The Cumberland from Perrysville to Atlanta, and after the activities mentioned in this letter, the regiment took part in Sherman's "March To The Sea."

The author of the following letter, Lt. Colonel Griffin, resigned his commission just two weeks after this letter was written. He returned to his home at New Albany, Indiana, where he died of typhoid fever in February of 1865.

Griffin's letter to his wife in New Albany, written from Gaylesville, gives a very interesting account of the regiment's activities in Alabama and interesting report of the impression of the area and its inhabitants. The original letter is printed preserving the original spelling and punctuation:

Gaylesville, Ala.

October 22, 1864

My dear Wife;

You will have to get your map or atlas and again commence the study of geography to ascertain my whereabouts; nor am I certain that this will give you the desired information, as we are now in the mountains, hid almost from the world; though I have no doubt but that the world is looking anxiously for and toward us.

Though near the mountains, we are in one of Alabama's richest valleys, living on the fat of the land; hogs, chickens, geese, ducks and sweet potatoes being our chief articles of diet. Orders are to forage and live partially off the country and the men do it with a will, I assure you. In fact, men and animals are living better than they have for a year, much to the disgust of the inhabitants; still, most of them have sense enough to say but little and think that had General Hood¹ staid away from here, we would have remained absent. However, I guess it is but right that these people should feel some of the hardships of war, they will better appreciate peace when it does come, and be not so ready to rush widely into the same vortex again.

Many a case of wanton destruction of property must or does occur, done by irresponsible foragers and worthless stragglers, which can not well be prevented in so large an Army. Orders are to protect the citizens in their private property and leave them enough to live on, until the next crop is made; which I trust may be peacable harvested and housed without the fear of armies.

I wrote you last from Lafayette; can't remember the date;

¹Gen. John B. Hood, commanding Confederate Army of Tennessee.

since which time we have crossed Taylor's Ridge, coming down the Chattanooga River Valley to this point, our Cavalry harassing the enemy's rear. Here we have been for two days, the Army concentrated; and from indications will remain to-morrow, perhaps longer, though a move may be made at any moment, but in what direction, none but the powers that be, can guess.

Hood's Army, I cannot say where they are, but not close. They have studiously avoided a fight since their last thrashing at Allatoona,² and I doubt if we could come up with them even should we pursue farther. Reports say they are going to the Blue Mountains of Alabama, but from there whence, I cannot say. What I wish most for, is for the campaign to close soon and give us a chance to reorganize, and myself to go home to wife and boy.

Dr. Curry³ and Charley Van Dusen⁴ were mustered out yesterday, under the late Order allowing Officers who had served three years to be mustered out. They start for Rome tomorrow, thence to Atlanta and thence home. They seem to be superlatively happy, so goes the world.

But thus far I have forgotten to tell you of receipt of your welcome letter of the 9th. It came to hand this morning, the first mail since leaving Kingston. What a God-send it did seem to me, benighted citizen of this secluded valley.

Am glad Frank's whooping cough is not very bad and trust he may get well of it ere the bad weather sets in. I should like to see him traveling around the room in his peculiar style, happy in the innocence of his young heart and the smiles of his mother. I could almost envy him his enjoyment, but let us hope the time may not be far distant when I may be with you. Also I can appreciate your feelings and the goodness and patriotism of your warm heart, at feeling that whatever be my decision as to the time I remain, "it is but right." I trust the time will soon come that a happy country may repay you for

²Battle of Allatoona, (near present Cartersville, Ga.), Oct. 5, 1864.

³Dr. John Curry, Regimental Surgeon of 38th Ind.

⁴Capt. Charles Van Dusen, commanding Co. B, 38th Ind.

this disinterestedness and casting aside of selfishness.

Poor Gresham,⁵ what a time he must have and what suffering endure; and how much it must necessarily affect the happiness of Tillie. May his case speedily improve, is my most ardent wish.

I rather guess, could you see your husband in his top boots, old coat and dusty hat, you would be ordering me to the first tailor shop in the country. Not much old maid style, I can assure you. Carpenter⁶ is yet with me and well, but very anxious to get home. Don't know whether I shall ask him to stay much longer, unless I can see the close of the campaign is near at hand. He has been and is, very faithful. Guess I shall have to give him a pension in the way of drinks for at least during the War, on his return home.

Met Dr. Payne and Babbitt yesterday, both well. Dr. expects to go home as soon as the campaign closes, or as soon as he can close up his Accounts and Returns. He is now with the 1st Div. 17th A.C.

Have had the election returns from the State, they have come all right, only I think the 2nd District should be sliced off into Ky. or left out in the cold somewhere, for being the only one behind in the good work. Am now confident of Mr. Lincoln's reelection and the think the country safe.

Convey my congratulations to high private Croxall; tell him to come here and I will make him a color bearer at once.

My regards to friends, and to all at home, love.

Ever your devoted husband,

Dan F. Griffin

Lt. Col. 38th Ind. Vet. Vol.

⁵Maj. Gen. Walter Q. Gresham, wounded at Battle of Atlanta, (later Secy of State under President Cleveland).

⁶A freed Negro boy, personal servant of Lt. Col. Griffin.

A DESCRIPTION
AND
HISTORY OF BLOUNT COUNTY

By George Powell*

The thirty-fourth parallel of North latitude and the meridian of Huntsville, cross near the center of the county. At first, our county extended from the Cherokee line on the north-east to the present Tuscaloosa line on the south-west, and included Jefferson county, most of Walker, a large portion of Marshall, and some of Hancock; but as the country became more densely settled, it was proper to curtail Blount to its present dimensions.

The ridge which divides the waters of the Tennessee from the Warrior, runs through the county and divides it into two very unequal portions; the south part lying on the waters of the Black Warrior, being much the larger portion, and which originally formed part of the Creek nation: this part is sometimes called old Blount, to distinguish it from the smaller part, which was claimed by the Cherokees, and was obtained from them many years after Blount was organized.

The territory under consideration would average a little more than thirty miles square; but nature has divided it into six divisions: five of which run through the entire breadth of the county.

The first division is the long narrow elevated portion between the Raccoon and Pine Mountains, adjoining St. Clair county; the second, is Murphree's Valley; the third is the trough of the Locust Fork of Black Warrior; the fourth is Blountsville Valley; the fifth consists of coal measures west of the Blountsville Valley; the sixth is Brown's Valley.

*George Powell settled in Blount County in 1819 where he taught school and assisted in the original surveys of the region. For forty years he served as surveyor of Blount County. His study of geology and his private explorations of the mineral resources of the vicinity attracted

the attention of Prof. Michael Toumey, State Geologist who after 1848 cooperated with his in mineral surveys of Blount, Jefferson, Winston, Walker, Marion, Lawrence, and Franklin Counties.

"A History and Description of Blount County" was first published by the Alabama Historical Society in 1855. Because of its rarity, it is here reprinted in order both to make it more available generally and to stimulate interest in bringing the history up to date. The copy used for this purpose belonged to Alexander B. Meek and is now in the possession of the Alabama Department of Archives and History. Details of the original printing are found in the reminiscences of Col. James M. Van Hoose ("The Alabama Historical Society—Reminiscences of Fifty Years," *Transactions of the Alabama Historical Society, 1899-1903*, Vol. IV, p. 120) in which he writes:

A "History of Blount County" came into my hands as secretary with the accompanying directions from the Society to edit and publish it. This manuscript "History" was by Mr. George Powell, of Blount County, and was written at the instance of the venerated Prof. Michael Toumey, professor of geology and mineralogy of the State University, and State geologist of Alabama. Mr. Powell had guided Prof. Toumey in his explorations of Blount, being thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the county. Prof. Toumey's clear discernment of "good metal" discovered that Mr. Powell was of valuable "grit" and laid him under contribution for our Society. The result was the "History of Blount County," a brochure of some thirty-five printed pages as published in the winter of 1855-56, by J. F. Warren, proprietor of the *Observer*, Tuscaloosa. This little historical pamphlet was unique as a model for such brief histories of our various counties as the Society so much desires. This and the address of Mr. [A. B.] Meek ["On Alabama History"] appeared in the *Transactions* of the Society for 1855.

An editor's note prefaced the original edition, and as it expresses our intent, it is appropriate to quote it at length.

It is due to the writer of the following pages, to say, that they were prepared by him amid duties of a very dissimilar kind, at the request of a member of the Historical Society, under the belief, that he was merely furnishing **material** to be wrought by another hand, into a more complete shape before publication. As, however, the main purpose of sending this abroad, is to furnish the friends and members of the Society, throughout the State, a general criterion, as to the **character of matter** which it is desirable to obtain from the different Counties, the Executive Committee have thought it would as well comport with their duties, and better effectuate their purpose, to publish it without changing, to any material extent, the original manuscript.

The first division is the most eastern and is about thirty miles long, and from three to five miles wide. This is a coal region and nearly all of it composed of mountains. It is in this narrow division that the Locust Fork has its main source, rising near the north-west corner of Township 13, Range 3, east, and running first ten or twelve miles north-east, it then turns to the left through a gap of the Pine Mountain into Murphree's Valley, which it crosses at right angles, then running through a gap in the main Sand Mountain and turning again to the left, keeps a south-west direction to Jefferson county.

The little Warrior rises near the main source of the Locust Fork, but flows exactly in an opposite direction eight or ten miles—then turns to the right through a gap in Pine Mountain—crosses Murphree's Valley near Crump's Cave, and unites with the Locust Fork at Yielding's Ferry, in Township 12, Range 1, west.

At the heads of these rivers, the land rises high, almost as high as the mountains that skirt this division, and the inhabitants have at this place constructed a road leading from Blountsville to Ashville. The coal beds that I have seen, are about two feet thick and of good quality; they are in the bottom of the main prong of the Locust Fork. The smiths haul coal from those beds for ten or twelve miles. It is said there is coal on the little Warrior in this division. The timber is oak, hickory and pine. Some good land lies on the streams—formerly covered with cane, large poplars, gums, beech, &c.

2nd. Murphree's Valley is about thirty miles long and three miles broad, reckoning from the top of the Straight or Pine Mountain on the east, to the top of the Sand Mountain on the west. The Red Mountain is between them, and its top is about one mile from the top of the Sand Mountain. This valley is a continuation of Jones' Valley. It must be kept in mind that all those mountains run parallel through the county, and much further—their direction being south-west. (See Tuomey's map of the State.) They are very even on their tops, having no abrupt prominences on them; but they have a few narrow gaps through which the waters find their way. The Red

Mountain is not so long as the others; it reaches from Five-mile Creek in Jefferson county to the head of Aurora Valley, formerly called Brister's Cove. This mountain is quite knobby.

Limestone is abundant in this valley, and extends rather more than half way up the precipitous sides of the Sand Mountains; then commences the sand-stone, which is succeeded by conglomerate. This valley was densely covered with tall timber, consisting of oaks, hickory, poplars, gums, beech, maple, elms, walnut, cherry, mulberry, &c., intermixed with vines and other small growth. Pine is rather scarce; cedar plentiful, on the limestone cliffs and the sides of the mountains. Good limestone water is plentiful.

3rd. This division is the trough of the Locust Fork of the Warrior. It is seven or eight miles wide at the north side of the county, but it gradually widens as it goes south, and becomes ten or twelve broad at the south-west side of the county. This trough lies parallel with Murphree's Valley, and is about the same length. All the waters of Murphree's Valley and part of the waters of Blountsville Valley, empty into the Locust Fork, which runs through this trough, not through the centre, but much nearer to Blountsville Valley. The small streams which flow from Blountsville Valley, are short and rapid, having about one hundred feet to fall before they reach the Locust Fork, which is seldom over two miles distant, and the streams from the north-west have their courses nearly at right angles with the river, while the streams which come from Murphree's Valley are much longer, and their general course forms a smaller angle with the river. In this division we have a great number of very ugly and dangerous bluffs or rocky cliffs. The rocks are millstone grit, sand-stone and slate; and there is besides some coal; but not a solitary piece of limestone can be found in this section of the county. Chalybeate springs are frequent, and what we call "licks," are common in this formation. "Licks" are places where deer and cattle resort for the purpose of licking and eating a kind of brackish clay, and are generally found in low and damp places. The timber is not so thick set nor so tall as the timber in the valleys, though pretty much of the same kind. We have more chestnut and pine, but less cedar, beech, maple and elm. On some of our rich

bottom lands, we even surpass the valleys in the size of our timber and the fertility of our soil.

4th. Blountsville Valley and Brown's Valley are really the same, they being bounded each side by the same unbroken chain of mountains; and all the difference between them is a low flat ridge or water shed that runs across the valley and divides the waters of the Warrior from those of the Tennessee. This ridge is so low, and on the south side the slope is so gradual, as not to be perceived by a traveller. If he is going to the north, he will be surprised by finding himself on the waters of the Tennessee, without knowing exactly when or where he crossed the main ridge.

What I call Blountsville Valley, includes only the part lying on the waters of the Warrior. This part is over twenty miles long and three or four wide—like Murphree's Valley, it has a continuous, but a lower mountain on each side. The middle ridge of this valley is higher than the mountains on either side, so that a spectator cannot see from one side of this valley to the other. In this respect, it differs from Murphree's Valley, which may be clearly seen across in most places; but like Murphree's Valley, the mountains that skirt it are composed of limestone from their bases half way to their tops, which are capped with sand-stone and millstone grit.

This valley is very hilly along its centre, and does not possess that regularity which is so apparent in Murphree's Valley; but the rocks and fossils are nearly the same—the timber also is similar. The creeks that run west, escape through gaps of the mountain and empty into the Mulberry Fork of the Warrior, which runs close to the west side of this mountain.

It is proper to observe that all those mountains which skirt the vallies have one precipitous side, which is invariably the side next the valley—the other side of each is invariably a long sandy slope. They are all nearly of the same height, being from four to five hundred feet high; in some places perhaps they rise to six hundred feet. In each gap, where rivers or creeks cut through them in leaving the valley, a mill is sure to be found in operation.

5th. This portion of the county is shaped somewhat like a three-cornered handkerchief, with the longest side joining the Blountsville Valley on the north-west. This is the loveliest part of our county; but the soil is sandy and generally poor. The timber is similar to the timber found in the trough of the Warrior. This portion is often called Brindlec's Colony. It is thinly settled, and has a pretty good grass range, with some wild game. The Mulberry Fork of the Warrior heads in this portion near the north-east corner of the county, and runs a south-west course. It keeps within two miles of the Blountsville Valley throughout the county. The longest streams that empty into the Mulberry Fork, come from the north, but they mostly dry up in the summer and fall. The constant streams that empty into it have their heads in the Blountsville Valley.

6th. The part sometimes called new Blount, is merely the southern part of Brown's Valley. It is about eight miles long, and four miles broad. Two creeks have their rise in this valley, viz: Gunter's Creek in the southeast, which flows north-east and empties into the Tennessee river at Guntersville; and Brown's Creek in the north-west, which empties into the Tennessee at Baird's Bluff. The streams entering either of these creeks are short and unimportant. The rocks, fossils and timber, are the same as those of Blountsville Valley. This is the only portion of the county having a north-ward exposure.

As to climate, little diversity could be expected to exist on so small an area, particularly if latitude were the only cause of variation. In Blount, however, other causes exert a greater influence on the temperature than latitude. Pretty much all of old Blount has a south-west exposure, which doubtless gives it a higher temperature than the latitude would otherwise indicate. And further, the coal measures on the Warriors have a sandy soil which would yet more augment the heat; and again these last named places have less elevation and lie farther south. All these causes help to increase the temperature of this part of the county.

Brown's Valley has a north-east exposure and a clay soil, and is the farthest north. These causes combined, render this valley the coldest, and doctors say, the healthiest part of Blount.

A gentleman who resides at Summit, and has for seven or eight years past been a practicing physician, not only in Brown's Valley, but in Blountsville Valley, and the coal measures, assures me, that he has four patients in the two last mentioned places, to one in Brown's Valley—the population being considered.

In the spring season vegetation commences along the southern sides of our long sandy mountains, and the leaves of the trees in such places are often half-grown before those in lower places have fairly burst their buds. The grass, also, on these warm sunny sides of the mountains is earlier, and the favorite resort for cattle in the spring season. In autumn, however, such places are the first to shed their foliage. The present spring, we had a late frost which killed all the young leaves and orchard fruit throughout the county, except such as were near the tops of the mountains. Similar frosts happened in 1829 and 1849.

That the tops of these long mountains covered densely with tall timber are cooler than the lower portions of the county, is very perceptible: for in hot weather, a person on reaching near their tops is sure to find himself in a cool delightful breeze. That their tops are colder in winter is also very perceptible: for when cold rains fall in the lower portions of the county, the timber on the mountains is often covered with ice, and the line of congelation is very perceptible.

I have long been of opinion that our long mountains, low as they are, do exert by their coolness a great influence on our summer rains. Certain it is, that after long droughts, the first rains that we have follow pretty much their summits. The following observation was made last summer: Business had kept me some weeks in the immediate vicinity of War-nock's Knob, which is the highest point of the mountain that skirts the south side of Blountsville Valley. A general and severe drought was beginning to be felt, and every body was watching anxiously for every appearance of rain. For several days, slight clouds passed and sometimes we received a few drops but not enough to do any good. One afternoon, we observed several little thin clouds which seemed to meet nearly

over the highest part of the knob, but did not appear of sufficient size to afford much rain. Appearances, however, were deceptive; it gave us a fine season on and around the knob, but the rain did not extend over one mile in any direction. Within a few days, the like was repeated at the same place. In all other places, as far as I could learn, the drought continued some weeks longer; but that whole line of mountains through the county had the first season. After which, the rains spread and became general.

Upon inquiry, I was informed that around that mountain a severe drought had never been known, though it had been settled thirty years.

It may be the cooling influence of our numerous, though low mountains, that has hitherto saved Blount from excessive droughts that some of our adjoining counties have suffered. If so, we should never clear our mountain tops of timber.

In the warm season, we have occasionally pretty severe thunder storms. They are narrow and seldom more than a few miles in length, and of uncertain direction. Extensive hurricanes pursue an eastward course—they rarely occur. We have breezes from every direction—those from the south-west are the most constant.

Before giving an account of the first settlement of our county, it will be proper to notice several obstacles in the way at that particular time—such as, how far had the immigrants to go—the difficulties to be overcome—and the prospect of provisions after arrival. All these things immigrants are sure to study before they set out. It will at once be seen by a glance at a map of the surrounding States, that the people of Madison County, Alabama, and the inhabitants of East Tennessee, had greatly the advantage in each of these respects.

The troops from Tennessee that invaded the Creeks in 1812, marched through Madison County, on their way to Baird's Bluff Deposit, and made a wagon road to that place (which is near the Blount County line;) but Gen. Coffee's mounted detachment continued up through Brown's Valley and

Blountsville Valley on its way against Old Town; and thus a great number of Tennesseans had an opportunity of seeing the country and learning the distance and the way—important information acquired.

Tennessee river afforded great facilities to all the eastern portion of Tennessee. The immigrants from that quarter could, by means of flat boats, bring not only their families, household and kitchen furniture, provisions and all kinds of stock, but even wagons and the teams to draw them. These boats could land at Gunter's or Deposit, and have a good way open to any part of Blount County.

The people of Madison County, who were the first to stop in Blount or Jefferson, emigrated along the old Huntsville road. This road was originally an Indian trace, leading from Ditto's Landing, to Mud Town, on the Cahawba.

At the time Blount was settling, we must recollect that the Cherokee Indians were the lords of all that portion of country lying between Wills Creek and the Chattahoochee river; so that the Georgians and the Carolinians had all that savage country to pass through, and generally over very bad roads; and when they crossed Wills Creek, and were fairly in Alabama Territory, they were only in St. Clair County and had yet to climb the Raccoon Mountain, from which they could indeed get a glimpse (not of the promised, but the desired land) of Blount.

From the above facts, it is easy to see from what quarter Blount was most likely to receive early immigrants. The United States acquired a right to the country in August, 1814, yet the whites were not permitted to take general possession until 1816, when a Mr. Jones, and his brother-in-law, Caleb Fryley, both of Madison County, were the first white men that settled permanently within our bounds. Mr. Jones located at Jonesborough, and gave his name to that village and to the valley in which it stands. Mr. Fryley located at "Bearmeat Cabin," now Blountsville. These two men in the fall of 1816, brought the first wagon into Blount County.

From 1816, the immigration was surprisingly rapid. The immigrants came from Madison, and in great numbers from Tennessee. They advanced along the old Indian trace, that led from Ditto's Landing to Mud Town, on the Cahawba. Every fertile spot near this road was settled in 1817. Great numbers of immigrants came down the Tennessee river in flat boats and landed at Deposit or Gunter's Landing, and there storing their provisions, advanced up Gunter's Creek to Brooksville and turning to the left, crossed the trough of the Locust Fork and entered Murphree's Valley (at section 16, township 12, range 2, east,) and continued down that valley, until they intersected the first named route at the Village Spring. This route was also thickly settled in 1817. Another route, was that pursued by General Coffee, in his expedition against Old Town. This road was thickly settled in 1817, mostly by Tennesseans.

All immigrants that came this year, had to bring and to pack their tools, salt, corn or meal, from Madison County, or the Tennessee river. As for meat, the woods furnished an abundance. They did not give corn to their work-horses, but let them shift on grass.

In 1815, several worthy citizens left the upper district of South Carolina and removed to the State of Tennessee, and early in 1817, immigrated to Blount and located in Murphree's Valley. (Dan'l. Murphree gave his name to this valley.) They formed a prosperous and moral settlement. The members of this little settlement wrote numerous letters to their friends who lived in South Carolina, and induced many of them to immigrate early to Blount County; and it is singular, that from so small a beginning, the Carolinians and their descendants should now form the most numerous portion of Blount, although the Tennesseans had nearly two years the start in the first settlement, and had choice of locations; for the Carolinians could scarcely get to Blount with a wagon previous to 1817, and it was not until 1818 and 1819, that the immigrants swarmed through the Cherokee nation in numbers sufficient to astonish the inhabitants. The road by which they came to the county, crossed the Chattahoochee river at the upper Shallow Ford, passed through Rome, crossed Wills Creek at Bennettville, and leaving the Raccoon Mountains close on the

right hand, entered Jones' Valley, seven or eight miles east of Elyton, and then formed a junction with the great Tennessee road. It was at this point that most of the immigrants from the east entered Blount; (this part is now Jefferson County,) but not until after the Tennesseans, as in all other places in Blount, had located themselves on the best places. The South Carolinians settled very thick in the lower part of Blount, (now Jefferson) and next to the Tennesseans, were the most numerous in this part.

These two strong parties, the Tennesseans and South Carolinians, differing so much in manners, customs and ideas, quickly became hostile to each other. Several severe "bear fights" took place between them in 1817, in which the Tennesseans were generally masters of the ring. This was very galling to the chivalry of the South Carolinians; but they had to bear it nearly a year, and until they obtained help from their native State. In 1818, they received a chosen re-inforcement, and at the junction of the Georgia and Tennessee road, a "Battle Royal" took place between the Tennesseans and South Carolinians, which gave the latter the ascendancy in the lower part of Blount (now Jefferson.) Hence their manners and customs are Carolinian. In the north-east portion of Blount (the portion now called Blount,) the Tennessee character continued in all its pristine purity.

On the 7th of February, 1818, the Legislative Council and House of Representatives of Alabama, established the county of BLOUNT. The act is as follows:

"That hereafter, all that tract of country lying west of the Cherokee boundary, south of the boundary line of Township No. 8, from the southern boundary of the State of Tennessee, bounded on the west by the Sipsey Fork to its junction with the Mulberry Fork of the Black Warrior; from thence by the united streams to its junction with the Locust Fork of said river; thence by said river to a point opposite the southern extremity of Jones' Valley; thence by a line drawn from said valley to the main ridge dividing the waters of said river from those of Cahawba river, and bounded on the south and south-east by said ridge to its eastern extremity, and from thence

by a line running due east to said Cherokee boundary, shall form one county, to be known by the name of Blount.”

John Wood, who resided at the time near Jonesborough, was the agent selected to organize the county. This was performed by dividing the county into battalions and into beats. The military officers were elected and commissioned by the Governor, as at present; but Justices of the quorum and of the peace, were merly selected by Mr. Wood, and their names sent to the Governor who commissioned them. Law books were obtained and justice administered. The County Courts were composed of the Justices of quorum, and they attended to a great amount of county business. The Circuit Courts were conducted nearly as at present. The County seat was first at the house of William Kelly, five miles east of Elyton. Our lands were sectioned in 1817 and 1818.

On the 7th of March, 1819, an act passed Congress authorizing the people of Alabama to form a Constitution and State government. In the Convention for this purpose, Blount was allowed three members; their election to be on the first Monday and Tuesday in May, following. (A short time this,) from the first announcement to the election! Candidates to represent us in Convention, sprung up in every quarter of Blount. The candidates having but a short time to form an acquaintance with the people, thought it best to call them together, which was done by advertising and hand bills, and when they met, were informed from the *stump*, of the importance of the election. All this was very proper; but for fear that the “dear people” might not thoroughly understand the subject, it was though best to brighten their ideas with *rum*. They therefore treated with a profusion that has not since been surpassed. The constitution made almost every office elective by the people; and the legislators were to elect annually. Thus, our county was overdone with elections, in all of which, the candidates were expected to treat the company with whiskey. Elections are pretty much the same all over the State, but Blount, perhaps, has been more controlled in her elections, by whiskey, than any other county.

On the 13th of December, 1819, the southern portion of Blount was stricken off by our State Legislature; and the part

cut off, was called JEFFERSON COUNTY; and the line then established, is yet the line between the two counties. Thus, Blount lost Jones' Valley—nearly half its territory and over half its population.

As the Court-House of Blount County before this division, was located in the present limits of Jefferson, the latter County kept all the records of Blount previous to 1820. Since that date, our County records may be found in Blountsville.

Some years after this, the north-east boundary of Blount was extended to the Tennessee River. This was done in order to extend the State laws over some Cherokee and Creek Indians, then residing in Brown's and Gunter's Valleys. Tennessee River remained our north-east boundary until Marshall County was established, when Blount County was again curtailed to its present limits.

Although some few persons had grown corn in Blount, in 1816, it was not until the fall of this year that great numbers of Tennesseans, and others, prepared for immediate location in our county; but how they were to obtain bread was the difficulty. They saw no other way but to pack (for no roads then were made) their corn or meal from Tennessee, or Madison County. The first object of some of the emigrants, was to settle as near plentiful places as possible, and thus shorten the distance over which each man would have to pack provisions for himself and family. Others determined to make a small amount of bread suffice until they could produce corn.

This they effected by sending a few strong men, generally their sons, without families, deep into the then wilderness in the fall, to make corn and prepare for them. The father generally went with them and chose the place, and then went back to prepare for moving when corn was made. A bushel of meal will suffice a man one month, and if he has no other than wild meat, he will require even less bread. In the fall season, place three or four men one hundred miles in a wilderness, with proper tools and two horses, they will pack their bread stuff for the hundred miles—procure their meat—clear land—produce corn sufficient to bread one hundred persons one year. It was by immigrants of this kind that Blount was mostly settled in 1816 and 1817. These pioneers were a hardy race, who cared but little for difficulties, provided they kept healthy.

I will state one small case merely to show how closely they were sometimes pressed for bread:—Three brothers in the winter of 1816, were left by their father to clear land and make a crop of corn in Blount. They succeeded in their work, cleared ground, and made a good crop; and when they were done, two of the brothers returned to Tennessee, taking their horses with them, in order to assist their father to his new home; but the third brother was left to mind the crop. They left him about one bushel of corn which was deemed sufficient to last him until the growing crop would mature. Within about a week after his brother left, he discovered that part of his corn was missing. This greatly alarmed him, as he feared the loss would prove very inconvenient. He therefore went to a neighboring company to see, if he became pressed, if he might hope for assistance. All they could promise him was a horse to go to Tennessee for corn, about eighty miles. Being determined to put off the evil as long as possible, he returned to his home, and upon examining his corn sack, found that a hole had been gnawed through it. He then suspected the rats as the corn thieves. He got a string and suspended the sack in such a manner that the rats could get no more, and then went in quest of the enemy, which he found fortified in a large hollow log. He tore their sticks and rubbish out, and found most of his corn. This he carefully gathered and washed, to remove the odour of the rats, and thus saved the trouble and expense of going to Tennessee.

Blount produced a considerable quantity of corn in 1817, but not near enough to supply the vast number of emigrants. The Tennesseans, however, brought down the Tennessee River, on flat boats, large amounts of breadstuffs, bacon, iron, salt, and many other things needed by new settlers. It was in this year that the Tennesseans, in flat and keel boats, commenced pouring down their river in great numbers, bringing their families, wagons, horses, cattle, hogs, dogs, cats, and all those necessary animals that are found about a farmer's house. These were landed at convenient points, and all the livestock, both quadruped and biped, took a south-west course, in order to reach their new homes. Those who came by water, and brought their provisions, perhaps suffered less hardships than any others. They had to pack or haul on wagons, their provisions from the river; but they saved the exorbitant prices that others

had to pay. The number which came by water down the Tennessee River, though considerable, was but a fraction of the emigration. Every old trace that run through the county, soon became a road, along which swarmed for three or four years, multitudes of people of every description, bringing with them an incredible amount of stock of all kinds. Blount was thus soon filled with inhabitants; and the balance of those living currents was forced further south and west.

The settlement of old Blount may be considered as complete with the fall of 1818, being a fraction over two years from its commencement. Those two years of struggle and privation have long passed, but they are not to be forgotten by those whose lot it was to participate in them.

Packing was one of the greatest and most general inconveniences. Most of the horses that were condemned to bear this evil, were forced to start early in the morning, and to carry two hundred pounds on their backs. Near 12 o'clock, the driver would stop, unload the horses, and permit them to graze about two hours; then re-load, and go until sun-set, when he would again unload, bell, and hobble them, allowing them to graze and rest until morning, and so on to the end of the journey. This treatment caused some of the sorest backs ever known. When I read the story of Yellow Blossom, in the Georgia Scenes, my first idea was that the immortalized Bullet, had been a pack pony in some of the mountainous parts of Georgia.

The want of mills was a great inconvenience, and before we could have bread, our corn had to be *pounded* into meal. This was severe labor and consumed much valuable time. (Steel mills were scarcely known.) Under such circumstances, it was natural that hominy should become the most fashionable diet.

We had to bear many other inconveniences that are inseparable from early emigrants. I will state one of them, in which the ladies were equally involved with the men:—the difficulty attending matrimony before we had any authorized agents to solemnize the rites.—But a single case of the kind is known in Blount previous to its organization. The parties in that case not wishing to go to Tennessee, (as was usual, to be married) they applied to a very worthy Methodist preacher who lived in the settlement, and requested him to tie the indissoluble knot. This

he at first refused, but quickly consented to do, provided both parties and all their relations would enter into a heavy bond that the parties would *marry again*, as soon as proper authority could be obtained. This they performed, and he joined the parties in holy wedlock. It was the first marriage in Blount, and occurred in 1817. It so happened that this preacher was among the first Justices of the Peace appointed for the county, and as soon as he received his commission, and was duly qualified, before going home, he called in the night on the newly married pair, roused them up, and married them over again.

Corn was the most necessary crop to the first settlers, and for three or four years it was the most profitable crop they could raise, and in fact, the *only one* from which they could expect to realize money. Corn was sold as high as four dollars per bushel. In the fall of 1817, the general price was two dollars per bushel. In the fall of 1818, it brought one dollar per bushel; but in the fall of 1819, it could scarcely be sold at any price, except upon the roads, along which the great tide of immigration was yet flowing to the south and west. Although most of our first settlers were in rather indigent circumstances on their first arrival in Blount, yet they had mostly realized money sufficient to pay the first installment on their lands when they came into market in July, 1819, at Huntsville.

Many months previous to the land sales, our county was visited by gangs of land speculators, who were taking the numbers of the most valuable lots of land, and endeavoring to find how much the occupant would give for his land. The information thus gained, the land speculator turned to his own advantage.

The terms of sale at that time, (1819,) were in lots of one hundred and sixty acres each, and the minimum price, two dollars per acre, one fourth of which to be paid down, and the balance to be paid in three equal annual installments, bearing interest from the date of sale.—Hard terms! But the people deceived themselves in the thought that as money had hitherto poured into Blount from every quarter, and every article for sale had hitherto commanded a high price, that times would remain the same. Laboring under these deceptive appearances,

they attended the land sales at Huntsville, and met the Wily land speculators who were prepared to show each of them, not only the number of his improvement, but likewise the price their gang had determined it should bring at the sale. This would startle the settler, as the price which the speculators had set on his improvement was sure to be more than he could give, and it appeared certain that he would lose his home and have to commence in the woods again, unless he could, in some way, compromise with the gang. Compromises were therefore generally effected, and the settler permitted to bid off his land at the minimum price on paying the speculators a certain sum—(according to the supposed value of the lot) frequently as much as five hundred dollars *hush money*. These things were done openly and in the face of day—the occupant often giving his *note* for the hush money.

In the fall of 1819, our State Legislature passed some severe acts against such open frauds; but this was locking the stable door after the steed was stolen, so far as Blount was interested. The land sales had nearly exhausted Blount of money, and left a great portion of our best citizens deeply in debt for land. Previous to the sales, it was the interest of the settlers to cause their improvements to appear as worthless as possible, in order to escape competition in the land market. Fences were made partly of logs, poles and brush, and their cabins were small and mean. After the sales, those who bought, wished for more substantial improvements; but their debts must be paid, and to do this, cotton sufficient must be produced; and never perhaps, did the citizens of any county determine on a cotton crop, under greater and more numerous difficulties. A few of the most prominent were: the smallness of our farms, and their pole and brush fences.—The timber on our first fields, (which had been deadened but about two years,) was in a condition to drop great quantities of limbs and brush on the opening crop. Seed could be procured with great difficulty.—Gins and presses were to erect, and roads made to them. The roads to market were long and very bad. Most of these difficulties must be overcome by white labor: for at this time, Blount could not boast of fifty Negroes.

A cotton crop keeps the hands busy most of the year, so

that we had little time to improve houses or farms, and the children had little or no time to go to school. Notwithstanding all this, we planted, and grew successfully the first cotton crop, and from that time, continued to plant until 1836, when it was suddenly almost abandoned, and the numerous gins and presses suffered to rot down. Only fourteen yet remain. We now produce only four or five hundred bales of cotton annually.

Although the first purchasers exerted themselves to raise cotton in order to pay for their lands, they were doomed to suffer the anxiety which always hangs upon an honest debtor, for nearly seven years. The change of times, and the great fall in the price, (not only of cotton, but every thing else,) seemed to baffle all their efforts to raise money. Many of them sold their certificates—and all were desponding. Our State Legislature often prayed Congress for relief; and Congress passed a great number of relief laws—such as prolonging the time of payment—remitting the interest—and afterwards remitting part of the original debt. But the greatest relief resulted from an act, which permitted the purchaser to relinquish part of the land in payment for the portion retained. This act enabled the land holders to get clear of debt, after being seven years involved.

A few of the first purchasers would not grow cotton, but continued to increase their corn crops, in order to produce pork and bacon, which they properly thought would at all times command the cash. And in cases of bad crop years, their corn would command sometimes as much as a dollar per bushel. These men paid for their land sooner than the cotton growers. Had all our people pursued this course, it is highly probable they could have sold, at fair prices, all their pork and bacon, by carrying it to South Alabama; but corn would have brought little or nothing.

At the time of our land sales, many settlers were unable to purchase the land they occupied, and if their improvements were on valuable land, they of course lost them and were compelled to settle again in the woods. In their second location, they sought such places as were not likely to be entered and taken from them. We also had a large number who never cared to

own land. These, and the class above mentioned, constituted at least two-thirds of our population, and it was owing to this cause that designing men long ruled our numerous elections. The law authorizing forty-acre land entries, has nearly cured this evil. But few families now live on public land.

When the land purchasers were compelled to grow cotton, in order to meet the installments, the other classes also, were obliged to commence the same culture in order to keep up their credit with the merchant from whom they were forced to procure some indispensable articles for family use. And it was from this class that the *ginners* soon learned to look for *filthy* and *wetted* cotton. The land purchaser expected to sell his cotton in bales and was therefore anxious to have it in the best possible order; but "Tom, Dick and Harry," who intended to sell their crops in the seed, and had no anxiety further than weight was concerned, were often guilty of wetting their cotton. This practice was carried to such a length that the ginners were often *compelled* to make large deductions for *water*, after deducting more than enough *for ginning*. Thus, acquisitiveness was active in both grower and ginner.

This wetting of cotton prevailed in all the upper counties, and perhaps in all places to some extent, where cotton was sold in the seed. It was most demoralizing in its tendencies—corrupting the morals even of women and children. It was carried on in Blount until fair dealing became *unpopular*, and until men found that it was less trouble to borrow money from the Banks than it was to grow cotton for it, even if they could sell it wet in the seed.

The first wheat raised in Blount, was in the year 1817, and was sown by a Mr. Guthry, near the head of Turkey Creek, then in Blount. It grew well and yielded finely, but it was said by those who eat of it, to possess the qualities of "tartar emetic." Many emigrants brought small quantities with them for experiment, and it was early proved that our country was well adapted to wheat; but in those early times, we had no mills (or rather, no bolters to prepare the flour in proper order,) and our farmers therefore, raised but small crops of wheat.

In 1827, D. Hanby erected on Turkey Creek, a mill purposely for wheat. He procured good millstones for grinding, and good bolters. This mill, (though in Jefferson County) is not many miles from the lower part of Blount County, and the people of Blount, therefore, carried their wheat to that mill, and many of them continue to do so yet.

In 1842, J. Hendricks erected a flouring mill within a few miles of Blountsville. This encouraged wheat growing in that quarter. There is a good wheat mill near Summit, which has stimulated the production of wheat in Brown's Valley.

The flour prepared at all of these mills, is carried south in order to find a market. Of the quantity of wheat raises in the county, it is hard to make an estimate. The amount given in the statistics of 1850, was doubtless nearly correct for that year; but the quantity has since increased and is yet increasing. All parts of the County are capable of producing good wheat and other small grain while the land is fresh; but the red mountain lands of the valleys are decidedly the best grain lands that we have.

The dangers attending a wheat crop are—Hessian fly, late spring frosts, rust, smut and weevil. To prevent the Hessian fly, we must sow late; and this increases the danger of rust. To obviate these evils, some farmers, when they intend to sow wheat after a corn crop, gather the corn as early as safety will permit, and then turn in all their stock of horses, cows, hogs, &c. These quickly devour the grass and other vegetation, and by this means, effectually destroy the fly for that season; then they sow their wheat, and in this way generally escape both fly and rust.

Our farmers believe, that soaking their seed wheat in a solution of blue-stone immediately before sowing, is a remedy for the smut,—which they think is occasioned by a kind of fungi, and is contagious. If it is contagious, the practice of ten or twenty farmers having their crops threshed at the same gin, must have a great tendency to spread the disease through all their crops the next year.

Oats grow well in the county, and almost every farmer raises what he thinks sufficient for his own use. They would be produced in abundance if we had a market for them.

Rye, barley and buckwheat grow finely, but they have never been produced to any extent.

Potatoes of all kinds do well in Blount.

The first apple tree in Blount County, was a volunteer seedling, which was discovered in the spring of 1817. It is supposed that the seed which produced it, was accidentally brought from Tennessee by a Mr. Andrew Alldridge, as it was near his house that the young apple tree made its appearance. Mr. Alldridge took great care of this little plant, which proved very thrifty; and is now called, (for it is yet alive) the "Patriarch Apple tree." I am indebted to Mr. A. M. Gibson, for an account of the earliest culture of the apple in Blount:

"About the year 1817, a Mr. John Fowler, from Tennessee, settled in the County, and soon afterwards, finding the soil and climate suitable for fruit raising, turned his attention to that branch of industry, particularly to the cultivation of the apple. As early at 1823, (in addition to the seedling stocks of his own production,) he had imported the most valuable kinds of apples then known in the East Tennessee. And although he was not a scientific pomologist, yet, under his watchful care and judicious management, the apple was brought to as great a degree of perfection, as it was at that day, in any part of the United States. Indeed, some of his varieties would bear favorable comparison with any that can be produced at the present time. He soon began to transport his surplus fruit to the distant parts of the State, particularly towards the South. The name and reputation of *Fowler's apples*, became widely extended; and his ready sales brought to this successful orchardist a considerable revenue. His success soon induced many others in the county to engage in the same business; and almost all who did so, reaped a rich reward. So excellent is the adaptation of the soil and climate of this county, to the production of fruit, particularly in the valleys, that with proper cultivation, the orchard fruits of Blount will rival the finest in the world. Apples are now one of

the stable productions of the county. Not less than one hundred wagon loads of them, but estimate, annually taken to the middle and southern portions of the State, where they meet with a ready sale—bringing to the county an annual revenue of many thousand dollars. The cultivation and exportation of this valuable fruit seems still on the increase. All of this has resulted from the well directed efforts of a single pioneer in improvement."

At first, I thought the above account of our apple trade rather exaggerated, but upon examination, it appears that Blount really sends southward, at least one hundred wagon loads of apples; but of course, the amount of money received from the same is uncertain. Our fruit has been mostly destroyed the present year, (1854,) by a late frost.

Mr. Folwer's orchard was of small extent, (about one acre only) but thickly planted with trees, and produced nothing except fruit. He kept it well pruned, but with the trunks so short that the limbs when loaded with fruit, nearly reached the ground. The tillage he gave them was with the hoe, as the limbs were too low to admit a horse under them. When his fruit was in danger from late spring frosts, he kindled as many small fires as he had trees. He had at all times, large stocks of wood ready for the purpose. The fires were placed in the center of each space throughout the orchard, but so as not to injure the boughs of the trees, which sometimes nearly interlocked across the spaces. This firing, prevented the frost from killing his fruit. It was some trouble; but the trouble and expense were small when compared with the profit. He could at *all times* sell his apples at fifty cents per bushel to the wagoners, who hauled them to market; but after frosty springs, when all other orchards failed, he could obtain one dollar per bushel for them, and thus realize five hundred dollars per acre from his orchard. This five hundred dollars was saved by making one hundred and sixty small fires at the proper time—the cost of which, would not exceed ten dollars. Thus the frosts that deprived others of the produce of *their* orchards, served to double the value of *his*.

All orchard fruits—the peach, pear, plum, cherry &c., as

well as the apple, thrive in Blount. None are exported at present, but the apple. A Railroad will, however, open a market for all. We do sometimes, make a few hundred gallons of Peach Brandy, the small surplus of which, always finds a ready sale further south.

Our numerous creeks furnish ns with water power sufficient for mills and other domestic machinery, but they are often effected by a scarcity of water in the summer and autumn. We have some very good locations for water-works on our rivers which could be profitably employed in driving machinery; but our people have not the capital to improve them in his way. Our rivers are navigable, on the part below Section 33, Township 12, Range 1, west, for flat boats in the time of freshets.

The Locust Fork of the Warrior contains some very fine beds of coal, which extend from the Jefferson line about ten miles up the river, and then thin out. It was from these beds, in 1827 or 1828, that the first Warrior coal was carried to Mobile in flat boats, by Levi Reid, James Grindle, and others. The boats were built in Jefferson, but as the line between the two counties was not exactly known at that time, it was thought that the coal beds, (now D. Hanby's) were in Blount County.

Five or six years ago, Messrs. Truss, established a boat yard in the lower part of the county, and raised and carried a number of flat loads of coal to Mobile. It may be asked, why we do not continue boating coal? In order to answer such a question satisfactorily, several things must be considered:—the insufficiency of our river—which we cannot safely navigate with large boats, unless we have a freshet of seven or eight feet rise; such freshets are uncertain as to time, and are of short duration. This uncertainty is the greatest difficulty we have in carrying flat boats to Mobile; and when we get safely there, we have hitherto found sales very uncertain. Pile staves were an article we formerly exported in a small way, but our stave timber is now nearly exhausted. Beeves, hogs, corn, and poultry, with a few bales of cotton, are annually carried down the river. Flat boats also, descend the Mulberry Fork of the Warrior from Blount, laden with similar articles.

The first boat which ever descended the Mulberry Fork, was a keel boat built at old "Baltimore," (near the Sulphur

Springs) by Elijah Cunningham, in 1820, and was intended to ply between Mobile and Tuscaloosa.

Several attempts have been made with small keel boats to bring merchandise from Tuscaloosa up our rivers, some of which have been partially successful; but the great falls below the junction have hitherto prevented, and will prevent all such attempts from being profitable.

It is quite probable that the demand for coal, will, in a few years, justify, the construction of a Rail-Road to the junction of the Sipsey and Locust Forks of the Warrior: these rivers would then afford the means of collecting at the junction, almost all the coal on them and their tributary streams. It is true, the tributaries are not navigable, but they offer level ways by which to haul coal to the river, where it could be shipped to the junction on small flat or shoal boats, which could return empty up the rivers. In this way, an upward navigation might be of very great advantage, even to Blount County, and particularly the portion west of the Locust Fork, whose inhabitants have difficult and circuitous roads to market.

In Murphree's Valley, are some very fine beds of Iron ore on vacant land, within four miles of good water power. There is a number of good mill seats, also in this region, on vacant land. Limestone, good fire stone, and a good coal bed, one foot thick, are all within a half mile of the ore beds. With all these advantages for making iron, Blount pays annually for thirty thousand pounds of Tennessee iron.

One of our resources, and perhaps the greatest we have, is limestone, which nature has kindly furnished in vast quantities, and distributed in a manner so singular, as to be comparatively near each farm in the county. When our farmers learn the fertilizing power of lime, and the best manner of applying it, we can then indulge the hope, (and not till then) of general improvement in our agricultural products. To obtain lime on each farm at the least cost to the farmer, each one who wants it, can haul the limestone to his plantation and burn it in the large log-heap which he is sure to have in the spring of the year. In this way, each farmer could have plenty of lime, at no cost except that of hauling the stone from the mountains—in few cases

over four miles. And nature, as if to invite us, has so placed the limestone that the hauling would invariable be mostly down hill.

Some of our citizens have talked of shipping lime to Mobile on flats. This could be done on a large scale; but whether it would be profitable is doubtful. If such a business should ever be attempted, the best points of shipment would be near "Baltimore," on the Mulberry Fork, and opposite the Sulphur Springs on the Locust Fork. The lime in either case would be drawn from Blountsville Valley.

Level land retains its fertility much longer than that which is rolling. This fact alone, proves, that in a mountainous country like Blount, a large portion of the fertilizing properties of the soil is carried away by water. Every drain and gully in fact, is an outlet to the productive ingredients of the land. The size of these gullies increases with their length, until they become branches, creeks, or rivers; and during each freshet, they carry out of our country a vast amount of fertile matter. This is a loss not within our power wholly to prevent; but much could be done by horizontal plowing, and by weakening the rapidity of our small streams, by a judicious location of low dams placed across them in order to stagnate the water and make it deposit a part of its booty.

At several places in Blount, where creeks pass under our mountains, the entering aperture is so small, that during great freshets, the water has not room to escape, but is heaped or ponded in some places to the height of twenty feet, covering many acres of land. Land thus covered, is the most productive and durable in the county—producing thirty crops of corn in succession without manure. Nature, as if to invite us to dams, has set the example of making them, and we should not hesitate to follow and improve on what she has so kindly suggested.

Our creeks present many places where a dam of ten feet in height would cause the water to overflow ten or twenty acres of low, poor, clayed soil. Such places are commonly washed and cut into gullies by every freshet, and in their present condition are almost worthless. A well constructed dam at these places

would, within a few years, cause such lands to be not only fertile but durable.

Health would not be impaired by this plan of overflowing, as the water need be kept on the land only during freshets. At all other times, the stream could keep the original channel, or even be assisted by a ditch if thought necessary. If a freshet should leave a deposit one tenth of an inch in thickness upon the ground, this would amount to three hundred and sixty-three cubic feet per acre, and would require no trouble to spread. This is one of our resources, but like all others, will be useless unless applied.

Our roads, though hilly in places, are nevertheless rather better than those of the neighboring counties, and are kept in good repair, except at the rivers, where our bridges, (of which we have several,) are so low, that the water in freshets often covers them eight or ten feet deep, and of course, prevents their passage at such times. At some places where bridges should be built, we have ferries, and the boats sometimes escape;—by these two causes the mails and passengers are often detained. What we called the old Tuscaloosa road, is well directed, and in the proper place for all that portion of Blount lying south of the Locust Fork; but for those who live north of that river, the old road is both circuitous and *across the grain* of the country. We have a much better, as well as a much nearer road to Tuscaloosa, by keeping west of the Locust Fork to McCarty's Ferry, in the lower part of Jefferson County. Some difficulties, however, as to the right of the way, exist near the ferry, which have hitherto prevented this road from being greatly useful—to the great detriment of west Blount, a large portion of Walker and Hancock, and even a part of Jefferson itself.

The roads which lead north, are good, and have no difficulties attending them, except the mud in wet weather. The Gadsden and Moulton road, leading south-east and north-east, passes over every difficulty that can attend a road through our county—crossing each river and four mountains. The Gadsden road is not much travelled by wagoners now. Some years past, however, it was much used in hauling cotton to Coosa, for shipment to Charleston on the Rail-Road.

Since steam boats have come into regular use on the Tennessee river, most of our cotton bales go to Chattanooga; and down the Tennessee River to Guntersville; from which place, they are hauled in wagons. All roads within the county, which lead north-east or south-west, are good and of easy construction; some steeps will be found, but they are invariably short. All the roads which lead south-east or north-west, are difficult to make, as they run *across the grain* of the country; the hills are long and steep, and the rivers and mountains must be crossed almost at right angles in that direction. We have, however, a firm soil, with but few boggy places in the county—our rivers and most of our creeks being small streams and having rock bottoms.

Blountsville is the County Seat of Blount, and contains twenty-five families. The Court House and Jail are brick;—all the other buildings are of wood. It has two churches—(one for the Missionary Baptists—the other for the Methodists)—a Temperance and Masonic Hall, and a good school house called an Academy. Of the inhabitants, three are physicians, two preachers, two lawyers, four dry-goods merchants, one tavern-keeper, two grocers, four blacksmiths, two wagon makers, one cabinet maker, two tailors, and one tanner. Blountsville has no shoe-maker—no saddle or harness-maker.

According to the statistics of 1850, Blount County contained:

White males,	3,520
Females,	3,420
Total free,	6,941
Slaves,	426
Aggregate,	7,367

In 1850, Blount County produced:—

Wheat,	4,473 Bushels
Rye,	9 Bushels
Oats,	21,204 Bushels
Rice,	330 Pounds
Tobacco,	4,271 Pounds
Wool,	8,784 Pounds
Peas and beans,	3,193 Bushels
Irish Potatoes,	3,171 Bushels
Sweet Potatoes,	28,420 Bushels
Barley,	8 Bushels
Orchard fruit,	\$25.00 Worth.
Butter,	41,045 Pounds
Cheese,	605 Pounds
Deeded land in 1850,	80,581 Acres.

Value of same as given to

Assessor in 1853,	\$390,797
Taxes on land,	\$781.59
Gold Watches,	6
Fob chains,	1
Silver Watches,	17
Number of Clocks,	232
Number Bowie Knives,	1
Number Revolving Pistols,	5
Number Vehicles,	27
Horses and Mules kept for saddle or harness,	9
Goods sold in 1853,	\$18,647.00

The early settlers of Blount were not unmindful of religious duties. It cannot be ascertained, when the Methodists first erected a church in the county, or the location of their first church building; but the Rev. Ebenezer Hearn, of that denomination, preached in the "Bear-meat Cabin," and this must have been in 1816 or '17. This was the first religious address ever delivered in Blount. As early as 1817, Charles Guynn, of the Methodist order, commenced preaching, first in private houses on Sabbaths. During the year, the people collected and built a meeting-house in Guynn's Cove, supposed to be the first built in the county. Warwick Brister, also a Methodist, com-

menced preaching about the same time in Brister's Cove, now called Aurora Valley.

The Baptists were likewise early at work in our county. Their first church, Mount Moriah, stands in Murphree's Valley. On June 19, 1819, this congregation was organized, or established, by Sion L. Blythe.—Joseph Hill, was its first pastor.

In the spring of 1821, the Rev. Mr. Lockhart, a Cumberland Presbyterian, established a church of Cumberland Presbyterians in Murphree's Valley. This church continues with another of the same order, located at Summit. We likewise have one church of the "Christian" order, sometimes called Schismatics.

Most of the first settlers of Blount, as well as those of the adjoining counties, believed that lead mines existed in Blount and Jefferson counties, and that the Indians knew their location and obtained lead from them. Perhaps, this general belief originated from the following circumstance, which occurred in 1810:

An old Cherokee Chief, named Black Fox, died in the north of our county, and was buried in an old mound; and in digging his grave, the Indians found some pieces of lead ore. This trivial discovery was magnified and circulated in Madison County, and many intelligent persons in the county believed a lead mine really existed, at, or near the grave of the old Chief. This opinion became so strong, that Alexander Gilbreath, who then resided in Huntsville, was induced to visit the grave of Black Fox. His search there, proving unsuccessful, he then examined many other places—particularly the Chalybeate Springs, of which we have a large number. The singular deposit left by this kind of water, with its peculiar taste, was thought at that time, to indicate the presence of lead ore. It is hardly necessary to add, that the search in these localities was not more successful, than at the grave of Black Fox. After Mr. Gilbreath became fatigued with his efforts to discover the supposed land mines, he applied to some of the old settlers of the valley, for information, relative to the localities, from whence the Indians procured their lead. Mr. George Fields, at that time nearly fifty or sixty years old, informed him that the Indians knew of no lead mines nearer than those of Missouri and Illi-

nois, and gave it as his opinion, that the lead found in the grave of Black Fox, had been brought from one of those States. John Gunter, (another old inhabitant of the valley, who had been brought up among the Chickasaws, and spent all his life with the Indians,) gave the same opinion, as to the pieces of lead which had been found in different parts of the county, viz: that they had been brought by the Indians from the northern mines. These two persons informed Mr. Gilbreath, that as far back as Indian memory extended, it was the custom of the Creeks to cross the Tennessee river near Deposit, (Baird's Bluff) and make long hunting expeditions, annually to the north, bringing with them, on their return, lead ore.—That the settling of Tennessee by the whites was a great obstacle in their way to the mines—particularly to those of Rock River.—That the Indians had then, in order to reach the mines, to bear lower down the Tennessee river, and that as the whites of Tennessee continued to extend their settlements westward, the difficulties in the way of the Creeks to the mines, were continually increasing. To this account, it may be added, that a company of Creeks, on a returning expedition of the above kind, murdered two or three white families, which let to the Indian war of 1812, at the close of which, they were finally barred from the mines by treaty.

Although it cannot be doubted, that the Indians brought lead ore into Blount from distant mines, yet this fact does not account for the pieces which have been found in the mounds, unless we suppose them, also, to have been brought from a distance and placed there by the builders of those monuments. Be this as it may, no lead mines have yet been discovered in Blount, though we have often been visited by *lead hunters* with *divining rods*, who assure the people that our county is rich in that mineral, and that their conjuring instruments will indicate the places to dig. I am sorry to say that these ignorant wretches have sometimes imposed on the people, and induced them to expend their time and labor, in fruitless searches for lead.

The mounds above spoken of, are heaps of earth in the form of pyramids. They are supposed to mark the burial places of the Chiefs. Some of them are very old, having upon their tops, growing trees of very large size. These mounds are to be

found in thirteen different places in our county. Two or three of them are generally grouped together, or within a half mile of each other. In Murphree's Valley, there is one group consisting of three mounds, from four to seven feet in height. In the trough of the Locust Fork, there are five distinct groups.—In Blountsville Valley, (and near Blountsville) there is one; and in Brown's Valley one. North-west of the Mulberry Fork, there are four groups. These mounds are invariable in the valleys, on, or near the *best bodies of land*. This fact proves pretty clearly that the Indian settlements were *in the valleys*. Some knowledge of agriculture, may have led them to settle there, or it may have been the greater abundance of game and water found in such places. About these mounds, great quantities of flint spikes are found, which some persons believe were used as arrow-heads, but they seem unfit for such a purpose. The efficiency of the arrow, depends in a great degree upon its velocity; and arrows of sufficient strength to give great velocity to these spikes, would be so heavy, that all the power of the archer would fail to give them the force requisite to enter the vitals of a large animal. If we consider them as knives, there would be many uses for them:—such as skinning animals, severing the carcass, scaling fish, and cutting or sawing vegetable substances. Some of these spikes are six inches long, and weigh nearly a pound. These placed on poles would be similar to the Mexican lance, and would be very useful against dangerous animals, or in contests with other savages. Besides the mounds mentioned above, we find in different places in our county, heaps of stones, which are supposed to be the graves of Indians. In many other places, numerous pieces of broken *pottery* are found; and near the junction of the Little Warrior and Locust Fork, we have the remains of an old fortification, (enclosing about half an acre) three sides of which are yet plainly to be seen.

On the tops of some of the hills, large quantities of muscle and perri-winkle shells are found. As these are fresh water shell-fish, it is probable they were brought by the ancient inhabitants from the neighboring rivers and creeks, and their nourishing matter extracted for food. Most of our numerous shoals, also bear marks of having been at one time, filled with fish traps. These facts seem to indicate, either a dense popula-

tion, or that a famine had at some period visited the inhabitants.

It has been stated on a previous page, that the settlement of Blount might be considered as complete with the close of the year 1818. The settlement at that date, however, did not include the portion, since known as Brown's Valley. It is difficult to determine accurately, when that portion of our county was first settled by the whites. The Cherokee Indians held a kind of possession of it until 1838 or '39. Besides the Cherokees, there was a colony of two hundred refugee Creeks settled there, and governed by John Shannon, a half-blood Creek. The Indians called him John Ogee. This colony of Creeks was brought there for protection, soon after the Creek war commenced, by Col. Richard Brown, (a Cherokee Chief who resided in the valley,) and remained there until the removal of the Cherokees, with whom they emigrated.

In 1818, Col. Brown went to Washington City for the avowed purpose of selling to the whites, or ceding by treaty, all that portion of the country. He advised the Indians to hold themselves in readiness to leave the country on his return. They accordingly assembled at Gunter's Landing, for the purpose of emigrating; but the death of Col. Brown shortly afterwards, (who died at Rogersville, in Hawkins County, Tennessee,) prevented, for many years, the ratification of the treaty, and consequently the removal of the Indians. As soon, however, as it was known that the Indians had collected together with a view to emigrating, the restless whites thronged into the country which they had abandoned, and obtained such hold, that they never could be entirely driven out. Brown's Valley at this time, showed a motley population of Cherokees, Creeks and whites. The United States troops cut down the growing crops of the whites, and burned their houses; but with all this severity, they were unable to clear the valley of their presence. This portion of territory gave great trouble to the citizens of old Blount, as it prevented the ordinary execution of the laws in many instances. All kinds of lawless characters were found in this valley. Murders were frequent, with but little chance to bring the guilty to punishment. Thomas Davis, the counterfeiter, who was executed at Tuscaloosa, in 1822, resided there from 1818 to 1820.

He was known in the valley by the name of Scott; and it was thought that some of his pupils were left there after his execution, who long troubled the country with their frauds. "Father Biggs," one of Cooper's heroes, was also a citizen of this valley; but he was more inclined to drinking and fun, than to mischief. It is hard to imagine anything more troublesome to an orderly community, than the neighborhood of such a lawless colony as this. It was to old Plount, what Walter Scott says, Alsatia was at one time to London. It was a school for fraud, violence and theft, and offered a safe sanctuary to violators of the law, from neighboring settlements. It continued to annoy the people of our county until the year 1832, when the Legislature extended the laws of the State over it.

The proposition before mentioned, of Col. Brown, to cede this valley to the General Government, gave rise to a strong party of anti-ceders—at the head of which, was Stooka,* a full blooded Cherokee, who threatened death to any Indian who should sell or lease to the whites. He even went so far as to threaten Col. Brown; but the latter was not a man to be deterred from his purpose by opposition; and had he lived to return, would no doubt have completed the treaty of cession at that time.

In the fall of 1818, about the time Col. Brown departed for Washington, Stooka set out on his annual hunting and trapping expedition to the South. He embarked in a canoe on the Locust Fork of the Warrior, and on his way down, hunted and trapped for beaver. He passed Tuscaloosa, and went to Demopolis, where he sold his skins; and after an absence of several months, returned to the valley, to find it filled with the whites, who came in after the Indians assembled at Gunter's Landing to emigrate. This was galling to the feelings of Stooka, and he grew bitter, sullen and morose. Within a few days after his return, on some slight provocation, he struck with a board, a youth, (the son of a Mr. Duke,) so violent a blow on the head, as to cause his instant death. The Indian light-horse immediately seized Stooka, and having secured him with irons, delivered him to James T. Gaines, (an agent for the U.S. to treat with the Indians)

*Stooka, means "Little Door," in Cherokee.

who chanced at the time to be in the valley. Owing to the determined character of Stooka, it was thought prudent, in addition to his irons, to place a guard of men over him; but the first night of his confinement, he contrived to break his fetters, forced the guard, and made his escape. He procured his gun and horse, and thus accoutred, bid defiance to his enemies, and vowed never to be re-captured alive. He was known to be brave, having distinguished himself under Col. Brown, in several battles with the Creeks—particularly at the battle of the Horse Shoe—where he performed the daring feat of swimming the Tallapoosa river, in the rear of the town, and stealing the Creek canoes, in order to transport the Cherokees (then allies of the whites) across the river into the great bend. He was therefore justly considered by his people, a formidable character when aroused. Being now reduced to desperation, the Indians were afraid even to attempt his re-capture; and he therefore rode off unmolested. His course was however watched.

The news that a white boy had been murdered by an Indian, and that the murderer had escaped, spread rapidly over the country; and within a few days, bands of armed whites entered the valley demanding the murderer, and without any authority, threatening vengeance against the whole Indian tribe. The Indians knew very well, that these bands were not less to be feared, because they were without authority; and the relatives of Stooka, in particular, expecting to be massacred, hid themselves in a cave. They however sent out a messenger to the whites, praying for their lives, and promising to bring Stooka in, provided he was alive, and time allowed them to find him. To this proposition the whites acceded, and, strange to say, departed without committing any act of violence. As soon as the whites left the valley, the Indians called a council to determine how they should proceed to re-capture the desperate Stooka. It was finally concluded to send in pursuit, two brave warriors, well armed, to be commanded by Tooni—the step-father of Stooka, who had brought him up. Tooni was not to carry arms. All things being in readiness, the pursuers departed up the Tennessee river; and after going about thirty or forty miles, obtained information that they were near the place where the object of their search was then staying. Tooni then directed his armed followers to conceal themselves in a small unoccupied hut which stood near the

south bank of the river, and remain there concealed until he came to them. They were commanded to remain day and night, in the positions pointed out by their leader. Tooni then went alone to the lodging Stooka. He found him prepared to leave the Cherokees and join the Creek tribe. Tooni used all of his influence to dissuade him from joining the Creeks—but all in vain. He had determined, and accordingly set out. His route was through “Turkey Town” and Tooni proposed to accompany him to that place. They therefore went together, talking and thinking on the way, what was best for Stooka to do in his present emergency. Stooka was suspicious, watchful of his companion (and sometimes threatening) until Tooni suggested that it would be better for him to cross the river, and go through the State of Tennessee (where he was not known) to the Mississippi river, cross it, and join the Cherokees in the West. Tooni, moreover, promised to go with him, if he would agree to this course. The proposition was accepted by Stooka at once, and removed all suspicion. He became very kind and gentle in his manners. It was 12 o’clock, when they turned about. Tooni, then said, they could reach the Tennessee river before night, hide their horses in the cane, and *lodge in a small deserted hut on the bank*, and next morning, swim their horses over the river and begin their journey to the far west. They accordingly reached the river about sun-set, tied their horses in the cane; and Tooni, to assure Stooka that all was right at the hut, went forward to reconnoitre, and returning quickly, reported all safe. They then proceeded immediately to the hut, Tooni going before and entering briskly; but as Stooka entered, with his gun on his shoulder, he was compelled to stoop, and at the moment, a brace of balls was shot through his heart. This was done by Tooni’s warriors, who had been placed in the hut, in such positions, as not to endanger each other by a cross-fire. Thus fell the brave, but unfortunate Stooka! The body was now to be carried back to Brown’s Valley and shown to the whites, as evidence that the Indians had redeemed their pledge. They therefore placed it in a canoe, and paddling down the river all night, reached Gunter’s Landing early next morning. The father and relatives of the murdered youth, (as well as others who wished to come) were then sent for view the body, and be satisfied of its identity. Some of the inhabitants of the Valley said it was not the body of Stooka, but that of a Creek Indian, whom Tooni had killed that he might de-

ceive the whites with it. To remove, if possible, the doubts of such persons, the Indians then sent for the mother of Stooka, who knew not of his death. When she saw the body, she wept, fell down on it, and cried, "my brave Son!"

The particulars of the above occurrence, were received from Jeremiah Vestal, Alex Gilbreath, and J. H. Henderson, the latter of whom, was one of the guards placed over Stooka at the time he broke his irons and made his escape. I have given the circumstances at more length, because of the excitement which it gave rise to; and because it is, in itself, an interesting incident connected with the history of Brown's Valley.

It is proper to add, that after this valley was finally ceded to the whites, the lands were not disposed of by a general sale, as the other lands in the county had been, but the occupants were allowed to retain possession of their settlements, on paying \$1.75 per acre for the same. Such lands as were not occupied, were subject to entry in the ordinary way. The settlement of this valley by the whites, has added much to the wealth and importance of Blount.

In concluding this outline of the history and description of Blount, I may be excused for a brief review of our character as a population, our natural advantages and future prospects.

One feature in the population of Blount, is their attachment to the soil. Like all other people of mountainous regions, who are cut off from easy intercourse with other sections, they cherish a strong love of home. In proof of this, less emigration has taken place, from Blount, than from other counties, composed of more even and unbroken country. Mountains and valleys, have in fact, a natural attraction for people born among them.

Blount is yet an *interior County*, and being less accessible than most of the others, is behind many of them in a literary and social point of view. Her population is however, physically,

a robust, and well developed one—showing the effect of mountain air, wholesome food, and contentment. If she cannot equal some of the other counties in the fashions and luxuries of life, she can far out-strip them in strength and vigor.

The *natural advantages* of Blount will compare with any portion of the South. Some of them have been already noted. Her soil produces not only all the grains used for bread, but is perfectly adapted to the different varieties of grass, most esteemed for the production of stock. Her climate is such as can be found only among *Southern mountains*, being neither too hot or too cold—the greatest heat ever noted being 94°, and the greatest cold, 16° above zero. The “Blount Springs,” are in themselves, one of the greatest natural advantages of our county. At these Springs, within an area of a few rods, are found the White, Red, and Sweet-Sulphur, and Freestone water. and at a short distance, the Limestone and Chalybeate. Experience and an accurate analysis, prove these Springs to be unsurpassed in medicinal virtues. Situated in a delightful valley, and over looked by the finest mountain views in Alabama, they promise at some day, to command great patronage, and to afford of themselves, a market to an incalculable amount of Blount productions.

But all of these natural advantages of our County, her soil, coal, iron and lime—her climate and mineral springs—can never increase her prosperity in a high degree, until she is rendered more accessible. The *future prospects* of Blount, for advancement, depend on this. But the inevitable laws of trade and commerce must, in a short time, open a highway to and from all of these natural resources. The people of Blount should therefore remain on her soil, and not suffer a *mania for emigration*, to lead them off. When the Atlantic and Gulf coasts open a market for the products of our soil and our mineral wealth; and when Rail-Roads have made our mountains accessible to the seekers of health, we will see the lands of Blount, not rated at *three and five* dollars per acre, but at *twenty-five and fifty*. We will then see capital seeking investment among us—our county filled with schools, academies and churches—our hills and valleys clothed with vines and fruits, and teeming with evidences of a prosperous and intelligent population—our mineral springs,

surrounded with appliances of wealth, and thronged with a summer population from the southern States of the Union. Let a highway be opened to Blount, and the people of the State will see her capacities.

CONTRIBUTORS

JACK D. L. HOLMES is associate professor of history at the Birmingham Center, University of Alabama.

JOHN D. BORN, JR. is assistant professor of history at Wichita State University.

DURWOOD LONG is assistant professor of history and assistant dean of the Graduate School of the University of Georgia.

MICHAEL J. DUNN, III is chairman of the classics department at Belmont Abbey College and is historian and archivist of the Beaufort and Morehead Railroad. He is currently a visiting lecturer at Marquette University.

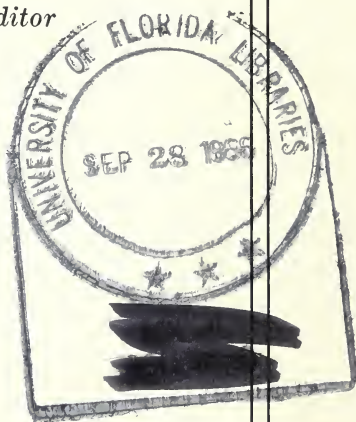
DERRELL ROBERTS is professor of history and chairman of the Division of Social Science at Mobile College.

ARVILLE L. FUNK is editor of **Teaching Indiana History**.

B.C.B

THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

PETER A. BRANNON, *Editor*



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CONTENTS

Editorial	139
The Political Cartoons of the Tuskaloosa <i>Independent</i> <i>Monitor</i> and Tuskaloosa <i>Blade</i> , 1867-1873, by Sarah Van V. Woolfolk	140
John W. DuBose: The Disillusioned Aristocrat, by Hugh C. Davis	167
Freedom Hills, by Robert R. Madden	191
Ira Van Deusen: A Federal Volunteer in North Alabama, by Ron Bennett	199
The Journal of Sarah G. Follansbee, edited by Mrs. Virginia K. Jones	213
Contributors	259
Index	261

EDITORIAL

It has always been the policy of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly* to make available in print the local history and local color of Alabama. Too seldom are studies such as Mr. Madden's "Freedom Hills" or even longer articles available. As the face of Alabama changes, it will no longer be possible to observe such localities "in the flesh." Thus, the necessity for more and more detailed studies, becomes urgent.—P.A.B.

THE POLITICAL CARTOONS OF THE TUSKALOOSA
INDEPENDENT MONITOR AND TUSKALOOSA BLADE,

1867-1873

by

Sarah Van V. Woolfolk

During Reconstruction in Alabama partisan journalism became the rule rather than the exception. One glance at a newspaper sufficed to know a paper's politics—Democratic or Republican. However, although this partisan journalism was always barbed and frequently bitter, most editors tempered their attacks on political opponents with such restraint as would befit responsible journalism. The most flagrant exception to this pattern was the editorial course of Ryland Randolph, who edited the *Independent Monitor*, 1867-1871, and subsequently the *Blade*, 1871-1875, both in Tuskaloosa.

Randolph came to Tuskaloosa in September, 1867, from Greene County. On October 16 he commenced publication of the *Independent Monitor* as a staunchly conservative Democratic newspaper. The motto on the front page immediately proclaimed its political disposition: "Here shall the press the people's rights maintain:—unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain." Later a motto appeared on the second page, boasting "White man—right or wrong—still the white man! Against Negro equality,—socially or politically." Regularly, *Monitor* editorials violently assaulted the Republican party recently organized in Alabama.² The most successful attacks appeared as caricatures of political opponents accompanying the editorials. These anonymous, crudely-drawn wood-cuts grew more elaborate and more frequent as they increased in popularity among *Monitor* readers.

In 1867 when Randolph assumed publication of the *Monitor*, Alabama was reorganizing her government according to the requirements of the Reconstruction Acts. Delegates had been elected to a constitutional convention to open at Montgomery on November 5, 1867. This convention provided Randolph with

¹Tuskaloosa *Independent Monitor*, October 16, 1867.

²*Ibid.*, January 22, 1868.

his first subject for journalistic assault. In the next months the vehemence of his criticism rapidly grew, while the advertising columns blossomed with notices of the business of the Ku Klux Klan, of which Randolph was said to be Grand Cyclops. Finally, in April, 1868, General George Meade, commander of the Third Military District, ordered the arrest and trial of persons who printed or circulated incendiary publications of secret organizations. Such arrested persons would be tried before a military commission and subject, if guilty, to fine and imprisonment. Shortly thereafter, Randolph fled Tuskaloosa, was arrested and held without bail. Charged with assault and battery with intent to murder a Negro freedman in Tuskaloosa in March, 1868, Randolph was brought in May before a military commission in Selma, which acquitted him. Alabama Conservatives regarded the episode as nothing less than a Republican attempt to gag the critical press of the state.³

Randolph's reaction to this effort to suppress criticism was to mount fresh assaults on his opponents. He launched a series on local Tuskaloosa authorities early in June when General Meade changed Tuskaloosa's mayor, aldermen, and marshal.

A SMELLING COMMITTEE. The U.S. Congress has illustrated the great advantages to be derived from the organization of "Smelling Committees." . . . We suggest to the Rump Board of Aldermen to organize a "Smelling Committee" to nose out all violations of city ordinances and other unlawful transactions of which "Goat" Roberts' shall be constituted Chairman. We warrant that he will be a most active fellow in this capacity.⁵

A week later the first caricature appeared. The *Monitor* carried this commentary:

We present, elsewhere, a pictorial wood-cut representing the flight of the Carpet-bagger after the next Presidential election.

³*Ibid.*, April 14, 28, May 5, 12, 19, 1868.

⁴"Goat" Roberts was Morris Roberts, a native white Republican appointed as Tuskaloosa alderman.

⁵Tuskaloosa *Independent Monitor*, June 9, 1868.

We design showing up the wharf-rat Board of Aldermen by Wood-cuts so soon as we can make arrangements to do so. Look out! Woodruff, Roberts, Barnes, Whisky Lewis and Purcell, for your forthcoming dog-rytypes.⁹ [See Plate 1.]

The next issue of the *Monitor* carried the first of a series of cartoon attacks on individual members of the Tuskaloosa government. This wood-cut depicted Marshal John Purcell, nick-naming him "Big Ugly." [See Plate 2.] Accompanying the drawing was this explanation.

The subject of the above shadow was born in the Old Dominion, though he is not an F.F.V.

He immigrated hitherward from Ohio, where he was an indifferent farm hand, and "sot in" with his brother to learn the business of wood-butchering.

He possesses now his third wife, and will rival "Blue Beard" if he keeps on beating his succeeding thoral incumbents.

He has been, for a long time, a sort of satellite of "Old Pomposity's."⁸ The latter flattered him into the idea, that he (Purcell) was quite learned, thereby inducing the consummate ignoramus to purchase his stagnant volumes. Purcell is yet "O.P.'s" best customer; buying about a sheet of paper a week upon which to write his "Marshall's notis."

The above is a very accurate portrait of John, whilst wending his way through highways and hedges of the corporation, and frightening, by his horrible physiognomy, all the little urchins out of his path.

These cartoons and editorials created concern among local Republicans (the *Monitor* reported that they began to "squirm") and amusement among Democrats.⁹ With such initial success

⁹*Ibid.*, June 16, 1868. D. Woodruff was Tuskaloosa mayor, while Morris Roberts, J. P. B. Burn, T. P. Lewis completed the board of aldermen. John Purcell was city marshal.

⁸Tuskaloosa *Independent Monitor*, June 23, 1868.

⁸"Old Pomposity" was the *Monitor's* name for D. Woodruff, Republican mayor of Tuskaloosa, who operated a bookstore.

⁹Tuskaloosa *Independent Monitor*, June 23, 1868.

the cartoons interrupted the series on local Tuskaloosa officials to ridicule a broader political topic—the political indecision of some native Alabamians. The July 14 *Monitor* carried a cartoon addressed to “Fence-straddlers” and captioned “Cuffee: Cum down off dat uncumfootable fence. I *nose* you’s dare, kas I sees you!”¹⁰ [See Plate 3.] The accompanying editorial expressed Democratic contempt for such individuals, asserting that they belonged to the family of a snake-tribe, were “very scaly,” and sometimes developed into that “hideous creature known as the *scaly-wag*.” Like the chameleon, the Scalawag assumed the color of surrounding objects, being black, white, or green, as necessity demanded, but as a rule, was very green. The *Monitor* concluded that the “fence-straddler” possessed the instincts of the bat at times, as illustrated in Aesop’s fable of the war between the birds and beasts, always having a disposition to join the party that triumphed in political battle.¹¹

The next issue of the *Monitor* again assaulted local Tuskaloosa officials, this time characterizing Alderman Morris Roberts as a goat. The *Monitor* explained that Roberts’ “striking similitude” to the species known as the “Gulielmus Capricornus—vulgarly called William Goat” had won him the name “Goat.” However, readers were cautioned against supposing that “Goat” ever owned such respectable clothing as the sketch might suggest.¹² [See Plate 4.]

Through the remainder of the summer the *Monitor*’s editorials regularly attacked the native white Republicans of Alabama, the Scalawags, sometimes as a group, sometimes as individuals. Social and economic ostracism traditionally claimed by native white Republicans was quite real in Tuskaloosa. They were described as the “most anomalous creatures upon earth.” The *Monitor* considered such a man unworthy of the race to which he belonged, proclaimed him an outlaw who had erected an “impassable barrier between himself and those with whom nature has associated him.” Such a character was a “moral leper” who should be shunned as a “pest house.”¹³ The *Monitor*

¹⁰“Cuffee” was the *Monitor*’s designation for *Negro*.

¹¹Tuskaloosa *Independent Monitor*, July 14, 1868.

¹²*Ibid.*, July 21, 1868.

¹³*Ibid.*, August 4, 1868.

So-called Marshal Purcell,
alias "Big Ugly."



[Plate 2]

The Political "Fence-
Straddler."



[Plate 3]

After the
Presidential Election.



Flight of the Carpet-Bagger!
[Plate 1]



"Goat" as he appeared in
the capacity of Chairman of
the "Smelling Committee."

[Plate 4]

urged Tuskaloosans to boycott the bookstore of Scalawag Mayor D. Woodruff and later gleefully noted that the business showed "signs of approaching failure." And when a new bookstore opened in Tuskaloosa, editorials encouraged its patronage rather than Woodruff's store.¹⁴

By September the popularity of the caricatures and accompanying editorials emboldened the *Monitor*. On September 1, 1868, there appeared the most famous (or notorious) of the wood-cuts, one widely copied in contemporary newspapers and frequently included in twentieth-century studies of Reconstruction. The scene depicted was in Tuskaloosa in March of the coming year, 1869, after the inauguration of a Democratic president. Below the wood-cut the *Monitor* explained the meaning of the figures in the cartoon. [See Plate 5.]

The above cut represents the fate in store for those great pests of Southern society—the carpet-bagger and scallawag—if found in Dixie's Land after the break of day on the 4th of March next.

The genus carpet-bagger is a man with a lank head of dry hair, a lank stomach and long legs, club knees and splay feet, dried legs and lank jaws, with eyes like a fish and mouth like a shark. Add to this a habit of sneaking and dodging about in unknown places—habiting with negroes in dark dens and back streets—a look like a hound and the smell of a polecat.

Words are wanting to do full justice to the genus, scallawag. He is a cur with a contracted head, downward look, slinking and uneasy gait; sleeps in the woods, like old Cross-land, at the bare idea of a Ku-Klux raid.

Our scallawag is the local leper of the community. Unlike the carpet-bagger, he is native, which is so much the worse. Once he was respected in his circle; his head was level, and he would look his neighbor in the face. Now, possessed of the itch of office and the salt rheum of Radicalism, he is a mangy dog, slinking through the alleys, haunting the

¹⁴*Ibid.*, August 11, 18, 1868.

Governor's office, defiling with tobacco juice the steps of the Capitol, stretching his lazy carcass in the sun on the Square, or the benches of the Mayor's Court.

He waiteth for the troubling of the political waters, to the end that he may step in and be healed of the itch by the ointment of office. For office he "bums" as a toper "bums" for the satisfying dram. For office, yet in prospective, he hath bartered respectability; hath abandoned business, and ceased to labor with his hands, but employs his feet kicking out bootheels against lamp post and corner-curb, while discussing the question of office.

It requires no seer to foretell the inevitable events that are to result from the coming Fall election, throughout the Southern States.

The unprecedented reaction is moving onward with the swiftness of a velocipede, with the violence of a tornado, and with the crash of an avalanche—sweeping negroism from the face of the earth.

Woe, woe, woe to the inhabitants of Alabama, who have recently become squatter sovereigns, carpet-bags in hand, and they filled with dirty electioneering documents! And twenty times woe to those so-called Southrons, who have turned their narrow heads, infinitesimal hearts, and filthy hands against the land of their nativity!

Hereafter, when future generations shall contemplate the fate that these white-skinned wretches had in store for us, they will wonder at the extraordinary degree of forbearance manifested by us of the present dark day.

But the happy day of reckoning with these white-cuticle scoundrels approacheth rapidly. Each and every one who has so unblushingly essayed to lower the Caucasian to a degree even beneath the African race, will be regarded as *hostis sui generis*, and be dealt with accordingly, if found hereabout when the time is ripe for action.

The carpet-bagger already begins to sniff the coming ill-wind, and is sneaking out of the county *a la* Harrington, of Mobile. But we hope some boreal stragglers may be left

far from their "hums," to swing alongside of their meridional coadjutors in infamy.

We candidly believe, that the picture, given to our readers *ut supra*, correctly represents the attitude and altitude of all foreign and domestic foes of our land, who shall have the folly to remain "down South" after the ides of March. The contract for hanging will be given to the negro; who, having mounted the carpet-bagger and scallawag on the mule that he *didn't* draw at the elections, will tie them to a limb, and, leading the said mule from under them over the forty acres of ground that he also didn't get, will leave the vagabonds high in mid air, a feast for anthropophagous vermin.

P.S. It will be seen, that there is room left on the limb for the suspension of any bad Grant negro who may be found at the propitious moment.

Reaction to this cartoon was swift in Alabama and out of the state. Democrats feared this drawing, widely copied in the North, especially in Ohio, might endanger their success in the coming presidential election, because Ohio was a pivotal state. The Democratic *Montgomery Mail* lamented that the wood-cut was "good for the loss of five or ten thousand votes" and might lose Ohio for the Democrats.¹⁵ The Democratic *Montgomery Advertiser* published a series of resolutions disavowing all sympathy with the drawing,¹⁶ and the *Monitor* cartooned the *Advertiser's* reaction with the accompanying comment.¹⁷ [See Plate 6.]

The above cut represents the shock created in the *Montgomery Advertiser's* office, upon reception of the *Tuskaloosa Monitor*, dated September 1, 1868.

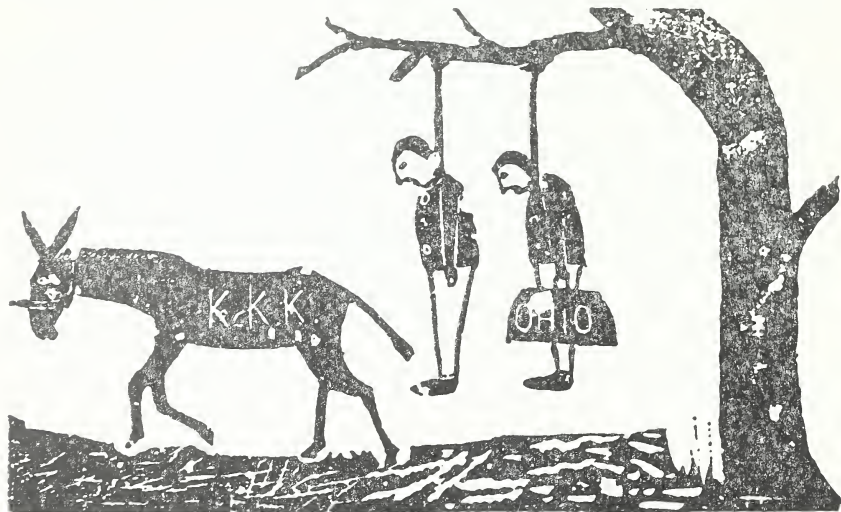
Our artist, never having seen the editors of the save-the-state *Advertiser*, resorted to the wonderful new invention, called the planchette, for information as to the personal appearance of the worthies.

¹⁵*Tuskaloosa Independent Monitor*, October 6, 1868.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, September 8, 1868.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, September 22, 1868.

A Prospective Scene in the "City of Oaks," 4th of March, 1869.



"Hang, curs, hang! * * * * * Their complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to their hanging! * * * * * If they be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable."

[Plate 5]



[Plate 6]

In answer to the query, "What do the editors of the *Advertiser* look like?" the planchette, of its own accord, marked with the pencil the *facsimile* of the above wooden engraving. Of course, we are not superstitious enough to believe that the eccentric manoeuvres of the planchette are supernatural; but it is singular that its scribblings are so correct and its drawings so exact.

Viewing the picture prefixed, we can almost imagine ourselves in the *Advertiser's* sanctum, hurriedly holding to their nasal promontories a vinaigrette of chloroform, or some other powerful nepenthe or anaesthetic agent, in order to soothe their nerves, shattered by that shadowy vision of the carpet-bagger and scallawag a-swinging on paper.

At first the *Monitor* condemned its critics, declaring the *Advertiser* to be the "last paper in the State that should make war upon any Democrat or Democratic paper." The *Advertiser* had been guilty of the "timid policy" of making the best of the situation and "leaned so far over the fence which divided the two parties" as to suggest desertion to the Republicans. The *Monitor* advised the *Advertiser* to attend to its own business.¹⁸ The fury of Democratic criticism so mounted that by October the *Monitor* reversed itself and moved to soothe ruffled Democratic feelings by treating the now famous cartoon as a joke. Explained the *Monitor*:

For the information of our Northern friends, who may be shocked at the wood-cut, we inform them, that at the time that number of this paper was issued, there was in our village a coup of vagabonds — the one a scallawag, from Montgomery, Ala.; the other from Ohio — who came to take possession of the State University. In order to have fun at the expense of these migratory Radicals, the wood-cut was executed by a boy, and inserted.¹⁹

Editor Randolph wrote the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that the sketch was understood in Tuscaloosa as a "piece of pleasantry gotten up, in a spirit of fun," as a "scare crow" for Ohio Carpetbagger A. S. Lakin and Montgomery Scalawag

¹⁸*Ibid.*, September 8, 1868.

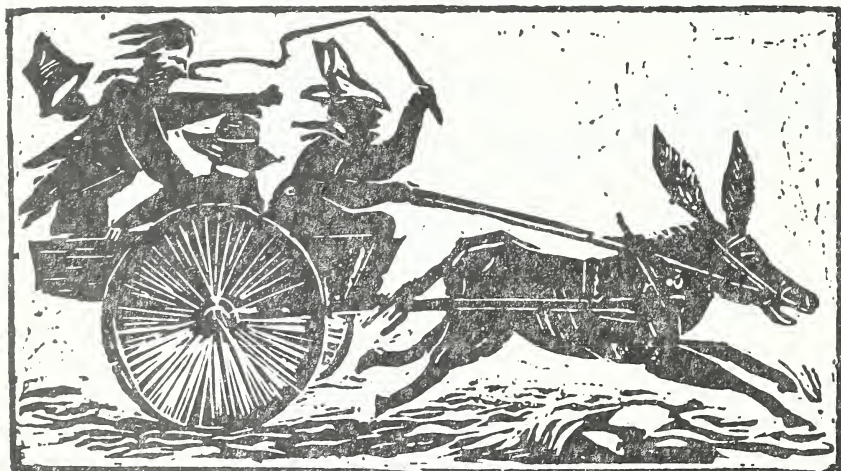
¹⁹*Ibid.*, October 6, 1868.

Hays and Warner (*arcades ambo*) in Tuscaloosa, Oct. 28.



[Plate 7]

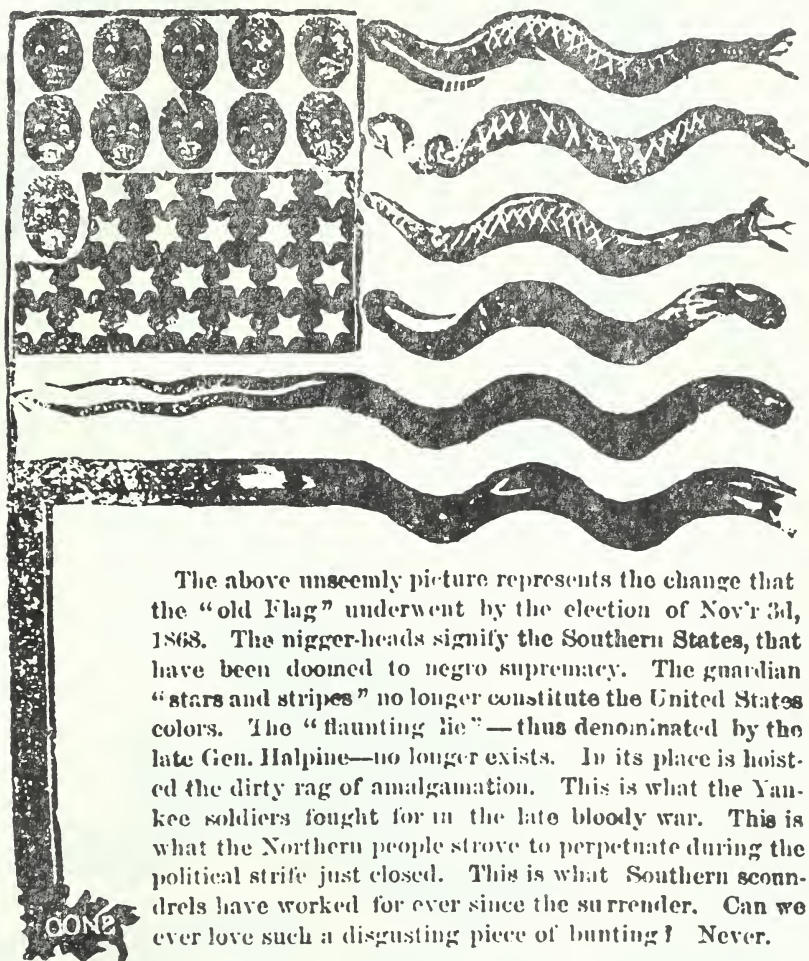
Radical Hegira.



"The Wicked fleeth when no man pursueth."

[Plate 8]

The Nigger-Spangled Banner, or the United States Flag as it is!



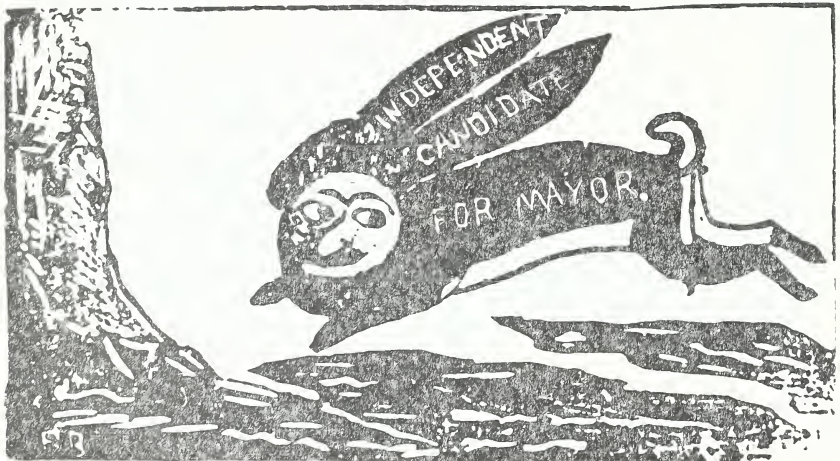
The above unseemly picture represents the change that the "old Flag" underwent by the election of Nov'r 3d, 1868. The nigger-heads signify the Southern States, that have been doomed to negro supremacy. The guardian "stars and stripes" no longer constitute the United States colors. The "flaunting lie"—thus denominated by the late Gen. Halpine—no longer exists. In its place is hoisted the dirty rag of amalgamation. This is what the Yankee soldiers fought for in the late bloody war. This is what the Northern people strove to perpetuate during the political strife just closed. This is what Southern scoundrels have worked for ever since the surrender. Can we ever love such a disgusting piece of bunting? Never.



A Sample Grant Voter.
[Plate 10]



O Shame, Where
is thy Blush!
[Plate 11]



Buck Rabitte on the Rampage.
[Plate 12]

N. B. Cloud, who had been in Tuskaloosa at the time the cartoon had appeared. Had it been intended seriously, said Randolph, the cartoon would never have gone into the paper's columns. Because the wood-cut had been "basely perverted by bad men for party purposes," the State Democratic Executive Committee and the newspapers of Alabama, including the *Monitor*, repudiated all sympathy with what Randolph termed the misinterpretation of the cartoon.²⁰

While the uproar over the September 1 cartoon quieted, there were no further wood-cuts until November 3, 1868, when two appeared. One caricatured a recent Republican meeting in Tuskaloosa. [See Plate 7.] As Congressman Charles Hayes and Senator Willard Warner addressed the meeting, guns were fired in the crowd, and a general panic occurred. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Republicans blamed Democrats for the disturbance, while Democrats accused Republicans of seeking "martyrdom and political capital."²¹ A second cartoon in the November 3 issue depicted what Democrats expected would happen when the election returns came in.²² [See Plate 8.]

The next two issues contained cartoons attacking general Republican Reconstruction rather than an individual Republican. The November 10 issue characterized Republican corruption of the U.S. flag with a short caption beneath the wood-cut. [See Plate 9.] The next issue on November 17 simply depicted a representative Grant voter in the recent 1868 presidential election in which the Republicans had carried Alabama. [See Plate 10.]

The last two caricatures of the year appeared December 15, 1868, returning the *Monitor's* attack upon individual Republicans—one a political figure and the other a Tuskaloosa merchant. One wood-cut reproduced the caricature of Marshal John Purcell ("Big Ugly") first printed June 23, 1868. [See Plate 11.] An accompanying editorial renewed the *Monitor's* verbal criticism of the policies of the local Tuskaloosa government. On another page of the same issue a wood-cut portrayed B. Rabbittee, owner of a dry goods store in Tuskaloosa. [See Plate 12.]

²⁰*Ibid.*

²¹Tuskaloosa *Independent Monitor*, November 3, 1868.

²²*Ibid.*



[Plate 13]



[Plate 14]

The *Monitor's* artist was still for the first months of the next year, 1869, while state politics were quiet. On March 2 the *Monitor* printed the first of two cartoons returning to the topic of the famous September 1 caricature—Republicanism and the faculty of the University of Alabama. Democrats criticized the university as being swamped with Republicans unqualified for teaching. The March 2 issue caricatured Vernon Henry, newly appointed professor of history, logic, and metaphysics and commented editorially below the cartoon. [See Plate 13.]

The above picture represents the arrival of Vernon Henry, &c., (so-called Professor of History, Logic, and Metaphysics, at the State University) in Tuscaloosa. Like himself, his puppies belong to a very poor breed of dogs. His double-barrelled shot-gun has been loaded so long, that he is afraid to shoot it off; and this fact may account for his failure to use it, as he once threatened. He may be seen, any day, when he is not drunk, leading his puppies through some of the by-streets, for exercise. These puppies are complained of, by negroes, because of their disposition to suck all the eggs in the neighborhood. Their master is a "sucker," but of a different sort. He swigs from a black bottle containing newly made tanglefoot whisky; said by some to be procured from the negro bar-room, near the Court-House. On yesterday week, this excellent and most learned apology for a professor, was sadly drunk on our streets—had to be taken by some one, for pure pity's sake, to a house near by, and put to bed. Just to think of it! A professor, naturally an oaf, and artificially a sot! Whew! Who can stand such a fellow?

The March 2 issue also editorially attacked another University of Alabama faculty member, V. H. Vaughan, but without an accompanying drawing.

The April 6 issue of the *Monitor* ridiculed J.F.D. Richards, still another new university professor, by cartoon and this explanation. [See Plate 14.]

The above picture represents the meeting of soi-disant "Professor" J.F.D. Richards — he of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy — and Shandy Jones (negro), near the

latter's barber-shop, on Main street. The following paragraph, taken from the *Monitor* of the 23d March, ult., gives some idea of the character of old Richards, and of the manner of the famous meeting, also explained by a glance at the above wood-cut:

“WHAT SCARAMOUCH IS THIS?”—Why, it is old Richards, the reverend ‘fessor of Natural Philosophy, who arrived about two weeks since, to assist in disgracing the new State University. He is the greatest rascal of them all, for he comes in the form of a wolf in sheep’s clothing. He figured in the nigger Legislature very extensively as a supporter of all the most obnoxious measures that were introduced. He went for the elevation of the negro race, by belching forth vindictive harangues against “rebels,” and by using his Yankee cuteness in pushing on those horrible bills, striking at the very existence of the Southern whites. The bare idea of such a depraved creature being in this vicinity, is enough to sicken honest men. He celebrated himself, soon after his arrival, by embracing the stinking buck gorilla — Shandy Jones — on the streets. It seems that these two were bed-fellows, when in Montgomery together. We purpose to have a wood-cut of this street-hugging scene very soon.

The young gorilla, to be seen climbing the barber’s pole, is a son of the old gorilla Jones — said to be an applicant for admission into the new State University. Richards is, undoubtedly, a great scamp. We have not only his record to prove the assertion, but, what is more conclusive, his impudent, Yankee-looking, repulsive phiz. He is the best subject for Ku-Klux treatment we have ever seen. The old rascal dresses elegantly, and struts these streets with much importance, followed by his numerous Yankee progeny. If boys were anything like as mischievous as formerly, he would be driven off the streets with well-aimed rotten eggs. The sight of Richards and his little Richardses is disgusting in the extreme.

The above cartoon affords a true-to-life description of the hugging.



[Plate 15]



"2:40 on the Shell!"

"OUR LAST SHOT."

[Plate 16]



[Plate 17]



[Plate 18]

These pictorial assaults, plus regular editorial ones, on the Republican faculty of the university sufficiently annoyed the Republican government at Montgomery that they threatened to move the university out of Tuscaloosa unless the *Monitor* quieted down.²³

The remaining cartoons published by the *Monitor* dealt with random subjects and appeared infrequently. In May, 1869, Governor William H. Smith dispatched his private secretary, D. L. Dalton, and Secretary of State Charles A. Miller to Tuscaloosa to investigate reports of Ku Klux Klan activity. The *Monitor* dubbed the investigation "Governor Smith's Smelling Committee" and sketched Carpetbagger Miller for its readers. A pledge of a future sketch of Scalawag Dalton was not fulfilled.²⁴ [See Plate 15.]

In June the *Monitor* attacked John G. Stokes, the editor of the Republican Montgomery *Alabama State Journal*. Stokes had denounced Randolph's assaults on Miller and Dalton, and now Randolph returned the compliment with a cartoon, an explanation and a poem.²⁵ [See Plate 16.]

The above cartoon truthfully represents the appearance of Captain John G. Stokes, "of the Mule Marines," as he appeared in the charge that he made, solo, in the month of April, from the memorable battlefield of Shiloh. At that time, he had nothing like so much blubber upon his person as he has accumulated since; for Confederate rations were not of a quality and quantity to preserve obesity. We knew Stokes about the time that he reached Montgomery from the war path, and we vouch for the correctness of this picture. We have seen him since the war, after he had become pampered and bloated from high living and heavy drinking. The "critter" that he rode so unmercifully on the occasion dropped from exhaustion, soon after passing the 50 mile post; when the valiant Falstaffian "rebel" tried what speed there was in his own clumsy heels. He escaped, as a matter of course, after having such a long start. He is now engaged in moulding "bullets of the brain" for the

²³Tuscaloosa *Independent Monitor*, March 2, 1869.

²⁴*Ibid.*, May 18, 1869.

²⁵*Ibid.*, June 8, 1869.

State Journal. The pen is a better-weapon in his hands than was his over-sheathed sabre . . .

Three months passed before another wood-cut appeared. In September, 1869, the *Monitor* satirized one Republican's reaction to the *Monitor* with this commentary.²⁶ [See Plate 17.]

The above picture represents a scene that actually took place at Spiller's corner, on Tuesday last, (our publication day). The old prodigal, Henry McGowan—known as the "Great Unwashed"—had just returned from eating the husks in Paducah, Ky., whither he had been driven into exile, about eighteen months ago, by the combined pressure of a squad of U.S. soldiers and a reputed gang of Ku-Kluxes; being a defaulter to the Government and a scallawag into the bargain. The impudence of this corrupt creature in *daring* to return here, transcends everything coming to our knowledge, save the mawkish, misplaced sympathy that some people express for him. The "Great Unwashed" did all he could do in that infamous Convention to injure the whites. Like a vile, venomous, ungrateful adder, he turned upon those people who had supported him with their patronage over twenty-five years. Subsequently, he honeyfuggled and embraced the negroes, in order to get their votes, when he dared to run for the office of Probate Judge. Sympathy for such an old reprobate is not only idle but wrong.—Whoever may have sent for this unwashed Radical to return to Tuskaloosa, had better send him back straight to Paducah. "or some other seaport town." To cap the climax of the insolence of the "Great Unwashed," he ventures to tell our highly-respectable printer's devil that he *wouldn't have* the MONITOR *as a gracious gift!* Clear out, thou quondam worthy colleague of old Peck!

In October the *Monitor* again attacked an individual Republican, Scalawag W. T. Blackford of Greensboro, who had been frequently lampooned in the *Monitor's* editorial columns. Accompanying the cartoon was a damning explanation of the figures.²⁷ [See Plate 18.]

²⁶*Ibid.*, September 21, 1869.

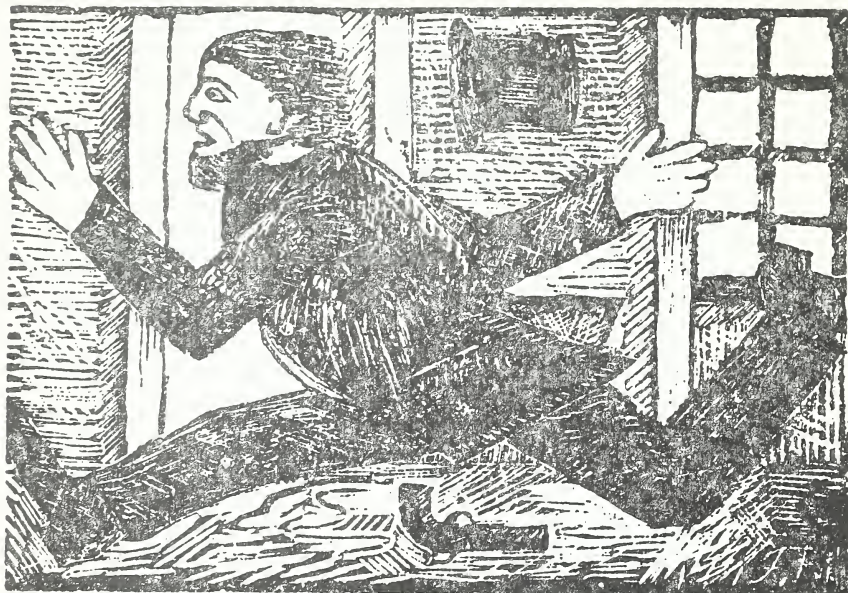
²⁷*Ibid.*, October 12, 1869.

The above picture represents a scene that actually took place in blackguard Blackford's house, in the town of Greensboro, Ala. A gentleman of that place, whose reliability cannot be questioned, informs us that a few weeks ago he was passing by the door of Blackford's shop (which is in his dwelling), and beheld the miserable negro free lover seated therein, with a couple of black wenches, one by his side and the other in his lap, caressing him. This low down creature, Blackford, holds the responsible position of Probate Judge of Hale County; and has been already well ventilated in the *Monitor's* columns, time and again. Regard for our readers prevents us from saying more concerning the vulgar fellow who disgraces the streets of the town of Greensboro by his unhallowed tread. The above picture well speaks volumes, and we now leave the blackguard Blackford in the company as described by our correspondent and as depicted by our cartoon artist.

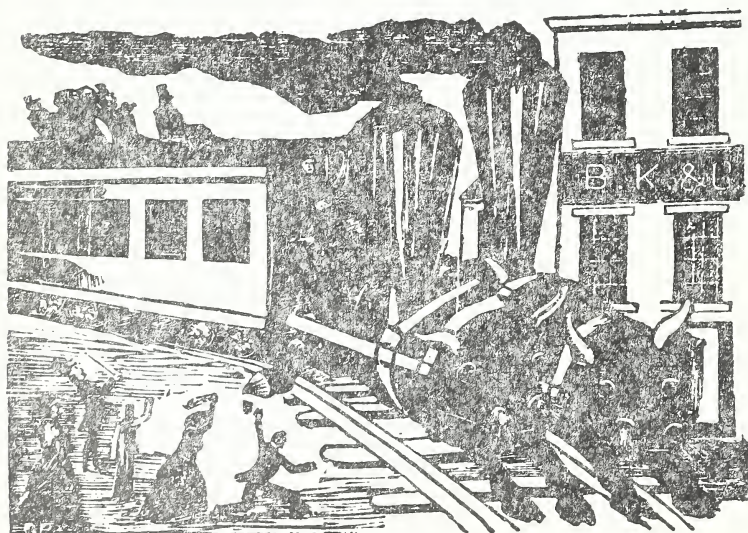
The last wood-cut to appear in 1869 ridiculed Scalawag Alexander McKinstry of Mobile, who was involved in an altercation with General James Holt Clanton, a prominent Alabama Democrat, and Ryland Randolph. After Clanton kicked McKinstry, causing the latter's coat tails to fly up, McKinstry drew a pistol on the unarmed Clanton. Randolph then drew his own Derringer. While Clanton's friends detained him, McKinstry walked away with Randolph following. Clanton caught up and lunged at McKinstry, who "turned tail" and ran into a drug store with Clanton beating on McKinstry's back with his fists. McKinstry then ran out the other door with no one pursuing. The cartoon depicts McKinstry's flight and briefly explained that the picture represented

the manner in which the "Hon." Alex. McKinstry "cut dirt" on the afternoon of the 20th of November, inst., when he imagined that Clanton and Randolph were after him. His speed exceeded in quickness all other on record. McK. was entered for the races at the *Alabama State Fair*, along with other jackasses, and won the prize for swiftness.²⁸ [See Plate 19.]

²⁸*Ibid.*, November 30, 1869.



[Plate 19]



[Plate 20]



[Plate 21]



Adjournment, Sine Die, of McKinstry, Parsons & Co.'s Mammoth menagerie, that has been Performing, for Nearly Five Months, Day and Night, in the State Capitol.

[Plate 22]

In 1870 Randolph won election to the Alabama legislature when the Democrats carried the state, and the tone of the *Monitor* quieted perceptibly. No cartoons appeared in 1870, despite the election activities in the state. The only non-political cartoon in the *Monitor* appeared in the April 19, 1871, issue with this commentary. [See Plate 20.]

The above cartoon is a fac-simile, on paper, of the *modus operandi* of the famous Street-Cars *almost* running on the grand Street-Railway, which is also *almost* completed, along Greensboro' Street. As our worthy and enterprising fellow citizens, Messrs. Baugh, Kennedy & Co., were, we believe, the originators of this tremendous project, we have thought it due them to give the cars a start from their office, on the corner of Main and Greensboro' Streets.

After a local election in November, 1871, the *Monitor* satirized Republicans again. Four new drawings appeared along with a sketch of Marshal John Purcell, now printed for a third time. The *Monitor* described these sketches as "true-to-life shadows of some of the very many well-known voters in Tuskalooosa," taken by a "special artist at the polls."²⁰ [See Plate 21.]

Ryland Randolph sold the *Independent Monitor* in December 1871, and in September, 1872, began publication of the *Tuskaloosa Blade*.²⁰ This latter paper carried one cartoon which appeared April 24, 1873. This wood-cut satirized Alabama's dual legislatures, which existed from November 18, 1872, to March 3, 1873. During these months Republican legislators met at the Federal courthouse, while Democratic legislators met at the state capitol. Both groups claimed to be the lawful legislature of Alabama. Eventually, the U.S. Attorney General, George H. Williams, formulated a plan to resolve the two legislatures into one, and a fusion legislature was organized in March with a slight Republican majority. The April cartoon depicted the adjournment of this fusion legislature. Lieutenant Governor Alexander McKinstry and Speaker of the House Lewis E. Parsons had played important roles in Republican activities in this legislature. Accompanying the wood-cut was this explanation. [See Plate 22.]

²⁰Tuskaloosa *Independent Monitor*, November 8, 1871.

²⁰*Ibid.*, December 27, 1871; *Tuskaloosa Blade*, September 5, 1872.

Mr. Merryman, on the left of the above cartoon, represents the rejoicing newspaper press of Alabama, on beholding the adjournment of the wretched concern that has cost the State so much money and sacrifice of reputation.

The fellow over the donkey represents the Senate, which has been eager for adjournment for some time, but has been repeatedly thrown, by the stubborn House, in its efforts to force that donkey to go home.

Finally, yesterday, the 23d inst., after repeated trials for the past two months, Mr. Merryman, by a free use of printer's ink, succeeded in driving both the jack-ass House and the fool Senate out of the many "rings" they had formed on Capitol Hill. Oh, what rejoicing will this news carry to every city, village, hamlet, cross road, log-cabin, fence-corner, field, woods, hollow tree in the land! Glory—Glory—Glory-ous!

These cartoons appearing between October 16, 1867, and April 24, 1873, were a journalistic novelty during Reconstruction. No contemporary Alabama newspaper carried anything comparable. The artist responsible was never identified, although the initials "F.B." faintly appeared on several of the wood-cuts. Under Randolph's direction these drawings represented an interesting form of openly partisan criticism of Republican activities in Alabama. The best of the cartoons illustrated ideas which Randolph had emphasized in his editorials for weeks earlier: attacks on general Republican policies in Alabama; criticism of local Tuskaloosa officials; condemnation of the faculty of the University of Alabama. The *Monitor's* cartoons represented trenchant political criticism which heightened the power of Randolph's editorials as a Democratic voice in Alabama. Most important of all, the famous hanging scene which appeared September 1, 1868, may have cost the Democrats a victory in several key states in the 1868 presidential election. The *Monitor* had found a powerful journalistic weapon in the political cartoon, one which would become a standard feature of twentieth-century editorial pages.

JOHN W. DU BOSE: THE DISILLUSIONED ARISTOCRAT

by Hugh C. Davis

On February 12, 1883, Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama addressed the United States Senate on the plight of the cotton planter in the South. He pointed out that many cotton growers who had mortgaged their crops, plantations, and stock, were not making money and, indeed, were scarcely earning a living. Many of the ablest planters were forced to withdraw from agriculture. He cited an example:

It was but yesterday that I had a letter from a gentleman who is a scientific cotton grower as well as a practical cotton grower, a man who may be said to have been raised in the cotton-field, perfectly sober in his habits, thoroughly studious, no more industrious man in the world than he is, no more intelligent man I think I know of, has been compelled to . . . go to North Alabama . . . and engage in the raising of fruits . . . to make a living.¹

The man of whom Morgan spoke, and of whom he made a microcosm of the South's agricultural predicament, was John Witherspoon DuBose.² Within two years DuBose left agriculture, but a study of his ideological pilgrimage and his rationalization of it reveal many of the forces which undermined the agrarian mentality in the South from 1865 to 1896.

A leading historian of the South has aptly described the post-Civil War reunion of the South with the North in terms of a forked road: One way, which Southerners followed for awhile, led to the "Right" and to an alliance with the industrial Northeast, and the other, which many took with the advent of Populism, led to the "Left" and to a coalition with the agrarian West.³ The life of DuBose—planter, "New South" advocate,

¹Cong. Rec., 47th Cong., 2nd Sess., XIV, 3, 1883, p. 2494.

²DuBose, John W. (ed.), *Jefferson County and Birmingham, Alabama: Historical and Biographical* (Birmingham, 1887), pp. 413-14 (hereinafter referred to as DuBose, *Jefferson County*).

³C. Vann Woodward, *Origins of the New South, 1877-1913*, Vol. IX of *A History of the South*, eds., Wendell H. Stephenson and E. Merton Coulter (Baton Rouge, 1951), pp. 23-50 (hereinafter referred to as Woodward, *New South*).

newspaperman, and historian — is a study in ideological zig-zagging from one road to the other and ultimately to a retreat to the old way of sectional nationalism. In the post-Reconstruction period, DuBose moved from the agrarian background of a once-wealthy planter, to the staff of a Birmingham newspaper and the support of the "New South" cause, to the side of Reuben F. Kolb and William J. Bryan in politics, to a renunciation of Bryan, and finally to a rationale in which he idealized the ante-bellum period when he had been prosperous and happy.

DuBose was born March 5, 1836, into the wealthy planter milieu of Society Hill, South Carolina.⁴ In 1850 his family moved to the Canebroke region of Marengo County, Alabama, where they established Cedar Grove plantation.⁵ At the age of nineteen, DuBose became a planter, a vocation in which he continued for twenty-eight years. He estimated that by 1861 his property was worth in gold, "free from debt," \$30,000, and that his parents' assets totaled \$225,000.⁶

At the outbreak of the Civil War, DuBose became a Confederate cavalry officer, but because of partial deafness he retired from active duty and served as a recruiter.⁷ In 1866, as a result of an ante-bellum debt, the "confiscation" of property in Negroes by the federal government, and the post-bellum depreciation of land values, the elder DuBose mortgaged Cedar Grove to his Mobile cotton factors.⁸ The refusal of DuBose's

⁴Thomas M. Owen, *History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, 4 vols. (Chicago, 1921), IV, p. 511 (hereinafter referred to as Owen, *Alabama*).

⁵DuBose, "Recollections of the Plantation," *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, I, 1 (Spring, 1930), pp. 63-75; I, 2 (Summer, 1930), pp. 107-18. This article was written in 1904. It was taken from DuBose's diary in which he described the family's trip from South Carolina to Alabama. *Ibid.*; DuBose, "Sketches of Four Families," p. 243 (MS memoir written in 1898, in the John W. DuBose Papers, Alabama State Department of Archives and History, Montgomery; hereinafter referred to as DuBose, "Sketches," and as DuBose Papers). Alabama State Department of Archives and History hereinafter will be abbreviated ASDAH.

⁶DuBose, "Sketches," p. 305; DuBose, "Memoir of Four Families," p. 80 (MS memoir written in 1898, in the DuBose Papers; hereinafter referred to as DuBose, "Memoir").

⁷DuBose, "Sketches," p. 301; Owen, *Alabama*, III, p. 511; Albert B. Moore, *History of Alabama* (University, Alabama, 1934), p. 427.

⁸DuBose, "Sketches," pp. 253-55.

mother to relinquish her claim to the estate, on the grounds of her dowry, led to lengthy litigation. The plantation was not lost to the family until 1876. In the meantime, DuBose successfully farmed Cedar Grove until 1873 when, smitten by the national financial crisis and drained of funds because of the family's legal contest, he rented out Cedar Grove and became the manager of the Windsor plantation in Marengo County.⁹

In 1876, in partnership with William A. Gunter of Montgomery, DuBose managed a farm of over 1,000 acres near Pike Road, in Montgomery County, where he remained until 1882.¹⁰

By this time, however, DuBose was convinced that he could not be a successful planter. He complained that although he produced much cotton, his profits passed quickly into the hands of his creditors and that the lack of free, long-term credit prevented the development of a much-needed diversified farming in Alabama. He wrote Robert McKee, former "fire-eating" editor of the Selma *Southern Argus*, that "*capital* in cash, is necessary to work the reform by which, only, large agricultural interests can be maintained at the South. Credit on a cotton crop lien means degradation [*sic*] to the industry. Just then I hope to escape it."¹¹

DuBose hoped to flee to Birmingham and to employment on the staff of a newspaper because, he said, "Progress in this State is beginning about the mines, and will develop unquestionably. Birmingham is a wide awake settlement, and will be a town capable of supporting any kind of enterprise."¹² DuBose's hour of deliverance, however, was not yet at hand; in 1882 he failed in his Pike Road venture and rented a small farm in

⁹DuBose, "Memoir," p. 168. John T. Morgan, the future Senator from Alabama, was one of the DuBose's counsellors in the litigation over Cedar Grove. *Ibid.*

¹⁰*Ibid.*, pp. 163-69.

¹¹DuBose, Pike Road, Alabama, to Robert McKee (n.p.), September 3, 1881, in the Robert McKee Papers, ASDAH (hereinafter referred to as McKee Papers).

¹²*Ibid.*

Lawrence County, in northern Alabama, where he raised fruits to make a living.¹³

In November, 1883, the Corbin Banking Company of New York hired DuBose to supervise its Florence Planting Company on Harwood's Island, Chicot County, Arkansas. John C. Calhoun, formerly of Marengo County and an acquaintance of DuBose, was the bank's general manager of plantation properties. Unfortunately, the company defaulted in interest payments on the \$250,000 of bonds used to finance the undertaking. This, coupled with a disastrous flood and late cotton planting, ruined the company. DuBose commented that his career of twenty-eight years in agriculture was closed.¹⁴ Actually it was not. The gentleman farmer may have escaped to Alabama's "boom town" of Birmingham, but he never escaped his background as a Black Belt planter and the outlook which it gave him.

In November, 1884, DuBose moved to Birmingham and joined the staff of the *Weekly Iron Age*.¹⁵ He also began his career as an author. The publishers of the *Iron Age* engaged him to edit *The Mineral Wealth of Alabama and Birmingham*, which appeared in 1886.¹⁶ In 1887 he edited a history of Jefferson County and wrote for the federal government a pamphlet entitled *Report on Internal Commerce of the United States as to Alabama*.¹⁷ In 1888, he contributed the chapter on Birmingham to *Northern Alabama Historical and Biographical*.¹⁸

¹³DuBose, "Autobiography," pp. 51-52 (MS written in 1916, in the DuBose Papers); DuBose, *Jefferson County*, pp. 413-14 (see p. 1, n. 1, above); DuBose, "Memoir," p. 169. DuBose's mother described her son's year in Lawrence County as "tight times" in which DuBose experienced "full well, the discomforts of poverty." Elizabeth Boykin DuBose (n.p.), to J. W. DuBose, Harwood's Island, Arkansas, February 5, 1884, in the DuBose Papers.

¹⁴DuBose, "Autobiography," pp. 51-52.

¹⁵*Birmingham Weekly Iron Age*, January 29, 1885, to December 23, 1886, *passim*.

¹⁶DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, to Robert McKee, Montgomery, Alabama, December 11, 1884, in the McKee Papers; DuBose, *Mineral Wealth of Alabama and Birmingham* (Birmingham, 1886), p. 185.

¹⁷Owen, *Alabama*, III, p. 511.

¹⁸DuBose, "Birmingham," *Northern Alabama Historical and Biographical* (Birmingham, 1888), pp. 744-58 (hereinafter referred to as DuBose, "Birmingham," *Northern Alabama*).

While plantation supervisor at Harwood's Island, DuBose began to correspond with Benjamin Cudworth Yancey about writing some articles for the *Philadelphia Times* on William Lowndes Yancey, Benjamin's brother. From this start DuBose developed into the biographer of the great advocate of secession. The biography, published in 1892, was the work for which DuBose became the best known in Alabama and in the South.¹⁹

From 1887 to 1895 DuBose continued to work as an editorial writer for principal newspapers in the Birmingham area.²⁰ The dreams he nourished to "go along with the grand developments of the mining section of Alabama" did not materialize, however, and he found the profits from his newspaper and literary work as meagre as those from planting.²¹ DuBose tried several times, but unsuccessfully, to get to a permanent staff position with the *Anniston Hot Blast*. He also attempted to obtain a government subsidy to publish an abridgement of the debates of Congress, but found no backers for his scheme. In the late 1880's he considered returning to farming to make a living.²²

From 1890 to 1894 DuBose, an ardent Democrat, cut across country in search of the left fork of the road to reunion. In 1890 he wrote that the Farmers' Alliance was "a consolidation,

¹⁹DuBose, Harwood's Island, Arkansas, to B. C. Yancey, Cave Spring, Georgia, August 20, 1884 and July 6, 1887, both letters in the B. C. Yancey Papers, Southern Historical Collection, University of North Carolina; DuBose, *The Life and Times of William Lowndes Yancey: A History of Political Parties in the United States, from 1834 to 1864; Especially as to the Origin of the Confederate States* (Birmingham, 1892) hereinafter referred to as DuBose, *Yancey*); DuBose, *Alabama's Tragic Decade: Ten Years of Alabama, 1865-1874*, edited by James K. Greer (Birmingham, 1940), xxii (hereinafter referred to as DuBose and Greer, *Tragic Decade*).

²⁰DuBose, "Sketches," p. 313; DuBose and Greer, *Tragic Decade*, xx.

²¹DuBose, Harwood's Island, Arkansas, to Mary E. Morgan (daughter of Senator John T. Morgan) (n.p.), March 7, 1884, in the DuBose Papers.

²²Robert McKee (n.p.), to DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, November 23, 1887; R. M. DuBose, Anniston, Alabama, to J. W. DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, January 26, 1889; Robert McKee, Jacksonville, Alabama, to DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, March 24, 1890; Robert McKee, Washington, to DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, September 27, 1888; William W. Screws, Washington, to DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, April 25, 1892, all in the DuBose Papers.

trust, scheme, a whole flight of stairs in advance of the Republican party." He agreed with Senator John T. Morgan that a congressman would have to deny his official oath "to live up to the demands" of the Alliance.²³ DuBose declared that the Alliance heralded a "revolution . . . ominously fed from without" and that its program contained radical schemes of government new to the American system and "repulsive especially to Southern traditions."²⁴ In 1891 former United States Representative John M. Martin, then chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Jefferson County, suggested that DuBose write a newspaper article to commend confidence in the motives of the Alliance, to keep out of the Alliance "all dogmas repugnant to Democratic teachings," and to discourage the formation of a farmers' party.²⁵ In 1892 DuBose was contracted by the *Shelby Chronicle* to write three or four articles "as . . . hot as the bottom of the devil's frying pan" against the rising third-party movement in Alabama, and in 1893 he endorsed the Sayre Election Law, which the followers of Allianceman Reuben F. Kolb repudiated in the state senate. The law became, as was intended, an instrument to keep conservative Democrats in power.²⁶ In short, until 1893, DuBose, like many conservatives, believed that the Alliance did not represent the true historical and ideological interests of Alabama and of the South.

By February, 1894, however, DuBose was identified with the Democratic party's "mugwump" wing, which supported the "regular" but "silverite" candidate for governor, Joseph F.

²³DuBose, East Lake, Alabama, to Robert McKee (n.p.), November 13, 1890, in the McKee Papers.

²⁴DuBose, "Forty Years of Alabama—1861-1901; A History of the Lapse and Recovery of Civil Government" (MS written in 1904, in the DuBose Papers; hereinafter referred to as DuBose, "Forty Years").

²⁵Martin, Birmingham, Alabama, to DuBose, Mt. Pinson, Alabama, August 19, 1891, in the DuBose Papers; Owen, *Alabama*, IV, p. 1165.

²⁶S. D. Wilds, Columbiana, Alabama, to DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, July 9, 1892; A. D. Sayre (n.p.), to DuBose, Mt. Pinson, Alabama, February 23, 1893, both in the DuBose Papers; Malcolm C. McMillan, *Constitutional Development in Alabama: A Study in Politics, the Negro, and Sectionalism*, vol. 37 of the *James Sprunt Studies in History and Political Science* (Chapel Hill, 1955), p. 224 (hereinafter referred to as McMillan, *Constitutional Development*).

Johnston.²⁷ In August, 1894, as a devotee to free silver, he slipped into Kolb's newly founded Jeffersonian Democratic party whose shibboleth was "a free ballot and fair count" and the "unlimited coinage of silver." The Jeffersonian Democrats co-operated closely with the Populists. In 1894 DuBose voted for Kolb in the gubernatorial race with William C. Oates, the candidate of conservative Democracy.²⁸ DuBose labelled himself a "native born Democrat" who on occasion voted "Populist" to "stay the tide of Republicanism."²⁹ He voted for Kolb primarily because he believed that the free coinage of silver would revive the South's agriculture. Otherwise, DuBose more than casually disliked Oates, who as a congressman in 1893, had voted to repeal the Sherman Silver Purchase Act.³⁰ DuBose's move to "Kolbism" was a reaction against the "organized" Democracy which, he believed, refused to recognize pressing economic, social, and political problems threatening the well-being of the South.

From the late summer of 1895 to the early fall of 1897, DuBose was an editorial writer for the Birmingham *People's Tribune*, the organ of Kolb's Jeffersonian Democracy. Early in 1896 Kolb began to advocate fusion with the Republicans on a state level. The resulting coalition ticket was overwhelmingly defeated in the elections of August, 1896.³¹ In October, 1896, Kolb balked at further co-operation with the Republicans, sup-

²⁷W. H. Skaggs, Birmingham, Alabama, to Robert McKee, Piedmont, Alabama, February 19, 1894, in the McKee Papers.

²⁸Birmingham *People's Weekly Tribune*, May 14, 1896; William Warren Rogers, "Agrarianism in Alabama, 1865-1896" (unpublished Ph. D. dissertation, University of North Carolina, 1959), pp. 394 and 463 (hereinafter referred to as Rogers, "Agrarianism in Alabama"); DuBose and Greer, *Tragic Decade*, xix.

²⁹DuBose, Wetumpka, Alabama, to J. F. Johnston, Montgomery, Alabama, September 16, 1899, in the Joseph Forney Johnston Executive Papers, ASDAH (hereinafter referred to as Johnston Executive Papers).

³⁰W. C. Oates, Washington, to DuBose, Mt. Pinson, Alabama, November 3, 1893, in the DuBose Papers.

³¹DuBose, "Personal Correspondence, 1894-97," *passim*, in the DuBose Papers; William Warren Rogers, "Alabama's Reform Press: Militant Spokesman for the Agrarian Revolt," *Agricultural History*, XXXIV, 2 (April, 1960), p. 65.

ported "regular" national and state Democratic candidates, and was promptly read out of the Populist party.³²

In 1897 Kolb sold the *Tribune*. DuBose renounced fusionists, none of whom could "fill Kolb's shoes."³³ He sought patronage from the newly elected "silverite" Governor Johnston, whom he supported in the election of 1896 and whose money views he claimed to have held "from the first."³⁴ The state hired DuBose as an agricultural consultant to supervise irrigation of the prison farm at Speigner. He later oversaw agricultural work at the state penitentiary at Wetumpka.³⁵

By 1898 DuBose was again a "regular" Democrat. The central stream of Democracy, the party of free silver, had turned toward him and had engulfed his position. In the light of the impending constitutional convention to disfranchise the Negro, of which he approved, DuBose stressed white supremacy. Instead of a Johnston candidate for governor in 1900, he envisioned the conservative businessman William A. Handley as another George S. Houston who would reunite Alabama on the grounds of white supremacy, as Houston had in 1874.³⁶

Although in 1901 DuBose still referred to himself as a cotton planter, he considered his literary career a "normal condition."³⁷ The opportunity soon afforded itself to him to pursue "letters" further. DuBose became involved in political infighting in the state prison administration and he was not reassigned to penitentiary work under the new governor, William J. Sam-

³²*Ibid.*; Rogers, "Agrarianism in Alabama," pp. 545-46; *People's Weekly Tribune*, October 1, 1896.

³³DuBose, Woodlawn, Alabama, to Chappell Cory (Private Secretary to Governor Johnston), Montgomery, Alabama, March 29, 1897, in the Chappell Cory Papers, ASDAH.

³⁴DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, to J. F. Johnston, Montgomery, Alabama, September 1, 1897, in the Johnston Executive Papers.

³⁵DuBose, Woodlawn, Alabama, to J. F. Johnston, Montgomery, Alabama, November 14, 1898; DuBose, Wetumpka, Alabama, to J. F. Johnston, Montgomery, Alabama, August, 1899, both in the DuBose Papers.

³⁶McMillan, *Constitutional Development*, p. 267; DuBose, "Memo on the Johnston Movement" (MS written in 1899 or 1900, in the DuBose Papers).

³⁷DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, to J. W. A. Sanford, Montgomery, Alabama, February 22, 1901, in the J. W. A. Sanford Papers, ASDAH (hereinafter referred to as Sanford Papers).

ford.³⁸ He then found employment on the staff of the states Department of Archives and History.³⁹ DuBose concentrated, as in the biography of Yancey, on writing his view of the history of Alabama and of the South. The result was a lengthy manuscript entitled "Forty Years of Alabama—1861-1901: A History of the Lapse and Recovery of Civil Government."⁴⁰ This work was published in modified and serial form in the *Birmingham Age-Herald* in 1913 and 1914. The first series of articles of 164 numbers, which covered the Reconstruction period, was entitled "Ten Years of Alabama." James K. Greer edited and published these articles under the title, *Alabama's Tragic Decade*, in 1940. The second series, of 150 numbers, entitled "Eight Governors of Alabama," covered the period from 1874 to 1901.⁴¹ In 1906, when he left the Archives, DuBose had moved farther away from his former political affections. He feared Bryan's tongue and accused the peerless leader of not understanding fundamental questions.⁴²

In 1907, at the age of seventy-one, DuBose again sought and received employment from the state convict bureau during the administration of Governor Braxton B. Comer. His position, however, was intentionally a minor one that he might continue to write history. He unsuccessfully sought the aid of several prominent Alabamians to publish his history of Alabama in order that the "light of the lost civilization" might not "flicker out."⁴³ DuBose ended his connection with the prison administration in 1912, the same year in which his book, *General Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee*, was published.

³⁸*Ibid.*; DuBose (n.p.), to B. A. Henry (n.p.), March 7, 1901, in the DuBose Papers.

³⁹DuBose, "Personal Correspondence, 1901-06," *passim*, in the DuBose Papers; DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, to Thomas G. Jones, December 26, 1906, in the Thomas G. Jones MSS, ASDAH (hereinafter referred to as Jones MSS).

⁴⁰This MS, written in 1904, was 2,080 pages in length.

⁴¹*Birmingham Age-Herald*, 1913-14, *passim* (hereinafter referred to as *Age-Herald*); DuBose, "Autobiography," p. 53; DuBose and Greer, *Tragic Decade*, xvii.

⁴²DuBose (n.p.), to T. G. Jones, Montgomery, Alabama, December 30, 1906, in the Jones MSS.

⁴³DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, to J. W. A. Sanford, Montgomery, Alabama, February, 1907; DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, to J. W. A. Sanford, Montgomery, Alabama, February 9, 1907, both in the Sanford Papers.

From 1912 until his death in 1918, in addition to a historical series in the *Age-Herald*, DuBose contributed articles to several periodicals in the South as well as a series of articles on antebellum American history to the *Montgomery Advertiser*.⁴⁴ In 1914 he was again associated with the Alabama State Department of Archives and History.⁴⁵ DuBose, who had become completely deaf in his old age, was struck unawares by a locomotive and killed in Birmingham in 1918.⁴⁶

When he died DuBose held essentially the same conservative values to which he subscribed in 1856 when, as a young man of nineteen years, he became a planter. What then, in the light of his "defection" to "Kolbism" in 1894, is the explanation of his having returned, full circle, ideologically? In answer to that question, DuBose the historian reveals DuBose the planter-aristocrat, for in his philosophy of history is found his explanation of what he thought had happened to himself and to the South. He subsumed the major aspects of his thought — politics, race, and economics—into his view of American history.

Like John Locke, DuBose traced the origin of government back to an age of innocence in human history in which the type of government which man chose was fixed in nature; man observed "the divine economy"—the organization and interrelationships of the "parts" of nature—and devised a social polity. The result was a national organism in which constituent parts were maintained in their specific spheres. The highest evolution of this "organism" was the American federal system, based on two distinct geographical sections whose limits, institutions, and "national characteristics" the laws of climate and production defined.⁴⁷

DuBose subscribed to a historical theory, common in nineteenth-century America, that British America's two "climatic" divisions were settled by people who shared the British love of liberty, but who had entirely different attitudes and customs.

⁴⁴*Montgomery Advertiser*, March 4, 1914 to December 6, 1914, *passim* (hereinafter referred to as *Advertiser*).

⁴⁵DuBose, "Recollections of the Plantation," p. 63 n.

⁴⁶DuBose and Greer, *Tragic Decade*, xxiii; Owen, *Alabama*, III, p. 511.

⁴⁷DuBose, *Yancey*, pp. 1-2.

According to DuBose, an urbane, cultured gentry ruled the South, but religious zealots of restrained and austere habits controlled the North.⁴⁸ Because of common grievances against the mother country, the law of "community interest" prevailed and the two sections formed a compact of states, which were but artificial creations within the permanent limits of the sections.⁴⁹ The Constitution was merely the result of the co-operation and compromises of two "natural" divisions of territory. Without the Constitution, there was no obligation of interdependence of sections. Conflict was endemic between the two regions with their political association.⁵⁰

In DuBose's view, collision between the two sections assumed different forms from time to time; but the North, failing to dominate the union in the Missouri Compromise and through Clay's American System, turned to constitutional revolution.⁵¹ According to DuBose, a growing Northern radical party plotted to reconstruct the South—to subordinate it to Northern political, social, and economic views.⁵²

Beginning with William L. Garrison's abolitionist movement in the early 1830's, the Northern conspiracy passed through several stages. Radicals settled immigrants in free states in order to increase Northern representation in Congress; they flooded the South with abolition propaganda and sent ideological missionaries to the South disguised as teachers; they planned a Southwide servile insurrection which failed; some Northern states enacted personal liberty laws in direct violation of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850; and abolitionists supported financially the raid into Maryland of the fanatical

⁴⁸*Ibid.*; DuBose, "Eight Governors of Alabama," Article Number 1, *Age-Herald*, January 19, 1913 (hereinafter referred to as DuBose, "Eight Governors"); John S. Ezell, *The South Since 1865* (New York, 1963), p. 5.

⁴⁹DuBose, *Yancey*, p. 1; DuBose, "Forty Years," p. 118.

⁵⁰DuBose, "Forty Years," pp. 115-20.

⁵¹DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 1, *Age-Herald*, January 19, 1913; DuBose, "Yancey: A Study," *Gulf States Historical Magazine*, I, 5 (March, 1903), pp. 311-12; DuBose, Montgomery, Alabama, to Hilary A. Herbert, Washington, July 22, 1906, in the Hilary A. Herbert Papers, in the Southern Historical Collection, University of North Carolina.

⁵²DuBose, "Eight Governors," Nos. 17 and 18, *Age-Herald*, April 6 and April 13, 1913; DuBose, "Forty Years," pp. 59-61.

John Brown. The climax to the conspiracy of the Radicals was the election of Lincoln.⁵³ As successor to Garrison and Brown, Lincoln recognized that a war was needed to hold the Northern "nullifying" states together and led the North to accept the "alleged" constitutional prerogative to conquer the seceding states.⁵⁴ What the revolutionists could not accomplish from 1831 to 1860, because they lacked an army, Lincoln achieved with a force of over 2,000,000 men, according to DuBose.⁵⁵

In DuBose's philosophy of history the South resisted the North's abrogation of fundamental constitutional theory by forming the Confederacy, a reform movement to return to the "normal assertion of the American idea."⁵⁶ Because the "conspirators" had made slavery the issue between the sections, the defense of the institution was the "predicate for the security of the American system of government."⁵⁷ Furthermore, Lincoln's apothegm that a house divided would fall was false. In DuBose's theory, the house was divided in the original plan of nature and had flourished half slave and half free.⁵⁸

Although Appomattox symbolized to DuBose the "accident of defeat" in war, it did not mean to him the destruction of the "Republic of Republics." He claimed that this principal had no "Waterloo"; the Confederacy was not an "ism," but a truth rooted in nature; not a man-made revolution, but a natural evolution in government which defeated Confederates resolved to continue to defend.⁵⁹ He noted that inasmuch as the "conspira-

⁵³DuBose, *Yancey*, pp. 159-399, *passim*; DuBose, "Forty Years," pp. 59-64; DuBose, "Eight Governors," Nos. 7, 17, and 18, *Age-Herald*, February 9, April 6, and April 13, 1913; DuBose, "Chronicles of the Canebrake," *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, IX, 4 (Winter, 1947), pp. 568-69; DuBose, "Yancey: A Study," pp. 311-12.

⁵⁴DuBose, Wetumpka, Alabama, to J. W. A. Sanford, Montgomery, Alabama, August 26, 1908, in the Sanford Papers; DuBose, "Forty Years," p. 81.

⁵⁵DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 18, *Age-Herald*, April 13, 1913.

⁵⁶DuBose, "Forty Years," p. 175; DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 1, *Age-Herald*, January 19, 1913.

⁵⁷DuBose, "Notes on American Politics," *Advertiser*, December 13, 1914.

⁵⁸*Ibid.*

⁵⁹DuBose, "Eight Governors," Nos. 7 and 41, *Age-Herald*, February 9 and July 12, 1913.

tors" had failed to inject the Negro into Southern political, social, and economic life from 1831 to 1865, the "constitutional revolution" would continue. Thus in the "desperation of its inventions and the diabolism of its perpetrations" Reconstruction began.⁶⁰

DuBose used his conspiratorial theory of history to explain why the "obviously good" did not prevail in his life and in Southern society in the post-war period. In so doing he evidenced the proclivity of the extreme "Right" (and of the extreme "Left") in the American tradition to accept a unitary rather than a plural explanation of history.⁶¹ DuBose simply blamed Alabama's post-war woes on the Radical Republican plot against Southern "civilization."

In DuBose's interpretation the continuum of conspiracy and revolution extended from 1865 to 1901 in Alabama. The first phase of this period (1865-1874) was marked by the attempt of the revolutionists to force a collision of the races by legislating the Negro into a place of social and political equality with the whites.⁶² The Radicals imposed such "monstrous" egalitarian schemes as the Civil Rights Act, the Freedmen's Bureau, and the Reconstruction amendments on Alabama. Such measures disenchanted the Negro with his foreordained "place" in society as a manual laborer. To DuBose the colored races were naturally "submissive bondsmen" where they were not "incorrigible savages."⁶³ To him slavery had not been an evil. It had been "coincident to the organized life of mankind"; it had originated in the early history of man when society "naturally" divided into classes on the basis of ability. Despite the worldwide abolitionist movement in the nineteenth century, the

⁶⁰DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 17, *Age-Herald*, April 6, 1913.

⁶¹Victor C. Ferkiss, "Political and Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism, Right and Left," *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, CCCXLIV (November, 1962), p. 7.

⁶²DuBose, "Forty Years," p. 282; DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 27, *Age-Herald*, May 12, 1913.

⁶³DuBose, "Forty Years," pp. 266-68; DuBose, "Alabama Governor's Democratic Dogmas" (undated newspaper clipping in a letter from DuBose, Woodlawn, Alabama, to J. F. Johnston, Montgomery, Alabama, October 16, 1898, in the Johnston Executive Papers).

dominance of one class over another persisted; "subordination of class to class is still the price of bread," DuBose asserted.⁶⁴

In his ante-bellum experience as a planter, in his constitutional theory, and with liberal aid from the racial theories of John C. Calhoun, DuBose found ample proof of the correctness of his view of the Negro.

To DuBose the black man was the unequalled agricultural laborer who, fortunately, became the "inevitable, generic, negative force of social organization" which made possible the Black Belt plantation life which DuBose idealized in his memory.⁶⁵ In turn, the slaves became the "quasi-pastorate" of their masters and achieved the highest degree of civilization in the history of their race.⁶⁶

After the war, as before, the Negro remained the "mudsill" of Alabama society, despite the attempts of revolutionists to make him the equal of the white man.⁶⁷ Because he believed that Radical Reconstruction measures violated the laws governing society, DuBose took vigorous exception to the disjunctive proposition of Carl Schurz that the Negro of the post-war South would become either a serf or a citizen.⁶⁸ To DuBose there was a *via media* based on natural law and established custom. He argued that as the South had developed industrially, so the Negro had evolved racially to fulfill his role in the economy of the "New South." With "unerring certainty" and in keeping with the "eternal laws" of organized society, the Negro found the social level which nature had ordained for him, even in an industrialized society—that of the lowest of manual laborers.⁶⁹

In terms of established custom, DuBose's solution to the "revolutionary" measures imposed on the South from without,

⁶⁴DuBose, "The Negro in the Beginning," *Advertiser*, July 26, 1914; DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 9, *Age-Herald*, March 2, 1913.

⁶⁵DuBose, "Yancey: A Study," p. 312.

⁶⁶DuBose, "Forty Years," pp. 21-22.

⁶⁷DuBose, "Yancey: A Study," p. 312.

⁶⁸Carl Schurz, "Can the South Solve the Negro Problem?" *McClure's Magazine*, XXII, 3 (January, 1904), p. 270. DuBose's response to Schurz's article is contained in an unpublished essay of twenty-nine typewritten pages entitled "The Southern View," in the DuBose Papers.

⁶⁹DuBose, "Birmingham," *Northern Alabama*, pp. 751-72.

his *via media* between Schurz's alternatives of the Negro as serf or citizen, was the time-tested paternalism of the plantation transferred into a post-war setting. Co-dependent groups fulfilled prescribed functions; the Negro enjoyed the privileges of free labor and educational opportunities equal to the white man's, and the whites ruled.⁷⁰ Thus, in response to Carl Schurz's question, "Can the South Solve the Negro Problem?" DuBose declared:

... there is absolutely nothing in the organization of society in Alabama which operates to the prejudice of the native and original powers of the negro in self-culture and self-promotion. Booker Washington and many thousands of negroes in Alabama are living illustrations of the consent of the governing community to make secure to them every enjoyment of life they may reap from their own endeavor ... Southern whites ... comparable with examples of their race in all ages ... accept the negro on terms that reason justifies and experience proves.⁷¹

According to DuBose, the liability of the South to solve the race problem was an "organic responsibility" not foreign to the "instincts" of the whites nor in conflict with the self-interest of Southern "civilization."⁷²

In his constitutional arguments against the Radical Republican "conspiracy," DuBose buttressed his view that nature had ordained the Negro to be a laborer. He reasoned that in the Fourteenth Amendment the federal government arbitrarily and capriciously conferred civil rights on a race which was ready for the transition from slave to wage labor, but not for social and political equality.⁷³ Such enactments defied the "organic law" of 1789, which had not provided citizenship for the

⁷⁰DuBose, "Southern View," pp. 5-6.

⁷¹*Ibid.*

⁷²*Ibid.*, p. 1.

⁷³DuBose, "The Negro in the War Amendments," No. 1, *Advertiser*, March 7, 1904 (this was the first of a series of articles on the Negro and the amendments which DuBose contributed to the *Advertiser* from March 7 to March 27, 1904); DuBose, "On the Planters' Convention held near Macon's Station, November 20, 1867" (MS in the DuBose Papers); DuBose and Greer, *Tragic Decade*, p. 30.

Negro. The right to be enumerated to determine a state's congressional representation was the *only* political privilege which the original Constitution conferred on the Negro, along with minors and women.⁷⁴ In keeping with the constitutional theory to which he subscribed, and sounding very much like Edmund Burke, DuBose declared that "a constitution of a free government is valid only as an evolution from the mind, manners, physical strength and moral status of the community governed."⁷⁵

An analysis of the voting statistics in 1904 convinced DuBose that the Negro electorate did not "naturally" spring from the "dominating energies of community life" in Alabama. He noted that thirty-six years after the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment, only 2,380 of 827,307 Negroes in Alabama voted, but 187,492 of a white population of 1,001,390 exercised the franchise. Furthermore, the number of registered Negro voters declined from 79,311 in 1900, in the Black Belt alone, to 2,980 in the entire state in 1903.⁷⁶ The obvious fallacy in DuBose's argument was the omission of the fact that the Alabama Constitution of 1901 disfranchised the majority of the Negroes in the state.

In DuBose's rationale natural law determined Southern social and economic organization, and constitutional theory vindicated it. He argued, however, for the meliorative influence of the human mind to plan for the maintenance of the *status quo* through political party control.⁷⁷ There would be no compromise between government by Negroes, "guided by aliens without capacity," and government by the men and the race which had governed "in prosperity and glory."⁷⁸ In 1874 the Democratic and Conservative party, which to DuBose was virtually equivalent with the native white population, overthrew the Radical Republican government. "Redemption" marked the beginning

⁷⁴DuBose, "Southern View," pp. 24-25; DuBose, "The Negro in the War Amendments," No. 2, *Advertiser*, March 13, 1904.

⁷⁵DuBose, "The Negro in the War Amendments," No. 1.

⁷⁶*Ibid.*; McMillan, *Constitutional Development*, p. 352.

⁷⁷DuBose to Jones, December 30, 1906.

⁷⁸DuBose, "Forty Years," p. 453.

of the end of the constitutional conspiracy which had begun in the 1830's.⁷⁹

The instrument of conspiracy in the second phase of the post-war Radical revolution (1874-1901) was the Fifteenth Amendment, which enfranchised the Negro. Its legacy was dissension within the party of white supremacy. Political power accrued to the Negro voter in intra-party quarrels, and an "arbitrary political machine"—the Democratic and Conservative party—was necessary to neutralize that power.⁸⁰ The essential objective of any election in Alabama was to protect the *status quo* of white supremacy, according to DuBose.⁸¹ In the county convention system, which apportioned delegates to the state convention on the basis of votes cast in the previous gubernatorial election, he saw no grave injustice, although it gave a preponderance of delegates to the Black Belt counties. To DuBose, Alabama was a constitutional government—a rule of socio-economic interest groups—not a government of the majority. The Black Belt contributed heavily to the state's economy; therefore, he stated, "good government for the state required that the negroes of the black belt counties should be governed by the whites of those same counties."⁸²

The Radical Republican revolution "from without" reached its meridian and threatened white supremacy in Alabama when Democrats and Populists battled for the Negro vote from 1890 to 1894 during the two terms of Governor Thomas G. Jones.⁸³ By 1892, according to DuBose, the suffrage in the Black Belt was an "ethical monstrosity," and an election for governor was impossible without charges and countercharges of fraud.⁸⁴ To DuBose, however, the factions of the 1890's, in one of which he was very much involved, were but a "passing wind," and in 1901, Alabama once and for all ended the Northern constitu-

⁷⁹DuBose, "Eight Governors," Nos. 15 and 17, *Age-Herald*, March 27 and April 6, 1913; DuBose, "Forty Years," p. 1,018.

⁸⁰DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 30, *Age-Herald*, May 25, 1913; DuBose, "Forty Years," pp. 696 and 982.

⁸¹DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 113, *Age-Herald*, May 3, 1914.

⁸²DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 90, *Age-Herald*, December 17, 1913.

⁸³DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 115, *Age-Herald*, May 30, 1914.

⁸⁴DuBose, "Forty Years," p. 2,033; DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 113, *Age-Herald*, May 3, 1914.

tional conspiracy by writing a new state constitution to disfranchise the Negro.⁵⁵ If DuBose recognized the fact that the disfranchisement of the Negro had the same ring to it as the "nullifying" activities of the Northern states in the 1850's, in their enactment of personal liberty laws, he did not let consistency become his hobgoblin. His belief that the Reconstruction amendments were never legally ratified would have encompassed such an exigency.⁵⁶ Otherwise, the revolution of 1865-1901 failed because the Negro freedmen had no instinct, capacity, or sympathy for politics. In 1911, DuBose observed that the exclusion of the Negro from politics had created a "mutuality of confidence" unknown since slavery. Negroes placed in contact with educated whites had the "docility and courtesy" which they had in servitude.⁵⁷

The Constitution of 1901 restored many of DuBose's cherished values of the old regime and, in his view, defeated the Northern constitutional conspiracy. In the light of DuBose's conservative and orthodox interpretation of Alabama history and of the Negro, an explanation of his political odyssey into Kolb's camp from 1894 to 1896 must be sought elsewhere. It is found in his economic philosophy. Despite his career as an author and his excursion into journalism, DuBose still thought like a planter.⁵⁸ As with political-racial questions, he found in economic events a Northern conspiracy against the South, and in this area the plot proved more successful.

The crux of DuBose's economic theory was that the Republican party from its inception had conspired to make the South the colonial annex of the North, an opinion with which such prominent twentieth-century historians as Walter P.

⁵⁵DuBose, "Eight Governors," Nos. 30 and 113, *Age-Herald*, May 25, 1913, and May 3, 1914.

⁵⁶DuBose, "Forty Years," pp. 472-73.

⁵⁷DuBose, "The Canebrake Negro," p. 30 (undated MS, in the DuBose Papers).

⁵⁸DuBose, Wetumpka, Alabama, to J. F. Johnston, Montgomery, Alabama, September 16, 1899, in the Johnston Executive Papers; DuBose, Birmingham, Alabama, to J. W. A. Sanford, Montgomery, Alabama, February 22, 1901, in the Sanford Papers.

Webb and Benjamin B. Kendrick would have concurred heartily.⁸⁰ DuBose found the parthenogenesis of Northern economic imperialism in the morbid, ambivalent mind of the colonial Puritan, who institutionalized self-righteousness, but was amoral when economic self-interest was at stake.⁸⁰ DuBose contended that the Southern people, "for more than a century home bred, land proprietors, prosperous and happy, individual in habit, had easily preserved the instinct of their ancestry that the sole office of government was the administration of justice."⁸¹ On the other hand, Northerners, whom DuBose implied were of mongrelized stock, unhappy, and given to "isms" and poverty, employed government in league with commerce—a "bastard political force"—to protect "Captains of Industry" in their struggle to accumulate wealth and in the conquest of trade.⁸²

To DuBose the "gravamen" of Northern conspiracy in the South, the seat of "true" Americanism, was not the abolition of slavery; it was, rather, the "debauchment of the fiscal and monetary system" of the United States coupled with the destruction of civil government in Alabama.⁸³ According to DuBose, step by step the facilities of the planters to obtain money to operate their plantations were abridged.⁸⁴ DuBose estimated that "confiscation" of property in slaves reduced the DuBose family assets by three-fourths.⁸⁵ The federal government's seizure of cotton after the war further deprived the planter of needed capital. Burdensome federal cotton taxes compounded the plight of the Southern planter. The destruction wrought by the war and the increased expenses involved in the civic care of freed slaves caused added taxation in Alabama prior to Radical

⁸⁰See: Walter P. Webb, *Divided We Stand: The Crisis of a Frontierless Democracy* (Austin, 1944) and Benjamin B. Kendrick, "The Colonial Status of the South," *The Journal of Southern History*, VIII, 1 (February, 1942), pp. 3-22.

⁸¹DuBose, "Strategy in Politics," *Birmingham Weekly Iron Age*, February 25, 1886.

⁸²DuBose, "Yancey: A Study," *Gulf States Historical Magazine*, I, 4 (January, 1903), p. 248.

⁸³*Ibid.*; DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 56, *Age-Herald*, September 5, 1913.

⁸⁴DuBose and Greer, *Tragic Decade*, pp. 306-07.

⁸⁵DuBose, "Forty Years," p. 80.

⁸⁶DuBose, "Memoir," p. 80.

Reconstruction. Regular taxes were not collected in 1865 and 1866. In 1867, however, taxes were collected at a rate of one-fourth of one per cent. The Reconstruction government raised the rate to three-fourths of one per cent on property of all descriptions and imposed new license taxes. The rate was lowered to one-half of one per cent in 1871.⁹⁶

To DuBose, other causes contributed to the "debauchment of the fiscal and monetary system" of the United States and to the decline of cotton capitalism. Heavy industry in the South was either established by Northerners or quickly passed under their control. Alabama contributed far more to the federal pension fund than it received back. Furthermore, most Southerners paid insurance premiums to Northern companies.⁹⁷

In DuBose's opinion, all of these factors reduced large-scale planting to a co-operative enterprise with the ignorant freedman. The Negro was relegated to share and tenant farming rather than to wage labor, which riveted the crop-lein system to the South's economy. The Negro, whose effectiveness as a cotton producer declined with emancipation, shunned the methods under which the cotton economy had "flourished phenomenally" in the late 1850's, and he mutilated the plantations which had served as the basis of a liberal credit prior to the war.⁹⁸

The credit system for which DuBose longed in the post-war era was that of state-regulated private banks. Under such a system currency had remained at home to nourish Alabama's rich commerce from 1850 to 1860. The millions of bales of cotton sold at the port of Mobile had been paid for in the bills of Mobile banks, a transaction to which the sources of production—the up-river plantations of Alabama and Mississippi—responded sensitively.⁹⁹

⁹⁶DuBose and Greer, *Tragic Decade*, pp. 302-03; DuBose, "Eight Governors," Nos. 27 and 48, *Age-Herald*, May 12 and August 11, 1913; E. Merton Coulter, *The South During Reconstruction, 1865-1877*, vol. VIII of *A History of the South*, eds., Wendell H. Stephenson and E. Merton Coulter (Baton Rouge, 1947), pp. 10-13; Walter Fleming, *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama* (New York, 1905), pp. 571-73.

⁹⁷DuBose, "Forty Years," pp. 725-26.

⁹⁸*Ibid.*; DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 48, *Age-Herald*, August 11, 1913.

⁹⁹DuBose, "Forty Years," pp. 25-52.

Actually, DuBose, from the retrospect of the early twentieth century, idealized the credit system of the 1850's as he glorified the plantation life of the same period. After the State Bank of Alabama was put into liquidation in the 1840's, the growth of private banks was slow inasmuch as the state legislature was permitted to charter but one bank each session. By 1860 there were eight banks in existence with an aggregate capital of \$4,901,000 and with \$2,747,174 of specie. Their deposits totaled \$4,851,153.¹⁰⁰

In Alabama in the 1850's, however, the cotton factor usually served as the credit agency of the planter. The plantation system, a credit-capitalist enterprise, was characterized by speculation. Cotton factors charged interest rates ranging from eight to thirty per cent per annum. The private banks afforded ready local notes of exchange.¹⁰¹

From 1849 to 1859 cotton culture doubled in the Gulf states. Mississippi led the nation in cotton production with 1.2 million bales. Alabama was second with a production of a million bales.¹⁰² The DuBose family rose to wealth on this wave of increased production. Fixed in DuBose's mind in his old age was the memory of those prosperous, happy days.

The federal currency system inaugurated during the Civil War destroyed the credit and monetary system which DuBose idealized. Disregarding the general economic lag resulting from the war, DuBose, in part, made the federal ten per cent tax on the circulation of state banks the scapegoat for the South's financial problems. The tax prohibited a plentiful local currency and caused the decline of cotton capitalism; cotton production dropped from one bale per capita in Alabama in 1860 to one-half bale per capita in 1900.¹⁰³

¹⁰⁰Moore, *History of Alabama*, pp. 232-35.

¹⁰¹David L. Cohn, *The Life and Times of King Cotton* (New York, 1956), pp. 109-17.

¹⁰²*Ibid.*, p. 111.

¹⁰³DuBose, "The Negro in the War Amendments," No. 4, *Advertiser*, March 27, 1904; U. S. Bureau of the Census, *Preliminary Report on the Eighth Census, 1860* (Washington, 1862), pp. 201 and 131; U. S. Bureau of the Census, *Abstract of the Twelfth Census of the United States, 1900* (Washington, 1904), pp. 46 and 268.

DuBose concluded, however, that some "potential and abnormal force" other than the federal tax on state banks was responsible for the South's inadequate credit system; that "force," with which the North sought to dominate the South economically, was the Fourteenth Amendment.¹⁰⁴ The single motive behind the amendment, according to DuBose, was the preservation and the perpetuation of the public debt of the United States as a basis of credit and speculation for Northern and Eastern businessmen. He claimed that in 1865 they and their friends in Congress feared that President Johnson might try to compensate Southerners for emancipated slaves, resulting in repudiation of part of the national debt. They therefore concocted section four of the amendment, which DuBose considered the most "exhaustive fanaticism" in history; they repudiated the Confederate debt and guaranteed the validity of the federal debt.¹⁰⁵ Thus the promoters of the Fourteenth Amendment, under the pretense of enlarging the Negro's civil rights, laid the foundation for the Northern "money power."¹⁰⁶ Section four preserved and perpetuated the federal debt by securing it with internal taxes which fell on the products of the farm, and with unnecessary tariffs. These taxes, hoarded in favored Northern banks, were used by speculators and trusts rather than to pay off the national debt or to afford credit to other sections of the country.¹⁰⁷ In a statement which perhaps more incisively revealed the mind of the disillusioned was the Northern economic conspiracy embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment:

The agricultural element of wealth and population lost caste thus and that despoiled primary interest is assigned to a back seat in our civic customs. Abandoned farms, needy farm tenants, towns peopled by shiftless farmers and Democracy in tears make up the ungracious composite which once challenged the world.¹⁰⁸

From his disillusionment over a fallen society which had "once challenged" the world, DuBose never recovered. In the

¹⁰⁴DuBose, "The Negro in the War Amendments," No. 4.

¹⁰⁵*Ibid.*, Nos. 1 and 3.

¹⁰⁶*Ibid.*, No. 2.

¹⁰⁷*Ibid.*, No. 3; Also see: Webb, *Divided We Stand*, pp. 7-8.

¹⁰⁸DuBose, "The Negro in the War Amendments," No. 2.

1880's he turned to the "New South" ideology seeking solutions to the problems of post-Reconstruction Alabama. His newspaper articles and promotional literature were lavish in praise of Alabama's natural resources and replete with visions of economic rebirth.¹⁰⁹ His incursion into "New South" journalism made ideological demands on him which he could not meet. He was unable to commit himself to the road to the right which led to the South's alignment with the Northeast; he was too ardent a sectionalist ever to advocate the "New South" line of sectional reconciliation and northern-sponsored economic regeneration of the South. On the contrary, anything which appeared new about the South was actually a continuum from the Southern genius implanted at Jamestown to the "redeeming wisdom" of Southern politics in the twentieth century, by which he meant the victory of "true" American constitutionalism over the Northern revolution of 1831 to 1901.¹¹⁰ In stating his opinion of Southern genius and sectional nationalism, DuBose revealed in 1913 the sense of conspiracy which had pervaded his thought and which, in part, contributed to his disillusionment with life:

The South must be Southern or hide its talent. We are a competitor with the majority section of the union for influence in the government of both sections. We compete all around the world as the South... No population is as ours... We of the South maintain an interdependence of the purest bred Anglo Saxon race in the United States with the lowest race of the genus homo and yet our character remains firm upon the ancient ideals. Despite the effort of the government for many continuous years and Europe we have made history illustrious with our deeds.¹¹¹

Actually, DuBose was uneasy that Alabama had not made history "illustrious" with her deeds. The questions which vexed him early in his journalistic career still troubled him. Would it be "Alabama capital and native white labor, or shall it be foreign capital and an alien race" which developed Alabama's industries? Would the "sons and daughters of Alabama have

¹⁰⁹Birmingham *Weekly Iron Age*, 1885-86, *passim*; DuBose, "Birmingham," *Northern Alabama*, p. 747.

¹¹⁰DuBose and Greer, *Tragic Decade*, p. 8.

¹¹¹DuBose, "Eight Governors," No. 8, *Age-Herald*, February 16, 1913.

preserved for them the rights born of Alabama soil?"¹¹² By 1887 the answers to these questions were apparent to DuBose; he foresaw the economic colonialism to which Alabama's new industrial life would succumb between 1887 and 1914.¹¹³

In the late 1880's and early 1890's, DuBose not only understood the economic plight of the Alabama farmer, he was still essentially identified with him psychologically. Therefore, it was only natural that he turn to the free-silver panacea of Kolb, Bryan, and Johnston in the 1890's. With the failure of the silver movement, DuBose retreated to the ideological security of the memory of his ante-bellum Canebrake plantation. To him it still symbolized all that had been good, true, and beautiful in his life. The "Great Reaction," to which the Virginia aristocrat George Fitzhugh referred in 1863, occurred when DuBose was a young man; it molded his thinking for the remainder of his life.¹¹⁴

¹¹²DuBose, "A Practical Question," *Birmingham Weekly Iron Age*, February 11, 1886.

¹¹³Woodward, *New South*, pp. 291-320.

¹¹⁴George Fitzhugh, "The Revolutions of 1776 and 1861 Contrasted," *Southern Literary Messenger*, XXXVII (1863), p. 723.

FREEDOM HILLS

*by**Robert R. Madden*

Presented here is a partial exploration of a section and a society found in northwest Alabama and northeast Mississippi that are antithetic to their respective states. The interstate region is hill country, and its inhabitants are akin to all hill people in their independence of spirit and body. Their hills are called "The Freedom Hills," and aptly so, for theirs is the freedom of the frontier, subdued somewhat by modern encroachments but jealously guarded by each generation until passed on to the next.

Generally, the section must be considered a distant and less colorful relative of the southern Appalachian chain. It shares many of the ills common to hill country, yet possesses few of the economic and scenic attractions of the Southern highlands. Apparently, the forces that shaped the lofty beauty of Appalachia ran short of material and energy when they moved into the Freedom Hills area, and simply heaped the "left-overs" there in irregular sequence.

It is not a neat land, nor does it burst forth in season, but it does possess a beauty of its own. It is a quiet beauty that comes with age, for the dwarfed hills were there long before the first man walked over them, and the stunted pine grew beneath the hardwood many years before the ax and crosscut felled both. Today, the land stands in stark relief, its ragged form hidden in places by second-growth forests, and its crust scarred by incessant stream action.

This land takes much from those who use it, and as with all hill people, they grow old early in life. For many of them, home is a small, rock-strewn farm, and living is a cyclic process of trying to coax more than a bare subsistence from the uncooperative soil. Cotton, though influential, was never king there, and slaves were more often a luxury than an economic fact of life. The planter's society was far removed from those red clay and sandstone hills.

The people, though reserved, are not inhospitable, although they have an inherent distrust of most things outside their sphere. It has been said that they put their "faith in God, next year's crop, and the Democratic Party."

To define the location of Freedom Hills is an exasperating task. Geographically, the region could be termed a subdivision of the Tennessee River Hills, lying east of U. S. 45, south of U. S. 72, and north of U. S. 78, with the eastern limits undefined. These boundaries appear accurate when looking at a map or during an on-site inspection of the land, but to the people who live there no such clearly drawn lines exist. According to them, Freedom Hills extends just over the next ridge, or into the next county, or to the north or south. These directions could obviously lead completely out of the actual area. Many people say it is found almost entirely within the State of Alabama, others claim most of it for Mississippi. Some place the section between the Tombigbee River and Bear Creek, others contend that it is found further to the east. Since this is more of a social boundary than a geographic one, it is impossible to draw a clear-cut line. Thus, an arbitrary delineation is necessary, and that previously outlined section of the Tennessee River Hills must be accepted as the general location of Freedom Hills.

Where did the term "Freedom Hills" come from, and when was it first used to describe the subject section? Satisfactory answers cannot be found to either question. Many opinions are available for the asking, any one of which seems as logical as the next. Some of the more credible ones are: 1. The section was a haven for Confederate deserters during the Civil War; 2. The free spirit of the inhabitants is the basis for the appellation; 3. Many lawbreakers have found safety and freedom in the hills; 4. The State laws requiring the fencing of livestock are not fully obeyed in the hills, and the animals run free; 5. Some few claim that the term arises from the fact that the people have generally been left alone, especially in regard to their "moonshining" activities.

Efforts to pin down the origin of this term were as fruitless as those directed toward defining the geographic limits of the section. Both are indefinable.

The elevation of the Freedom Hills rises from 400 feet to nearly 1,000 feet, with the higher reaches found in Alabama. The land is drained by several large streams, including the Tombigbee and Tusculumbia Rivers and Yellow, Bear, and Bull Mountain Creeks.

The soil found in the stream bottoms is a rich, sandy loam, though the valleys are generally narrow and walled with drab, sandstone ledges. These valleys once supported extensive forests, featuring the white, willow, and water oaks, sycamore, dogwood, red gum, cypress, black locust, hackberry, ash, beech, pine, and hickory. Most of the trees were cut for lumber or to make way for farming, and today loblolly pine is taking possession. It is not uncommon to see an abandoned farm site that is grown up with pines and blackberry and plum thickets.

The thin, sandy soil of the hills, combined with the precipitous topography, make the slopes and summits ill-suited for agriculture. They, like the valleys, were covered with forests of large timber, but the more valuable tracts have long since been cut. The most abundant trees of the hills today are second-growth shortleaf and loblolly pines and blackjack oaks. Remnants of the hardwood forests still stand in the more inaccessible areas and shade the mountain laurel, deerberry, larkspur, birdfoot violet, and Indian pink.

In the summer this land appears lush and green. The thick foliage of the forest cover hides the barren sandstone ledges and shields the gullied maze of the hillsides. The large streams run lazily on, while the smaller ones are reduced to mere trickles. Chilled, clear water flows from many springs, often pooling in a pleasant fern-carpeted glade. The woods abound with small game, and the streams are well stocked with bass, perch, bream, and catfish.

The first "killing frost" exposes the land. The leaves accumulate in brush-filled gullies, and the trees hold precariously to the rock ledges. But even in winter there is color and beauty, for the evergreens stand out against the gray background, and the mistletoe crowns many of the lofty hardwoods. The hickories are surrounded by the broken hulls of their fruit, showing

where the squirrels have planned for winter, and at the warmest time of the warmer winter days, the bass still rise to the surface.

This, in brief, describes the Freedom Hills area. It is a poor land, one that labors to cover its poverty beneath some semblance of beauty.

In 1817, Mississippi became the 20th state to enter the Union, and in 1819 Alabama added the 22nd star to the national flag. Much of the territory of both states was still Indian land, and would be until the 1830's, for the Cherokee, Creek, and Chickasaw were not at all anxious to give up their homelands. They were, of course, unable to hold back the white man, and treaties were soon signed whereby the Indian sold his land to the United States.

On October 20, 1832, at the Council House on Pontotoc Creek, representatives of the Chickasaw Nation affixed their signature to a treaty which ceded the remaining Chickasaw lands east of the Mississippi to the United States.* Most of this cession lay in north Mississippi, but there was a small overlap into northwest Alabama. This overlap and the area immediately adjacent in northeast Mississippi encompassed the section that was to become the Freedom Hills.

Due to last-ditch efforts by the Chickasaw and to surveying problems, the cession was not offered at public sale until the first Monday in January 1836. The sales were held at the Pontotoc Land Office. They continued until May of 1854, when the remaining land was sold for what it would bring.

Article 15 of the Treaty of Pontotoc forbade settlement on any ceded land before it was sold, but the "sooner" of the 1830's paid as much attention to this treaty section as his

*Actually, the Chickasaw land referred to in the Pontotoc Treaty, 1832, was not in the public domain, for it was divided into a separate land district and sold by the Government in trust for the tribe. No money was taken from the Federal Treasury to pay for the land, rather the Chickasaw received the revenue from the sale, minus the cost of surveying and of selling.

counterparts of a later era gave to the treaties involving western land. All during 1833, 1834, and 1835, families moved onto the land and began establishing permanent homes. When the region was officially opened, they were among the first to obtain land patents. Others followed, and though the Freedom Hills area was never thickly settled, there were numerous small settlements scattered among the valleys.

Roads were laid out providing access to the Tennessee or Tombigbee River, or one of their navigable tributaries. Settlements were connected and the growth process began. Growth was not rapid, for this was not a "boom land," but it was steady and built on solid foundations.

By the 1850's, most of the tillable land was taken. In the valleys, farmers first planted their grains and fodders, as well as foodstuffs, on land that was once covered with hardwood forests. Later, a little tobacco was raised for home use, and some cotton was planted, both as a money crop and for family needs.

For the era, the land's resources were few, and certainly offered no quick fortunes. Water power was abundant and building materials, both wood and stone, were easily obtainable. Gravel deposits were everywhere, and just below the southeastern boundary of the area, iron and coal deposits were found. Freedom Hills itself, however, was economically poor. Ironically, its prime asset, timber, was stripped from the hills by northern lumbermen who invaded the area in the late 1830's.

No comprehensive study has been made of this section, and the people who settled it were not a writing breed. They were too much occupied with the business of living to be concerned with the questions of historians yet unborn. County and state records show us little save the conventional. The section is rich in folklore, but the scope of this report denies its inclusion.

For the most part, the settlers of the Freedom Hills came from Tennessee, the Carolinas, and Georgia. Many of the early settlers were migrants from other hill homes farther east.

Propagation of the society they left behind could have been one reason why they stopped and once more drove roots into a familiar type of rocky soil.

The character of these people has changed little over the years. They are generally a sober, reserved group with strong feelings about family ties, religion, and their brand of justice. They present a united front against any unsolicited change from the outside, and consider Republicans, "Foreigners," and non-Protestants as aliens.

The prohibitionist attitude which exists in the Freedom Hills dates from the 1850's, but it directed toward the taxed potables, not the "ho-made corn." Even today, the wisp of smoke just over the ridge could rise from a cabin, or from a small fire under a concealed "still." Although not as numerous as they once were, the "worm and copper kittle" are still found in a few of the more remote hollows.

The hill people are staunch devotees of the Jeffersonian principle of the least government being the best government. Nevertheless, they have grown to expect the government to provide passable roads, schools, a few days' work for the county during hard times, T. V. A. power, an occasional welfare check, food commodities, Federal farm subsidies, and Social Security payments. At the same time, any law that tends to diminish their individual freedom is abhorred, and, when possible, ignored. This naturally does not produce the textbook version of the civic-minded citizen. Collectively, they are law abiding, but in some cases they have interpreted the law to suit themselves. There have been instances when a man who lived outside the law was admired, if not actually aided and abetted by these hill people. The best example of this was the elusive Kenny Wagner, who often found sanctuary among the hills. Fresh, wild meat is served year round in many homes, and contrary to state laws, domestic animals are seldom fenced in, but given the run of the hills.

Many of the older hill dwellers still hold to folk ways, and are certain that "herbs and yarbs" will cure any ailment. The farmers of the younger generation, who now cultivate the val-

leys and hillsides, no longer plant and harvest by tradition, but this is a fairly recent change. During times of drought they now look to the skies, hope, and listen to weather forecasts, and perhaps say, "its God's will;" but their ancestors fought a drought in the mid-1800's in a different manner. Then it was blamed on a new telegraph line, the first to cross the section. Obviously, the logical way to end the drought was to remove the line, and this was done by ax-wielding farmers.

During the early years, the people had little time for anything outside their immediate labors. The county Democratic primary was and is a hotly contested affair, but there was only a lukewarm interest in state, national, or international happenings. Occasionally, some event transpiring far from the sandstone hills would strike their fancy, and they were quick to voice opinions. A look at the map of the area would indicate that these people were very much aware of the struggle with Mexico in the 1840's. The exotic place names of Saltillo, Bexar, and Jacinto are not common to the hill vernacular, yet they designate sites in or near the Freedom Hills. Perhaps some of the hill men served under Jefferson Davis or John Quitman in Mexico, and returned to boast of seeing "Sal-tiller" or "Jay-center."

At any rate, it is safe to assume that the Mexican War was much more popular in the hills than the ensuing Civil War. Most of the hill people had no ax to grind over slavery, and few of them sought to defend the "magnolia-scented society." Their delegates to the secession conventions voted almost unanimously to remain in the Union. Few were affected by the noble sounding motives of the secessionists, and seeds of lethargy toward the war were planted in many minds. Although the hill men donned the gray, the section never wholeheartedly embraced the "Lost Cause," nor was it seriously affected by the war's passage. There were some damage and privation, but the area's lack of strategic importance placed it in the war's backwash.

Certainly, the greatest harm done to Freedom Hills by the war was the loss of life, and the fact that some of those who left the hills to fight the war never returned, but chose instead to seek new opportunities elsewhere.

Today, the section is practically deserted. Livestock production and tree farms are replacing the small valley farm, but more important are the industries of the surrounding area. Factories at Corinth, Tupelo, Booneville, Iuka, and Fulton in Mississippi, and Hamilton, Russellville, Cherokee, Florence, Tusculumbia, and Sheffield in Alabama, draw men and women from the hills.

The new is rapidly replacing the old, and eventually. Freedom Hills, spirit and history, will be forgotten.

IRA VAN DEUSEN: A FEDERAL VOLUNTEER IN NORTH ALABAMA

By Ron Bennett

Exactly what impelled my great-grandfather, Ira Van Deusen, to respond to President Lincoln's call for volunteers in the spring of 1862 is somewhat of a mystery.

Any one of many personal considerations probably should have ruled out such a move, judged by today's concepts. Consider the facts: He was then 39. He had a brood of nine children to feed and clothe. His wife Harriet soon was to give birth to their tenth child. He was in debt and poor, a farmer scratching out a living near New Middleton¹ in Marion County, Illinois.

Despite these adverse circumstances, he did enlist and left his oldest sons and neighbors to harvest the corn and wheat, his wife to milk the cows and weave the clothes. In Salem he joined hundreds of others who had also abandoned the plow to form into the 111th Illinois Infantry Regiment to fight the "sesh."

Along with fellow Company H soldiers half his age, he trained and scouted and marched and fought, an uncomplaining man who was never to see his family or farm again. He died in Andersonville Prison while his buddies marched on to the sea with Sherman.

Apart from military records describing my great-grandfather as 5 feet 9½ inches, blue-eyed and dark-haired, one can only fashion him from letters he wrote home during the Civil War. So far 42 letters² he exchanged with his wife have been collected. None of them answers why he enlisted under such unseemly conditions. They do reveal a God-fearing character and a touch of pioneer courage. Perhaps he inherited these

¹Renamed Iuka in 1867.

²Originals or copies have been placed in the Illinois State Historical Library, Springfield, by Van Deusen's descendants.



IRA VAN DEUSEN 1861
(1823-1864)

qualities from his earliest forebear reaching these shores, Abraham Pietersen Van Deursen,³ who with his bride arrived in 1630 among the first Dutch to settle and tame the wild Indian country now known as New York City.

Through his unpolished prose shines a sensitivity of feeling for the war's innocents, the women and children battered by events into which they were inextricably drawn. His letters reveal a spirit against violence, yet he became a soldier. He expressed a deep love for his family, yet he left it voluntarily.

* * * *

In the chill of the morning on October 31, 1862, Van Deusen's regiment, commanded by Col. James S. Martin, left Salem for Columbus, Ky., where the troops, instead of going to the fighting front as anticipated, were assigned to garrison duty. For active, lithe and still undisciplined frontiersmen, it was a hellish, frustrating winter, one of cramped living conditions,⁴ rampant disease, death, desertions and boredom. After snows melted in the spring, the regiment went up the Tennessee River to Fort Heiman, Ky., and spent some time scouting through Kentucky and Tennessee before being ordered to Paducah.

When the next November arrived, the regiment was again sent up the Tennessee, some dispatched without success on a raid after Mosby and his Confederate troops. The regiment went into winter quarters at Pulaski, spending most of the time foraging. In February, 1864, the unit marched into Alabama, took Decatur, then spent time at Larkinsville. It was there the regiment was transferred from the 16th Army Corps to the 15th, commanded by Gen. John A. Logan.

Then came the march southward in Georgia, the Atlanta campaign which opened May 1 and, as it did for thousands of others in the blue and the gray, spelled the end for Private Van Deusen.

Let us trace the warpath of that farmer-soldier by his letters. They have been edited only to the extent of omitting the repetitious or trite, clarifying certain records and punctuating for the sake of easier reading.

³Name probably derived from Deursen, a village in the province of Brabant in the Netherlands. Van means "from." His offspring dropped the "r," changing the spelling to Deusen.

⁴Van Deusen: ". . . Our tents is seven feet square for four or five men so you ce [see] how much room we have . . . Their is the measels and mumps. . ."

Columbus, Ky., Dec. 27, 1862

"... Their is between ten and twelve thousan of us here becides the cvelry [cavalry] and gun boats. They say their is between fourty and fifty thousan cesh..."

Columbus, Ky., Jan. 29, 1863

"... Three more men died last knight. That makes twenty three has died and twenty 8 has deserted⁵... A fine lot of cesh prisners went up the River a few days ago. They was twenty five hondred... taken in Arcansaw & a while before that they was some over seven hondred from the hollow springs becides some times 10 & 20 & 30... So you ce [see] our soldiers is doing some thing. It apears like we are not doing much but some body has to guard this place..."

Columbus, Ky., Mar. 1, 1863

"... We hear the rebels about Salem say they wil protect the diserters, that they cant be brought back. They say the [w]hole of the 111 Regt. cant take one from there. Wel now if the officers will let me & 24 more such as I can pick go up there if we can find them & dont bring them back they may have what they ow me. I want to go and fetch them back so as to let them know that they can be brought back."

Fort Heiman, Ky., Mar. 25, 1863

"... We are campt in a tobacco barn on a high bluf on the State line between Ky. & Tenn. a little a bove fort henry & this is a cold windy day... We live sorter rough for we did not take any thing to cook in but a little kittle to make cofee in... We broil our meet [meat] & eat crack-ers & drink coffee & live fat."

Fort Heiman, Ky., Apr. 9, 1863

"... I am well except my feet. They are sore on the bottom whear I blisterd them walking... We went to Paris, Tenn., & went into the court hous at night but when we

⁵Desertions in both Union and Confederate armies ran as high as 10 per cent, according to Henry Steele Commager, *The Blue and the Gray*.

wanted anything to eat we would scatter out in Town 20 or 30 in a place & git it & then let them [ask] old Abe for pay. We staid there 3 nights but in the day we would scatter out in the country & whear they had negros we would order them to send them to Fort Heiman with six days rashions to work on the fort & they would send them right long so by the time we got back they had about 100 at work.

"Day befour yesterday me & nine others went to a old sesh about ten miles south of Paris & ordered him to send six. He did not want to but we told him if he did not we would come & take him & his negros so he promist to send them. We [ate] dinner with a nother sesh & ordered him to send 2 negrs. The old sesh a bout Paris is rich & when we wanted anything to eat we would order them to git it. We would eat & go & not pay for anything.

"They was onley about 3 hondred of us & fourty cavelry. We tuck 3 yoak of fat oxes & 6 or 8 hondred weight of bacon & sum salt & 10 bushels of sweet potatoes & as many irish potatoes & the cavelry tuck 3 prisners & when we went to start back we tuck 2 negros out of jail & the police-man sed they would layway the road & take them back but they did not. We got back today a bout 11 oclock... Wel I mus hurry. The boat is going to start..."

Fort Heiman, Ky., May 4, 1863

"...I told you in one of my letters we had bin out after negros to work on the fort. Wel they come & have made over a quarter of a mild of brest works & then we have got a strip of fallen timber from 50 to 60 yards wide & thick a nough to make a good brush fence & a bout 3 miles long & goes in a half surcle [circle] a round out cide of the picket line. It commenses at the River & around back to the River again. That is to keep the cavelry & artillary out."

Paducah, Ky., June 11, 1863

"...We have a nice camp ground. It is a level old field. Our camps [tents?] is in straight rose & the streets be-

tween is thoad [thrown] up in a good ridge & we have got our tents bilt about 4 feet high with plank & our tents on top & we got bunks fixd so we dont have to sleep on the ground.”

Pulaski, Tenn., Nov. 12, 1863

“...I can hardly walk. We left Paducah the 1 day of Nov. We went up the Tennasee River & we got to Eastport, Alabamma, the night of the 4 & the next day we went to gravel spring, Al., & there was sum of the boys got behind & the gurilers fired at them & kild Bish Massa & shot another in the throat & shot a niger in the (shoulder) & took 4 prisoners & the next day 2 Co. of us went on a scout & we got after them & they run.

“I didnt see but 3 of them & then was going as fast as there horses could carry them but we took a old prisner that had 3 suns in the arma. We found one of our boys cartridg box and a harver sack in the old mans loft & we got his suns Commission. He was lieut. in the rebel arma & we burnt the old mans mill & crib & stabl & one of his houses & 4 or 5 hondred bushels of wheat & on the 8 we left the spring & the night of the 9 we s[t]aid all night [at] lawderdail mill on shole Creek. Yesterday we past pinhook on shugar creek...”⁶

Pulaski, Tenn., Jan. 2, 1864

“... There is a bout 15 thousan soldiers here now & they say more comeing. I dont know what they are going to do but the prettyest fire I ever see was the other night. It was dark & I was on a high hill & looked a cross on a side hill whear there was a bout 10 thousan soldiers in Camp. They covered 50 or 60 acres & there fires looked like that many stars onley so mutch bigger & brighter...”

Pulaski, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1864

“... Yesterday ... word come that the ninth Ills. Regt. was in a fite out bout 25 miles from here... We drew a

⁶According to Peter A. Brannon, director of the State of Alabama Department of Archives and History, Eastport was near what is now known as Chickasaw; Pinhook Springs is now Wheeler (about 20 miles west of Decatur); Gravelly Springs is about 30 miles west of Wheeler.

hondred cartridges & got in line redy to start then we was ordered to stack arms & wait for orders... A wounded soldier come in last night & he said our men had drove the revels back so I dont think we wil have to go but if we do I think we wil make them feel the weight of led & steel for we have our new Springfield rifles & they are splended guns & we have lived on mush & beef soop until I think we would fight like wild cats..."

Pulaski, Tenn., Feb. 21, 1864

"...I was out in the country yesterday & I find there is plenty of people that dont have enough to eat & go very nigh naked. There is some women & children that has bin bear footed all winter. There was 1 old woman told me she had not had anything baught out of the store sence the war commenst. Everything is very high—eggs is worth from 25 to 50 cents per dozen & milk 50 cents a galon, pies the size you make from 25 to 35 cents piece but I have not baught but one pie & one dozen of eggs & a half loaf of corn bred sence I left Paducah.

"...A turiable murder took place a few nights ago a bout 2 miles from here. A gang of gurrillers went to a hous & cald the man to the dore. They fired at him. He stept back in the hous. They followed him & kild him & the baby he had in his arms & shot a little girl in the stomache mortly & the old woman slightly."

Pulaski, Tenn. Feb. 24, 1864

"... We got marching orders last night so we came back to Pulaski this morning & we are going to start to the junction of the Nashville & Memphis Railroad in Alabama a bout 60 miles from here... in the morning at sunrise..."

"I must tel you I expected to try my spunk with the gur-rilers last Sunday night about 8 oclock... A man hollard murder murder a bout a quarter of a mild from the picket line. The Capt. cald for 12 volunteers to go & see what was up. We got our guns & loded them & was off in a few minutes. I felt like I yousto when I got on a fresh buck track.

"We got to the picket & we heard them comeing in. It was an old man. There had been two negros steeling his chickens & the old man went out to make them let them alone & they nocked the old man down with a rock & was a bout to kill him but he got a way from them. We got one of the negros... in the guardhous & I think they wil hang him..."

Larkinsville, Ala., Mar. 26, 1864

"... It rained most all day yesterday & the snow is most all gon. There is some on the side hills. The people down here say it is the coldest winter they ever seen... [We] have plenty to eat, nothing to do only git wood & set by the fire & whitle cedar wood... I was whittleing out some table legs to make me a writing table when I got your letter. I finished it & this is the first writing I have done on it..."

Larkinsville, Ala., Apr. 29, 1864

"... We are looking for orders to be redy to start all the time now. We have turned over every thing onley what we can cary on our backs'... I have drawn 50 rounds of cartridge & then run 50 or 60 bullets for my revolver... Wel the word just now come that we wil start to Chat a noga in the morning... There is a mity busle about camp afixing to start..."

That letter brings us to the start of the Atlanta campaign, that masterful series of flanking movements of General Sherman, pressing General Johnston back to Atlanta, and the latter's brilliant defensive movements. We continue with Van Deusen's last five letters, datelines of which are familiar to students of this phase of the war.

"Wahatche station in 4 or 5 miles of
Chatnoga, May 5, 1864

"... We started from Larkinsville the first day of May & tonite finds us in camp at the foot of the lookout Moun-

¹General Sherman had his armies strip for action at the outset of the Atlanta campaign. Tents and wagon trains were largely eliminated. Troops carried their own basic food supplies.

tains. We got here a little befoure sundown. We have had fine times since we left Larkinsville. We have plenty to eat & travel slow tho I expect we will have to go a little faster now for they say they are fiting about 28 miles from here... Fourty thousan left here this morning & there is a bout 20 thousan of us & they keep comeing on the cars. There was a bout 20 trains of cars loaded with soldiers past us last night & this morning & there was a train just now come. They say we are going to dalton & there is to be a hondred & 60 thousan of us. I reckon the rebels wil think that is some yankeys...

"I sleep rite out dorse just on the ground whear ever it hapens but if we can put down this rebellion & then I can git to come home safe & sound & find you all well I wont mind the hardships. We start from here at 6 oclock in the morning..."

"7 miles northeast of Dalas, Georgia
June 5, 1864

"...I am sitting under my...blanket in the woods a quarter of a mild back of our front brestworks. It rained all night...& there was but little fireing or skirmish & everything is still... This morning the rebels have fel back ... I expect we will move on after them today... There was a rebel Captain & 30 men come & give themselves up this morning..."

"I expect you think you feel the afect of this war but my dear you have no idea how the women & children suffer here whear we run there husbands & fathers from there homes & sometimes kill them at their one dorse [own doors] & then our men take everything they have to eat & some places tair up everything in the house & tair up there gardens & paster [pester?] there wheat fields & burn their fences so they cant make anything this year.

"I have seen sum nice pieces of corn & wheat but by the time 2 or 3 thousan cavelry & 5 or 6 hondred waggeons & teams & 30 or 40 thousan men pass through you may

guess it very near all trompt down & if it is whear we camp it takes over a hondred acres for our camp. Any whear near whear we pas every thing is destroyed. . .”

Acworth, Ga., June 8, 1864°

“... W.W. Porter is ded tho I expect you will hear it befour you git this. I am sorrow for Malinda & hur children & Emma. I know they feel bad tho there is thousands in the same fix. Barney boswel is ded. He was shot through the arm. . .”

“June 10—I was on guard night befour last & yesterday our cavelry had a rite smart skirmish fite. Yesterday they run the rebels & kild & wounded & took 18 & lost a bout 40. We have orders to leave here at 6 oclock this morning. . .”

“June 11, 1864, 6 miles below
Ackworth, Georgia, on the railroad

“... We left Ackworth yesterday morning & moved slowly down here. We had some skirmish fighting. There was a few wounded but no one kild as I heard of. We are now in two or three miles of the rebels whear they are fortifyde but I think they wil run again for they burnt a cotton gin & a lot of cotton yesterday evening when they see us comeing. I think by that they love to run & I hope they will for I would rather run them than to fight them. . .

“Wel the news has just come in that the rebels has run again & I hope they wil keep runing while they are rebels. I hope they wil lay down there arms without our haveing to kill any more of them for it is not a pleasant site to see ded men lying scatered over the woods & it is les pleasant to see women & children runing screaming & crying leaveing there homes, some bair headed & some bair footed & nothing to eat. It is a trying time in this country. . .”

°In this letter he listed more than 30 towns (and dates) he had passed through since leaving Illinois Nov. 1, 1862.

June 8th 1864 Neworth Georgia
 well Catharine as I have nothing
 to do I will send you a list
 of the towns I have bin in since
 I left Ills. Feb 7th 1864 Nashville, Tenn
 November 1st 1862 Feb 15 Prospect, on
 Nov 1 Columbus, Ky. (Elk River)
 Feb 13¹⁸⁶³ Memphis, Tenn Feb 26 Athan, Ala.
 March 13 Paducah, Ky March 8 Decatur, Ala
 Apr 5 Paris, Tenn May 16 Moresville, Ala
 Sept. 1 Mayfield, Ky Mar 18 Huntsville, Ala
 Sept 2 Farmington, Ky Mar 19 Jenkinsville, Ala
 Sept 3 Murray, Ky Mar 25 Sealsboro, Ala
 Sept 4 Coopersville, Tenn May 2 Bollinger, Ala
 Nov 1 Savannah, Tenn May 3 Bridgeport, Ala
 Nov 5 Eastport, Ala where the railroad
 Nov 7 Lawderdail, Ala crosses the river
 Nov 10 Lexington, Ala May 18 Adair, on the
 Nov 11 Pinhook, Tenn. railroad, ~~Geo~~
 Nov 12 Pulaski, Tenn May 22 in 2 miles of
 Feb 4 1864 Vinville Kingston, Georgia
 Tenn May 27 Grates, Georgia
 8 Columbia, Tenn June 6 Neworth Georgia
 Feb 5 Springhill, Ala

“June 28th, 1864, Kinneysaw Mountain, Ga.

“...I was just fixing to go around on the west side of the mountain to make a charge on the rebels. We started after dark & went 4 or 5 miles & staid til morning then we laid of[f] our coats and knapsacks & started for the rebels works & drove them out of there first works but failed to take the fort.”

“It was a hard fight. Our Regt. got 17 wounded & one kild. Capt. (J.V.) Andrews Co. A was kild. Capt. (W.H.) Walker (of Co. B) mortaly wounded... One [in] our Co. got one of his fingers shot of[f] Our Regt. was in 2 lines & our Co. was in the rear line so you see we didnt have any fiteing to do tho the bullets came as thick as hail. They cut bushes all around us.

“We fel back a little piece & built brestworks. Then late in the evening they had the hardest artilary fite I ever see. We was about half way between the rebels canon & ours & such a roaring you never heard. The rebles shels come to[o] high to do mutch hurt. Then after dark our division was reliev'd & we have gon back to the rear a bout a mild.

“Our kin here is all well I believe... I want to see you & the children very bad tho I dont no as I shall ever have the pleasure of seeing you again but I am stil in hopes I wil sometime & if I dont on this earth I hope we wil meet in heaven whear we wil have no more trouble...”

That is the last Van Deusen letter. It describes the first day of the bloody Kennesaw Mountain battle, in which Sherman changed from his flanking tactics to an all-out frontal assault, resulting in extremely heavy losses. Thereafter Sherman resumed his usual mode of fighting, forcing the Confederate forces on July 17 to withdraw to Atlanta. The main battle there on July 22 was described as the hardest fight of the entire campaign. It was then that Van Deusen was apparently captured, as his company muster role noted him “missing in action since July 22/64.”

*Not a classical fort but rather, strongly fortified defense works.

Records in Washington, D.C., bear the notation that Van Deusen "died of disease in prison, Andersonville, Ga.,¹⁰ Nov. 27th, 1864." Exact place of burial is unknown.

His widow and children were awarded a survivors' pension totalling \$8 a month.

¹⁰To buttress his argument for the proposed march splitting the Confederacy, Sherman advanced, in addition to economic and political reasons, the possibility of freeing some 30,000 Union prisoners at Andersonville while en route to Savannah. This was not accomplished. He permitted two cavalry units to attempt the mission but they were easily repulsed.

THE JOURNAL OF SARAH G. FOLLANSBEE

*Edited by**Mrs. Virginia K. Jones*

Among the numerous accounts of the war years 1861 to 1865 in Alabama, the Journal of Miss Sarah G. Follansbee stands apart, the product of an articulate and literate school teacher from an old New England family. Forced by necessity to support herself, she took advantage of a good position in the South two years before the Civil War broke out. Deciding to continue teaching in the South, Sarah and her sister, Charlotte, spent the duration in Montgomery, Alabama. Her journal reflects the peculiarity of her position, unflinchingly loyal to the Union, but loving her neighbors and understanding while disagreeing with their political beliefs. The portion of her journal beginning with her arrival in Alabama in 1859 and continuing into the period of Reconstruction is printed here because it gives an unusual view into the tumultuous years of the 1860's and 1870's as they were experienced in Central Alabama.

Based upon letters, diaries, and recollections, the journal gives a modest account of an intelligent and popular young lady in the north prior to the Civil War. The concluding pages of the journal are omitted along with the first pages. Those that are printed recount the life of a much-respected school teacher at the height of her career. The entire journal covers 155 pages, and has been kept by her family until her great-nephew, Maj. Horace Stringfellow, allowed it to be used in this publication. In the informality of her journal Miss Follansbee was much given to the use of the dash as a punctuation mark, and she sometimes made careless errors. These have been corrected only where it has seemed necessary for the sense of the sentence.

Sarah G. Follansbee was born Dec. 24, 1824, the fourth of seven children born to John Follansbee and Elizabeth W. (Haynes). For generations the Follansbees had been prominent agriculturalists and ship builders in the vicinity of Haverhill, Massachusetts. A series of financial reverses beginning with the collapse of a wholesale flour business in 1839, kept the

family in reduced circumstances. With no prospect for immediate improvement in his finances Mr. Follansbee gave up his cherished idea of sending his two older daughters to New Hampton College.

Without telling her father, who believed his daughters only prepared to be "parlor ladies," Sarah at the age of seventeen took the examination for teaching in the public schools of Philadelphia. Passing it, she received an appointment and thus began what was to be her life's work. The next year brought advancement to another school at higher pay. When scarcely twenty-one, she became principal of New Street School, and the same year her sister Charlotte, who was to be her wartime companion in the South, began her teaching career at the age of eighteen.

In 1846 Mr. Follansbee suffered his severest reverses and to save his self-respect was forced to give up everything "even the piano to one creditor." He left Philadelphia going first to Camden and finally to Pittsburg where he spent the remainder of his life.

The one great love in the life of Sarah Follansbee was Dr. Reynell Coates, a scientist and educator of some renown. He had studied medicine under Dr. Benjamin Rush and had graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1823. By the time he met Sarah, he had published several volumes based on scientific expeditions to India and to the South Sea, as well as articles and books related to medicine and physiology. His wife had died, and he had little means, but in learned circles his reputation was considerable. In 1844 he entered the field of politics, authoring the national address of the Native American Party. Eight years later he was the vice-presidential nominee of the American Party on the ticket with Daniel Webster.

Becoming acquainted with Sarah in 1843 at a New Jersey resort, he continued his attentions to the young school teacher twenty-two years his junior until 1848 when the couple became formally engaged. Their marriage was delayed until Dr. Coates should be in a position to support a wife. When his prospects were at their lowest ebb, Coates offered to release Sarah from

her pledge, but she stoutly averred, "I prefer to be the affianced of Reynell Coates for my life time and would consider it a greater honor than to be the wife of any man were he the greatest potentate on earth." And so she remained, "the affianced of Reynell Coates" who died in Camden, New Jersey, in 1886.

In the meantime, however, Dr. Coates was her constant escort to lectures, concerts, art exhibits, and any event of broadening, cultural influence which took place in Philadelphia. On one occasion he took her drawings to Thomas Sully, who was impressed to the point of offering her the use of his studio even though he did not take students.

The years continued so until 1859 when the president of East Alabama Female College in Tuskegee offered Sarah the position of presiding teacher. The present presiding teacher who had resigned to take the same position at the Judson Institute was none other than Charlotte Follansbee. Charlotte's entreaties and the hope that perhaps it was she who "was to be the medium of more prosperous days in which [Sarah and Reynell's] lives were to be united," prevailed and Sarah made preparations for her departure.

After a year at the college in Tuskegee, Sarah moved to the Judson Institute, only to transfer again the following year to Montgomery to teach in the Home School, run by Prof. Henry Holcombe Bacon. After a year the Follansbee sisters purchased the school which became an "institution" in the city until "Miss Saade" Follansbee closed it. Unfortunately Miss Follansbee frequently failed to tidy up her stories with proper conclusions. When she gave up the thought of marrying Dr. Coates and when her school closed were two notable examples. As much as possible details have been added from other records, the existence of which prove the mark "Miss Saade," the Yankee school teacher, left on the city of Montgomery.

Tuskegee, East Ala Female College—an imposing building—ample grounds—fine assembly room—well filled with young lady students—surroundings pleasing also President and Faculty—but most of the first month I was very nervous by physical

suffering—an exceedingly pain[ful] boil on the back near the wait line—then from some cause perhaps change of water—more than a touch of dysentery—and among strangers too—Enough said—as this book shows, I do not perpetuate troubles pains and anxieties by making notes of them—This a freak of the pen

The next month all was brighter and happier—With but one or two exceptions a lovely set of girls—easily controlled—of the faculty in *our cottage* which was assigned to us—a very pleasant one with an upper and lower gallery—and pleasant parlor—were Prof. Thomas¹ of the Latin Greek and Mathematical department a true gentle man—genial and pleasant at all times—His wife—a bright—cherry intelligent being who picked me out among the ladies as one upon whom to lavish her affectionate regard—she had a lovely babe who was the pet of the household—Frank Dunbar—in charge of Art Department A classical face—decisive manner—but pleasing—Marie Schalk—Music & French very German but of delicate refined type—tender and sensitive—poetic nature—We three had adjoining rooms above—other room for trunks—light wood—which we adored and had abundance of.—

Prof & Mrs. Sharp. He somewhat brusque—she petite to deformity,—though broad—and was what her name betokened—

We had some callers two or three teas and dinners out—a party or two—and invitations now and then to a gathering in the social hall—To the first one of the latter—Marie assured us she would not attend—she had been the year before and it was as stupid as stupidity could be—Frank and I wanted to see

¹George Warren Thomas, a native of Hubbardton, Vermont, and a graduate of Middleburg College, class of 1853, taught for a number of years at the East Alabama Female College in Tuskegee. Moving to Montgomery in 1860, he conducted a private school, later becoming co-principal of the Alabama Central Female College. Later he served several sessions as principal of the boy's high school of Montgomery, after which he became principal of a private school which he conducted until his death. He was exempted from military duty during the Civil War, but served as colonel of the home guards. His first wife was Lizzie Leland Adams, who died in 1863. He then married her sister Julia. His third wife was Mary Marbury Hatchett.

the natives—she at last yielded to our persuasions and went—

We, Frank and I soon came to be of her opinion—two or three dignified trustees who felt the weight of being such, and a Professor or two talked to us—A trustee of a genial nature came to us—In a few moments I said to him Mr. R will you not do me a favor. “Most assuredly—Well please tell those la [dies] there and that group of gentlemen further off—that you have been talking to us and we are not half as smart as you thought us—He saw the point bowed courteously and said I will say this to them they are not half as smart as you think them.—Result a pleasant evening—acknowledged so even by Marie—the cynic as we would teasingly call her—sometimes

After this we went to several entertainments—public & and private—met many pleasant people—among them Prof. Johns, who was entertaining and then too entertaining, became so much so as to become annoying—Suddenly he ceased and then “disparu a ses yeux” Not until I was about leaving Tuskegee some months after was the cause of this impetus revealed; when the president of the College² with some embarrassment (as if a little conscience smitten) confessed that the Prof. had told him, he thought he ought to let him know that he intended offering his hand and fortune to Miss F. and if successful his only regret would be in depriving him of a valued teacher. Mr. P[erry] answered he lamented disappointing him but he possessed the certain knowledge that the lady in question was engaged to a gentleman in the North.

Tuskegee was a pleasant education centre—made so by a Baptist Female College—The E A F College. The building a massive, columned one—attractive outside and commodious within. The president Mr Perry—pleasant and genial, his wife was agreeable and bright—pupils—perhaps two hundred counting day scholars, were almost all intelligent and winsome—many pretty—The nine months passed quickly and happily—though Marie & Frank demanded so much of my time that I had [to] remonstrate—I had to prepare for classes—had many letters to write and was also striving to improve in French. One evening, after imploring them to let me have it to myself,

²William F. Perry, also first State Superintendent of Education.

as I had something needful to prepare for next day, and matters would be embarrassed if I was not ready for the requirement. They persisted—I said I will be unfitted for to-morrows duties, as I cannot go to sleep till I have done this—I have told you for several evenings that affairs had so accumulated that I *must* now lessen them—They laughingly said she shall not be so exclusive—seized book ink &c and rushed for the paper in hand—I grasped a pitcher full of water and as laughingly but emphatically said “If you come on, I will give you a cooling reception—they came and were deluged—Result—an immediate retreat—had an indignation [meeting] of two—and I had peace for several days, which gave me the so much desired time to square up affairs—They soon made amicable advances. I told them it was *imperative* that I should have time each day, and so must deprive myself of the pleasure of their company for one two or three hours as duties required—

Miss [Agusta] Thompson—presiding teacher of the Methodist College came to see us often—Mr. J. Anderson³ of that school and the Boys’ Institute, and his brother came occasionally. The latter a fine singer—In fact there were many good singers—I was surprised to hear such fine music in such an old dilapidated apology for a church as well as to see such costly dresses—ornaments—diamonds &c—more in keeping with the ball room—The singing within—had a singular accompaniment without in the way of loud grunts with an accasional high squeal, from the (probable) descendants of that herd that the devils were permitted to enter into—Soon I found a church was being built—had been in progress for two or more years.—In a few weeks we worshipped in a beautiful building handsomely furnished—

Upon the acceptance of letters for membership, I was surprised to see the old members come forward to shake hands with the new ones. Several presented letters at the same time with mine—I bowed to each as my hand was taken, but when Mr. Perry extended his hand looking to[o] cordial, to my bow I added “How do you do sir,” he full of smiles responded Very

³Probably James M. Anderson professor of modern languages and vocal music at the Methodist college in Tuskegee.

well I thank you.—I did not hear the end of this faux pas for sometime.—Others too smiled.

From Sep 59 to July 60 was spent much more happily than I had anticipated—The strangers had become friends and it was a grief to part with them—but for my profession's sake I was led to accept the offer of the Judson, where Charlotte had been for a year⁴—The high very high reputation of that Institute attracted me, though the E A F C. offered to pay me as high or higher salary than any college South.

The summer Charlotte and I spent in North Alabama at Mr. Rev Root's—near Guntersville—Lydia was preparing to marry—Mr. Root—Mrs. R. Aunt Lucy—Robert—comprised the family—outside were a few pleasant people. A brawny Scotchman—Hugh Carlisle—of many angles—that needed rounding was one—How his “awkwardness” won the dainty, pretty lady for his wife was a mystery.⁵

Oct 1st found me installed as presiding teacher in the Judson—Instead of superiority in all things (to the E. A. F C) I found inferiority in everything—buildings—class of students—intelligence—advancements—congeniality—grace & loveliness of students—home or room comforts—

A faculty of about 15 was not particularly individual. The president⁶ rode a high horse. Professor Milton Bacon—pompous.

⁴Charlotte Follansbee taught at Judson for one year and then assumed charge of the Female Academy at Hayneville, leaving there in 1863 for Montgomery. The Hayneville Female Academy was then closed for the remainder of the war period. Three of Miss Charlotte's Hayneville pupils followed her to the Home School in Montgomery, remaining until their graduation. These were Belle Streety, Mary Baine and Molly Gilchrist. Mildred Brewer Russell. *Lowndes Court House*. (Montgomery, Ala., Paragon Press, [c1951]), p. 31.

⁵The Rev. Timothy Root was the minister at the Presbyterian Church in Tuskegee when Charlotte went to the E. A. F. C. to teach. A warm friendship developed between Charlotte and his daughter, Lydia Anne, which continued after his retirement to Guntersville in 1857. Lydia married Theron Hall Rice, of Wetumpka, Ala., in 1860.

⁶Noah Knowles Davis served as president of the Judson Female Institute from 1859 to 1864. Prior to that time he had taught at Howard College and had been principal of the Home School in Montgomery. Subsequently he was president of Bethel College, Russellville, Ky. and taught at the University of Virginia.

Professor Blaisdell amiable & congenial. Miss Harrison Art teacher peculiar—Miss S—exhaustive in her visits—Miss Read—pleasant, but kept so busy she had no time to be social—Madame Moran, French teacher—was fussy generally—could be pleasant—Miss Sherman disappointed that she had not been invited to fill the position I was called to &c &c &c

My labors were arduous—the discipline kept nerves at a high tension—In the midst came the shock of John Whitehead sudden death—then the news that Dr C[oates] would probability become totally blind followed—Soon came rumors of war, and before July teachers in the South were looking Northward... Mr. Davis announced that he could not pay the teachers their salaries in full

The day preceding the Commencement, a rush of teachers came to my room; in great indignation the[y] read extracts from an essay to be delivered the next night—They deemed them insulting to them, as speaking slightly of northern teachers. One expression satirically spoke of the A. B. C. Darians coming southward—"What are you going to do about it, they asked: Perhaps said I "treat it with silent contempt:" I must think about it. (I could not understand how a gentleman could allow *that* essay to be read. Was it catering to the public prejudice that had arisen, since the political trouble—and he felt, being northern born, he was in a rickety boat himself and might steady himself by showing slights to the North—to ladies.

My appreciated it thus—Commencement night came—An immense audience—platform overlooking all—Faculty thereon—prominent as presiding teacher was self, arrayed in pearl colored silk, and crimson ermine bordered opera cloak. When that essay was being read, I grew sleepy—so sleepy that a nod was perceptible—then a slow succession of them, until attention was diverted from the essayist—to her sleepy principal—Thus I sacrificed myself to my country..I heard that the wrath and confusion expressed in that president's face was something to be admired and rejoiced in (by some) One of the faculty, of slow apprehension, said afterwards—Why you were asleep, &c—Oh said I only *nodding*—She awoke then appreciating rejoicingly the situation.

When the final faculty meeting came, and the closing up of salaries was effected, some amusement appeared.

The president had previously informed them he would in addition to the per ct of salary, pay to the merchants whatever they owed them (Was this a cute action to curry favor with the citizens?)—The teachers were distressed as well as indignant; the[y] had *reason* to disbelieve the assertion he had made that he could not collect—Miss Harrison as soon as she was told the debts of the teachers would be assumed by him, quietly went to the several stores and bought all the laces—thread, and silks for dresses up to the full amount of her salary. I, thinking I would be in Montgomery, a place whose citizens he held in high esteem felt somewhat safe about the balance of my salary.—When at the meeting mentioned I was asked what my indebtedness at the merchants was, I said I owe nothing, and I can await the payment of the *balance* of my salary which you owe me in Montgomery where I expect to locate—He looked confused an[d] only bowed—Miss Harrison—how much is your intededtedness?" "It was nothing but now is just the amount of the salary you owe me." He struggled under confusion and astonishment.—The other poor teachers got along the best they could. July 61—closed by connection with the Judson—Soon I made the engagement with Mr. Henry Bacon⁷ at the Home School

Charlotte, Dolly Anderson and I spent the summer at Hayneville with Aunt Polly Cook Jones—a quiet time and as pleasant as war times would allow—Aunt Polly was all kindness to Dolly and Me.

Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861

Charlotte nominally was at Streety's⁸ but most of the time with

⁷Prof. Henry Holcombe Bacon succeeded N. K. Davis as principal of the Home School. He was no doubt acquainted with the Follansbee sisters because of his earlier connection with the East Alabama Female College. He resigned from the Home School in 1862 and returned to Georgia.

⁸John P. Streety was a merchant in Hayneville for many years, and at this time was one of the trustees of the Hayneville schools. In the summer of 1863 Mr. Streety joined Company D, 53rd Alabama Infantry (mounted) and served as quartermaster in Hannon's regiment until the end of the war.

us. Aunt Polly entertained us many an hour with her reminiscences.

1861

Oct. 1st, Commenced with "The Home School". . Mr. Bacon a right royal gentleman—his wife cordial and very kind. George Thomas and Lizzie opened wide their hearts and home to me—Gave me dear Marie Schaulk's room; she had been with them the previous year, teaching with Mr. Pinkhard, but had gone North—Many of the best ladies called on me, and two or three pleasant gentlemen—Judge Watson^e Rev. J. B. Taylor—Mr [&] Mrs. Taylor.

Miss Leach carried letters north for us—opportunities were not certain for war was fully inaugurated—The Judge, intimate with Geo. & Lizzie came often—and too frequently (for my progress in Latin) would ask for me.—Then came afternoon singing on Sunday—much of the time spent in conversation—He would ask Mrs. Thomas to send for me—After once or twice I repeatedly declined—induced to do so by realizing that Lizzie thought he was becoming too much interested—(She knew of Dr. C.) and she was manouvering in the interest of Miss Carrie Alexander who had a decided penchant for the Judge, and had worked on dear kind Lizzie's sympathies.—A few more calls on me he made, to the annoyance of Miss Carrie mostly as he would find me on front-porch.—Lizzie became nervous and *perhaps* told him I was engaged; for she made some remarks about it that led me to think she would—for he came no more;—but Miss Carrie continued a permanent Miss—

Two or three months after coming to the Home School—I heard something said of Yankee teacher—I asked Mr. Bacon to let me speak to the school—I said "I am here to teach you a course of study, not political topics—if I am not welcome or not appreciated I will go where I will be—Kind attentions upon kind attentions were afterwards showered upon me.

^eHugh W. Watson was probate judge in Montgomery in 1851. The *Montgomery Directory for 1859-'60* states that H. W. Watson was a member of the law firm of Clanton & Watson, and that H. W. Watson resided on Court Street, corner of Adams. He is not listed in the *Directory* for 1866. A note in the Watson folder in the Library indicates that Hugh W. Watson moved to Meridian, Miss.

I staid at Geo. & Lizzie till July '62—Spent the summer at Hayneville with Mrs. Jones—with Charlotte and Mary—Every thing exquisitely neat and plenty and as good as the times could afford.

1862

Back to the Home School & Lizzie's—Soon Mr. Bacon told me—his health was failing so fast he thought he would better resign and go to his plantation in South Georgia. Then Charlotte was informed—we had talked before [of] what we should do in the event of his leaving—By Dec. '62 it was decided she would come to Mont.

1863

Charlotte with me and we're boarding at Mrs. Whatley's, cor[ner] of Hull & Ala.

Close school June 30th—Grand examinations before large audiences. So little to entertain people, that anything out of the ordinary line would attract them. The parents got up a sumptuous dinner—table set under the trees in the yard—With but little to make merry, there was much merriment—An applicant list for next year had to be made and the limited fifty were assigned seats—We free for three months. We went to Mrs. Streety's plantation & Mrs. Baine's¹⁰ home in Hayneville—then spent a week at Col. Dillard's in Columbus, Ga. where Mary luxuriated in a pleasant home. Col. & Mrs. D. very cordial, and evidently enjoyed our being there. Aug. 25—reached three books of Virgil and had made considerable progress in French. An opportunity, a rare thing, to send letters North. C. wrote to Pa, I to Reynell—Was thankful to Mr. Taylor for the chance, but became very wearied of his long visits—By this time every heart was aching for peace but was willing to suffer till an honorable peace could be secured—Everything that was purchasably was very high—Our tuition had gone up to \$300. a year for Eng. Branches, and Latin & French, Music & Painting in proportion, yet but little left at end of the year; for these prices prevailed

¹⁰Mrs. Baine was the widow of David William Baine, who had been a delegate to the Charleston Convention of 1860, and was lieutenant colonel of the 4th Alabama Infantry when he was killed leading his regiment at the Battle of Frazier's Farm, Va., June 30, 1862. The Baine's daughter, Mary, attended the Follansbees' school in Montgomery.

Stockings per pair	\$7.00	Lead pencil common	1.25
White bleached		Paper a quire	4.00
domestic	5.00 per yd	Common envelopes	1.50
Butter \$ per pound	\$3.00	Old of a hat	30.00
Flour a barrel	\$90.00	Ordinary black silk	30.00
Common boots	25.00		pr yard
Epsom salts per pd.	4.00	Eggs per dozen	2.25
Tallow candle one	.35	Candy per pound	3.50
Spool thread, one	75		

* * * * *

Afterwards in 1863 [186?]

Calico per yd	\$25.00	ladies boots	150.00
Butter " pound	10.00	one tallow candle	\$25
eggs per doz	10	one spool thread	10.
Coffee per pound	70.00	one lead pencil	5.00
Alpacha per yd	40.00	Sugar per pound	\$10 to 12
	to \$80	beef per pound	\$4.00
plain bonnet	500.00	Bacon per pound	5.00
white domestic pr yd	15.00		
Later Tea per pound	\$15.00		
Coffee	65.00		
Little blacking	1.00		
Domestic per yd	250.00		
Jaconet	400		
Apples each	.50	in Feb	\$5.00
oranges each	1.00	in Feb	\$5.00
Shoe strings per doz	100.00		
lead pencils each		in Feb	\$5.00
Pen knife each	10.00	in Feb	50.00

Knocky Lyneck gave \$150 for two pairs of shoes—
and yesterday Bessie Ware gave \$26 for a child's pair

Whisky	\$200	a barrel
Good Brandy	\$3000.00	three <i>thousand</i> dollars
		per barrel
Feb 65 Calico	\$25.	per yard
Alpache	\$50 to \$100	per yard
Bonnet one	\$650.00	
Whiskey	\$100.	per gallon
One turkey	\$85.00	

People talk of peace coming in July (1863) But their wish is father to the thought[t]—for there is not even the shadow of a foundation. We keep busy so as not to have time to think. Reports from the seat of war so often prove unreliable that one does not know what to hope.

1864

A short time lived at Mrs Clopton¹¹—she & husband very kind—Soon Mrs. Streety move[d] from the plantation and begged us to live with them, which we were glad to do—In the spring Charlotte had a prolonged case of Typhoid fever. We had at the time, owing to the pressure, and by consent of the patronage 63 pupils—Knew no one we could get to assist—so we struggled on for several weeks Dr. and Mrs. [James C.] Harris, (living opposite) were very kind—Dr [James] Berney the attending physician as good as gold—Mrs. Streety did what she could—C. was able to be in school two or three months before time to close school, but she did not become well—and we hearing of a party that proposed going North early in July, we both thought it would be wise for her to make a change—several things besides seemed to urge *one* of us to go. Had not heard from home—needed school material—&c. *Both* could not go—and she needed the *outing*. So with Madam Moran—William Taylor, a youth of 19, Miss Sully—niece of the artist and three or four others, C. started—Soon Mrs. Streety went to the plantation for the summer. I followed her for a visit of two or three weeks, then returned to keep house by myself—with old Aunt Sylva, and little—to wait on me—Did not find it irksome till the mantle of C's fever fell on me—Dr. & Mrs. Harris had me under their watchcare—They had a good deal of company and kept things lively. After they had given a very pleasant supper, I proposed that *I* should give one—and I was a novice Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Douglass proposed helping me—We made grand preparations (for the times)—Just before the time to come Mrs. Harris sent word *they* could not come as three or four of the Doctor's friends living at a distance had come to take tea with them—I sent Sylva to tell Mrs. Harris to run over at once. She came—I said look—and if you think there is enough

¹¹Corner of Coosa and Tallapoosa Streets.

for four more bring them—My yes! she answered it looks [like enough] for a regiment—All came and all went merry as a marriage bell—Judge Stone¹²—Dr. Harris, Col Gilchrist¹³ just exerted themselves—But such a head as I had,—it was the coming of the fever—A wakeful night and ill in the morning—Mrs. Harris seeing my blinds closed at a late hour hurried over—soon summoned the Dr. who at once administered Calomel—but as he had not been in practice for a long time, he concluded the next day, I would better be in the care of one more experienced so summoned Dr. Berney—So there I was for some weeks, but had good care from Mrs. Harris [and] Lizzie Thomas—Lizzie wrote to Dolly Anderson and she came from Auburn, but the very next day was taken down with a chill—and then there were two of us. The doctor told Lizzie and Mrs. H. they need not be at all uneasy about Miss Anderson—her attack was nothing serious, but to give their attention to Miss F—Other friends were very kind and attentive—The Rev. Taylor, Mr. [&] Mrs Taylor and Judge Stone often came to make inquiries, send flowers or messages. So with time came health to both of us, and in consequence enjoyment for some weeks before the opening of school—But with what delight did I hail the return of Charlotte—Before this though one evening Mrs. Harris rushed in looking radiant—The Judge had been to call. She exclaimed “I had to run over to congratulate you (she greatly admired him and thought him irresistible, as well as being a great match for *any one*) I said “I don’t understand”—She answered hugging me don’t be so demure with me, for I *know* the Judge has just offered you his hand & heart and fortune”—for he had confided to me this evening that he was coming for that very purpose—could wait no longer.—Well, at last I convinced her that he did put it off longer or perhaps altogether—But she left—*downcast!*

Everybody rejoiced with me at Charlotte’s return; and how friends flocked in—some to see what she brought, some curious to know of her traveling experiences—which were in-

¹²George Washington Stone was elected Associate Justice of the Alabama Supreme Court in 1856 and 1862. He held this position again in 1876 until he was appointed in 1884 as Chief Justice and served until 1892.

¹³James Graham Gilchrist, colonel of the 45th Alabama Infantry.

tensely interesting She brought books, stationary, &c for the school. How enraptured I was with a couple of albums photographs of friends.

Mrs. Streety would give some kind of an entertainment whenever news would come of a "glorious victory—which came often in the spring of 1864. On one occasion Gen—Col Gilchrist¹³—some other officers & Judge Stone—Dr. Harris &c were present were at dinner—Mrs. Streety, thoughtlessly (for she generally was very guarded about our feelings) said something derogatory of Northern people—as if they lacked intellect—I chaffed inwardly, and felt it ought not to go unchallenge[d] by northern blood, so collected my forces, controlled my voice into a gentle tone, and answered "Well I have the first blush for Northern *intellect* compared with Southern. A profound silence followed—not even a sound from knife or fork—embarrassment. I reckon every one felt grateful—I certainly did to Judge Stone, breaking the lull of matters by saying—"We must yield the palm to the North in its intellectual culture &c. for we have been for generations a purely agricultural people—and not much given to literature and the professions" &c—and gradually he changed the conversation into other channels.—At this dinner I heard the first *grumblings* about the war, wishing it were ended, even with concession—One remarked—if he could get into Canada, and leave the Confederacy, he would do it instanter. Another said something similar—A remark denouncing Yancey, as the instigator of secession of Ala was made

Christmas 1864. Dec. 24 Charlotte—Bell and myself started for Wetumpka. It was a bright frosty morning and we quite enjoyed the 14 mile ride in the stage coach—Mr. & Mrs. Root—Lydia [&] Robert met us with open hands & hearts. Lydia with one charming baby boy—Sunday morning which was Christmas found each of us, from the patriarch Root to the infant diving into the depths of a stocking—Woolen mitts knit by the "Mither Root—pretty ruffling from Lydia—candies galore (a great treat at the war time) nuts apples cakes &c &c—Bundles of the richest "lit wood" clean cut in small splints delighted us

Sunday

Christmas dinner one fit for the gods. The good parson a *host* in himself. Mr. Robert would rather have faced a battery—than the many fair damsels—particularly that bewitching face of Belle Noble—that had brought the reputed English Count to her feet—Continual amusement and feast of good things continued Tuesday invited to a large dinner party and an evening entertainment.

No one would have supposed from the sumptuousness of these *festivals* that war was making desolate so much of our land. It seemed as if people had grown desperate, and had relaced from the deprivations they had been subjected to—to have a fling!

1865

Wednesday morning started for Montgomery—We had engaged to go to Hayn[e]ville for a dinner party at Mrs. Baine's, and an evening party on Thursday—Mrs. Streety had invited Mr. & Mrs. Thomas to dine with us, and then we started right afterwards for the merry makings—As we approached Mrs. Bain[e]'s the inspiring strains from a violin greeted—None knew of our arrival till we entered. Then such a greeting—from Mrs. Baine, Mary, Mrs. Harris—Cox—Douglas; it did one's heart good to be embraced—kissed and danced around. We told Dr. Harris & Judge Stone to consider them[selves] kissed—Chatted and danced till one o'clock only interrupted by a dainty but bountiful supper such as Mrs. Baine's taste and skilled hands could suggest—Chicken salad, fruitcake (a novelty) &c We had been invited to a large party that same night—Friday had an unusually pleasant dining at Mrs. Cox's—Dr. Harris & the Judge spent balance of the evening with us at Mrs. Baine's. Saturday another dining at Mr. Brooks—also very pleasant—Evening to tea at Mrs—to tea C. & I had two invitations

Monday Dr. and Mrs Harris, Mrs Baine with us Judge Stone Charlotte and myself left for Montgomery Tuesday—reopened school and entered upon the old routine, but much refreshed by the outing—

The "times that try men's souls" now began, and we entered upon 1865

Sat April 1st we were thrown into great consternation by the report that a Federal raid was approaching Montgomery—People were active in gathering their valuables, sending them off where they could, or secreting them, and as many as could betook themselves away—Before the report had arisen Mr Thomas had proposed that C. and I would occupy their premises and keep house—Dr Ware¹⁴ had offered them his fine residence, and provisions if he would move there—Dr Ware had been an ardent—very hot secessionist, and he thought his property would be in safer hands than his own should the Federals capture the city—On Sunday April 2—no enemy on Monday fears were allayed. On Monday April 3, we moved to Mr. Thomas house—Again the rumor the Yankees are coming!—everybody under excitement. . Military authorities had the canon mounted at the fortifications—Cotton bales placed at the cross streets for barricades—At our corner 150 or more were placed—An artillery company with 8 pieces encamped opposite our house.

We had gathered all our school books and dismissed the girls—Various rumors, probable and improbable were afloat during the week—Many of our friends left the city—Had sent us valuable papers to secret in a closet [where] we had thousands of dollars worth (Confederate money) of tobacco & sugar with what we wished to save. Before the closet was placed a large book case—having first taken the precaution to paper over the door with color like the walls Above the very high window sash—on the little narrow ledge, but high enough not to be seen even by a tall person, we placed one thousand dollars in gold, which Charlotte had purchased with Confederate money, for five dollars for one greenback; then in Pittsburgh she bought at one gold dollar for \$21½ in greenbacks. This she brought back when she returned from the North Oct 1864—Before that we had bought some gold in Mobile, to have in case of emergency.

¹⁴Dr. Robert J. Ware, one of the early settlers of Montgomery County, owned a great deal of land on the west side of the Tallapoosa River. His home in Montgomery was a large two-story brick residence at the head of Washington Street, situated on a six-acre block, and his flower gardens and orchards made it a show place.

April 9th.. Sunday found a very small attendance 165 at church. Baptist—no services were held. At the Presbyterian—when a bell was heard (it was understood an alarm bell would ring if anything would occur) several gentlemen went out—Old Mr. Wm Bell returned, sat down and whispered to Mrs. Bell. She interrupted the service by springing up, beckoning to the choir and calling out loudly Bettie, Bettie come down quickly! the Yankees are coming—

Mon. 10—Reopened school, but in the afternoon came the certain news that the enemy was approaching, and that our authorities would burn all the cotton before the arrival. Great consternation spread over the whole city. It was feared that the burning of so much cotton and some [near] many large buildings would put the whole city in danger. Every citizen protested but military power decided it must be done because such a vast amount of cotton as was centered in Montgomery was so much to aid the enemy—So the flames were soon seen rising from one ware house—in a moment from another, then from several, until the whole city was brilliantly illuminated. Mrs. Caffy—Mrs. Bird and I walked down the street, to obtain from that side of the hill a better view of the huge conglagations—We we[re] detained awhile by meeting several friends, and on our return found Charlotte, Mrs. Moore and other ladies, pleading with the men, sent by Gen. [Abraham] Buford or Gen. [Daniel] Adams orders to fire the bales of cotton on our corner—the pitch & tar had been applied, and only the torch was needed to this great mass, which was piled almost against our fences, to spread destruction all around—for Mrs Caffy's house at one corner, Mrs. Bird's at another and ours at the third would have inevitably been consumed.¹⁵ We added our prayers to theirs—and at length prevailed—Soon others came, but following them an officer whom Charlotte knew; he saw by the wind and its direction, that our homes would soon be laid in ashes, and ordered the men off saying he would assume the responsibility—A number of us sat perched on the bales till long after midnight fearing another cohort would come for the same

¹⁵The corner was apparently at the intersection of Adams Ave. and Bainbridge St., then three blocks south of the Capitol. The *Montgomery Directory*, 1859, lists Mrs. Caroline S. Bird and J. A. Caffey as residing that corner.

purpose. Later a gentleman approached and inquired why we were there at that time of night? We told him what had occurred, and of our fears that it might still be fired—(We encouraged the negroes in their efforts to scatter the bales, and even in carrying them off) This gentleman expresses sympathy and said, You ladies must be worn out—You can trust me. I will be your watchman and if I cannot prevent the burning I will rouse you all. Our fatigue made us trustful—we withdrew and slept. The next morning Lizzie Thomas ran in in great excitement exclaiming “The Yankees have come the city is surrendered!! But later we learned that Gen. Buford had refused to surrender and was considering making a defence—The citizens thought this fool hardiness, with the small force he had—The officer was thought to be under the influence of liquor, as to render him incapacit[at]ed to judge or govern. We were told that a body of citizens united—went to the approaching Federals and surrendered the city.

On Wed. April 12th. . The Federals were in possession of the city.¹⁶ Upon their approach the Confederate Gen. changed his mind and gave the order each man to take care of himself—Milly our servant rushed in our room, with “Come, come see the Yankees! and awakened us from our slumbers. Soon as could be we were at the fence and gazing upon hosts upon host of blue coats—looking brilliant with buttons and “*accoutrements*” I have heard since that their entrance into the city was a grand sight—The calvalry first—fine looking men—handsomely dressed—gleaming linen, as if right fresh from the laundry—brass buttons brilliant epaulets also, sabres drawn & clashing, they made their entrace at full gallop. Generals [James H.] Wilson and [E. M.] McCook at the head. We sleeping did not hear their victorious shouts as they entered the city at a distance from us. But soon they made a stand at the Capitol. That capitol where secession of Ala was declared—and Confederate Congress held—Charlotte—Mrs. [James Spenser] Reese Mrs. Bird Mrs. Caffy and Mrs. Moore—(leaving me in charge of the homes) gathered the courage to go

¹⁶Mayor Walter L. Coleman and a delegation of nine men surrendered the city to Gen. James H. Wilson at 3:00 A. M., April 12, 1865. The Confederate troops under Gen. Abraham Buford had withdrawn from the city the previous evening.

to the officers and ask for home guards. They were very gentlemanly and kindly informed them that the Provost Marshall was already established; that the streets would be patrolled day and night, and the strictest surveillance would be observed—that they could return to their homes feeling assured they were perfectly safe.

Soon the column began to move—the orders were given by Gen. McCooke that they should encamp at Line Creek¹⁷—between two and three miles out of town. The next day and the next—the long columns of infantry wound its length thro the city. Some said their force was 30,000, others 51,000,—but whatever the number,¹⁸ it was a formidable array—It seemed that thousands upon thousands of negroes had joined them—here and there long lines of wagons were seen—Conquered banners were numerous—We watched the procession till tired, still they came. We look among the Pennsylvania troops thinking we might see some one we knew—but nary a one—We were pretty well convinced they were trying to make an impression of large numbers, for we saw the conquered Hayneville banner several times—Knew it by the word *Tyranny* being spelled with one n. We had seen it before the conquest—I felt mortified at the conduct of some ladies near us. A merry looking soldier—talking to them turned to me and said, “What had become of all of your men when the Yankees approached?” In a clear calm tone I answered “The[y] took a lesson from you at Bull Run.” He look[ed] confused a moment, then laughing tossed his head, said “Well it was well.” This response was not original with me, Mrs. Lucy Root—Aunt Lucy had so answered one of a troop of soldiers in North Ala—

Montgomery was mercifully spared—why we could not tell—It was feared that having been the capital of the confederacy it would be dealt with severely. Some said because no defence was made. When inquiries were made of Gen. Adams, whether or not he would make a defense he answered it was

¹⁷Actually Three-Mile Branch.

¹⁸According to Wilson his command numbered “not far from 12,000 troopers.” James H. Wilson, *Under the Old Flag* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1912), vol. 2, p. 251.

idle curiosity which "led the City Council to ask of him his intentions. His subsequent conduct proved he thought and acted on the principle that

"Those that fly may fight again

Which he can never do that's slain

He and his staff made a hasty exit after giving orders that every bale of cotton should be burned, even at sacrifice of every house in the city.

We personally did not suffer from stagglers, although we had no guard—one had been kindly given us, but as we were so near the head quarters, an[d] so felt protected we transferred him to Mrs Col. Reese who was old and timid. The morning after the Federals entered the city a purveyor came to the door and said I see you have a number of chickens in the back yard, we are in need of them—I can perhaps give you something in exchange that you will value more than them—I said those are all we have, but you can take them." "he said oh, no. I thought you might have a plantation to get a supply from. As he was leaving our ever ready Milly said to him—these ladies are not southerners they are *kin* of yours. "Ah! ladies where are you from" "Philadelphia"—Why our Gen. Cadwalleder is from there; &c.—We knew the Cadwalleders—Binney's by reputation—Soon afterwards word was sent us we should have every protection—So we personally did not suffer even from stragglers. Some of our school girls—not then on the way to school for it was not in session—were stopped an[d] requested to deliver up their jewelry—rings watches and purses—where they had them. The[y] quickly did this—not stopping to remonstrate. The houses of several of our acquaintances were entered, valuables demanded—searches made—people threatened in rough and bad language; many were greatly frightened—We had one experience—For three nights we did not undress. The first night, Charlotte was lying in the bed, I sitting up reading—and listening, when suddenly came the sound of horses feet on the terrace, then a rousing ring at the door bell—We both sprang to our feet—a fiercer ring & pounding caused our hearts to sink into our boots, which we immediately took off and hurried to the back door—then we heard the horses coming to the back of the house—Charlotte terrified, said with some degree of firmness "Sis our time has come." We heard the voices

without—Jeff, our servant answering—some parleying—then retreating steps—In a moment or two a voice in a suppressed tone, at one of the back doors, said Miss Saade, why didn't you open a door—the man asked me something—I said I didn't know exactly—would go and ask the safe guard—of something to that effect—oh, he said, if you have a guard tell him he must report to Gen. W. at 9 o'clock in the morning—We thought this was strange as the guards would certainly know where to report—We had no guard—Jeff's protective with suggested it to the probably robbing stragglers. Hearing distant noises we went to the front door; there was a sudden rush of horses on the next street and shouts; then we thought some of the army had slipped their guards and come into the city to commit depredations. So one of us ran to Mrs. Caffys another to Mrs. Birds; while doing it we heard screams and cries for guard! guard! in one direction, in another the crashing of doors—Some stragglers from the army were at work.

Soon a guard from a neighbor came, then another. One of them had ascertained that the rush and noise from the horsemen was some cavalry detailed to go to the mill. We told them of those coming to our house—They supposed it was a ruse played to gain admission to our house. They promised to watch, but we past the night in anxiety and with but little rest.

On Friday eve a greater part of the rear guard left—a force was remaining to seek stragglers. The rear guard fired the arsenal, Nitre Works, government store houses—two or three mills—depots—rolling mills & boats—everything that could aid the Confederates—Flames arose from all parts of the city except where there were only private residences. The engines were allowed to play upon residences adjoining the burning buildings, and I understood that some properties they intended destroying were spared because their burning would endanger the homes of the citizens—After this "Reign of Terror", we could laugh at some of the accompanying incidents—such as the following.

Miss Mattie H- - -gs, a slendor—delicate—heavy browed thin set chin—intensely homely maiden of about twenty years, had received the impression that the enemy intended burning the city by some means connected with the gas. Forthwith she seized a spade—went to the middle of the street, set to work

to cut of[f] their pipe—Whilst digging assiduously, a Federal Cavalry came cantering up the street—With spade high in air, she called forth authoritatively, Halt! Halt! (no halting—) advanced—Again rang out Halt! I say halt! then they halted—With high pitched voice she asked—I hear you are going to do that wicked wicked thing—burn up the city with gas—A gruff voice answered “I don’t know what we will do”—they past on and she set to work again. Soon another body came on Halt! Halt—Halt I say—Are you going to burn up the city you wicked man. Col Cooper answered soothingly oh, no *no*; do not be uneasy we are going to do nothing of the kind! She exclaimed oh! thank you; thank you!—No I *dont* thank you, you *nasty* Yankees.—

A Yankee says to a Confederate. “Do you think you can hide *anything* from a Yank”? “He answered “Well ’tis a tight chance, but I think we might sometimes.” “Not a bit of it, not at *all* Sir.” “Will you promise not to take something hidden from me, and not to tell any one?” Yes, I promise.” He took him to a room where bales upon bales of cotton were piled, bade him peep thro’ a little crevice, and he beheld a live horse’s nose.” —

“A Colonel, who was quartered at Judge Goldthwaite’s, was speaking of the size of his wife—about 200 pounds—Why said Miss Arrington “You must have fattened her in Cincinnati.”

Dr. Berney’s cow had been taken from him. He went to the Gen. and succeeded in regaining her.—Immediately—hearing of it divers women who had lost their cows rushed to the doctor to get their cows. He went to head quarters and said to the Gen. “I have 400 patients, each with a young baby. Your coming here has so alarmed and excited them all that their milk has dried up and they must have their cows back.” Result—the Col. took his pen and wrote the order &c &c

After the raid—provisions were very scarce eggs especially were high in price. Dr. Berney said an old hen on his lot cackled—Instantly 27 women were in his lot each with \$1.50 in extended palm—

Col Cooper (Confederate) a very corpulant man, and a very jolly one—a member of Congress, said when he heard the

Yankees were nearing him in Hayneville, he walked slowly and with great dignity until he reached a block of buildings, and then we would better believe he ran—some say he ran into and hid himself in a ditch—others say *No*, the ditch wouldn't hold him.

Some of our friends particularly in the country suffered greatly—A Mrs. Caffy was sick in bed, two or three children about her. She was roused by a soldier at the foot, with pistol pointed to her demanding where her valuables were hidden—another soldier entering—the third an officer seeing her in distress, ordered them off. The devastations were principally in the country. Yet all had expected so much worse treatment, that they thought the army well disciplined. Most of the vandalism was committed by the foreigners in the ranks, and when discovered were dealt severely with—The officers did not countenance any misdemeanors. A party with several officers passed our house just as Mrs. Caffy was going home. (She would pop over ever[y] hour or so—sometimes every few minutes—she always dressed in white—so we named her pop corn) One of the officers halted at the gate; after ordering the men to pass on, he said “Ladies if you will step into the road you will see a pretty sight, we are going to shoot a man for robbing and threatening, at Mr. Farley’s¹⁰—We all exclaimed Oh, dont dont shoot him. We were so terrified we scarce knew what to do. We were answered that very severe discipline was necessary—that the men were fully aware of the penalty, and this man was as fit as any for example—But he would ride on and speak to the Colonel—In a few minutes we heard a volley of guns.—Again—Pop Corn started to go, but up came another body of Cavalry—They asked Milly what direction the troops went—She told correctly, but they were under the impression they were to diverge from that road—they asked Charlotte if she had seen a body of men with two culprits pass—She answered they had but one—At that moment up came a rider at a furious rate—One man said “thats he.” It seemed half a dozen guns were leveled at him—He obeyed the order to halt—Said he had done nothing—was only hastening to reach his command—With guns still leveled they questioned him a moment, when Mr. Jim

¹⁰James Alfred Farley, president of the Farmer's Bank of Montgomery, resided on Hull St. at Adams Ave.

Farley himself appeared, and identified the man—asked the officers to bring him back to his house and a dozen ladies would identify him—Miss Robinson appeared and testified he was the man—The officers said the evidence was sufficient, and he should be shot. Mr. Farley told him he would give \$500.00 for the privilege of shooting him.

Friday night saw the last of the raid The flag was removed from the capitol, and the city turned over to the Mayor. Saturday and Sunday was the calm after the storm—Monday, began School again, and continued just one week, when the rumor reached us that a force was coming from Mobile to garrison the city. Infantry, and gunboats on the river, trying to keep parallel—but the infantry arrived first—Came Monday—A flag of truce with a number of citizens, one Mr. Josiah Morris met them—Protection of private property was promised, and citizens requested to remain quietly at home. The Commandant of the Post, for the first two days was Major Wilkinson. He came to our house (Mr. Thomas's) to see if it was adapted for the headquarters of the General—Something about him, reminded us of Sally Wilkinson, a beautiful girl we had known through the Thomases of Hatboro. He had said he was from Philadelphia, hearing we were. We asked if he was any connection of Miss Sally's—He was her brother—Knew well the Thomases—Had danced often with Hannah & Sue and the Mitchells—Was well acquainted with the Hill boys—Of course we were interested in him and still better he was in us, and offered us any protection in his power. He would send an officer for a safe guard. But we concluded it would be very inconvenient—owing to the stringency of the times to have a gentleman in the house—He said well we will have the place & you under care. So we had the officer transferred to a friend anxious for him.

Tuesday large bodies of infantry passed thro' the city—so orderly that they caused but little trepidation. The Major informed us that the main army would not pass thro the city but pass on to garrison other cities. Afterwards we judged the reason.

We had considerable terror of the infantry; caused by the representations of the Cavalry

Wednesday April 26th.. Lizzie Thomas is expecting a General with his staff. We were helping her generally, as she has but one servant, the other having deserted to the Yankees. When the Gen. and his staff appeared (it was an imposing sight), Lizzie was siezed with one of her spells of pain in the heart—I thought she was going to faint and offered to go and meet them in the parlor.. But oh no! she *wished* to go, and in a few moments was able to.. He liked the place but feared it too luxurious—Charlotte and I did not see them except by peeps thro' the window blinds. They went off for consultation, not expecting them back so soon, we entered the parlor, to look from the windows, and returning they found us there—and an introduction took place.—This evening Lizzie hurried to our house in an excited state of mind, and begged us to come up there—George had gone off on a search for the cows, and she was all alone,—she had stood it as long as she could—the balance of the staff and fifty others had arrived—the others were pitching their tents on the lot—We returned with her—found all hurry and bustle—Were introduced to several and then quickly retreated to the parlor and indulged in the habit lately acquired of peeping thro' the window blinds.—Before we left Mrs. Ware and her children came, so Lizzie was relieved of responsibility. Charlotte and [I] came home—ate cake sat reading and sewing composedly, as if we were not prisoners in a garrisoned city. The officers to[ld] us the garrison would be continued till the war was ended. I asked if they credited the report of Lincoln's & Swards assasination? This rumor had created great consternation—even terror in Montgomery—feared vengeance would be let loose on our city because of the position it had held, as the Secession capital—and hot bed of secession.. Probably—, because of this rumor and the consequent excitement and indignation of the soldiery the army was led *around* and not into Montgomery.—The officers we spoke to said they did not credit the report, but said they yesterday, had official information of Lee's surrender to Grant, and to day a courier had brought the news of Johnson's surrender to Sherman—And now report says an Armistice has been agreed upon. The Federals said—they could not regard the information as certain as it only came from the Confederate side, and they had not yet any official document on the subject.—

April 27!. Thursday—Went to market early Saw nothing to buy—Confederate money in the last stages of decline. Several visitors during the day among them Mrs. Williams & Mrs. Roberts, the first visit of the latter—We went out early in the morning, to try and spend Confederate money; disposed of \$25, for a broom, \$5.00 for a pail of greens for Milly, \$40.00 for four pounds of beef, \$50.00 for a tiny pig, which we sent Jeff for—but it was soon lost to sight—We thought the articles quite *reasonable* in price. Geo Thomas came for us to go there. We were at Mrs. Harris she in great distress because Mr. Cox her brother in law has been arrested. He expected being sent to prison.—Afterwards went to Lizzie—still at Dr Ware's—An officer knocked—came to see if she would give Gen Smith—the officer in command some flowers. We went to help Lizzie gather them and soon Gen. Smith & Gen Carr joined us.²⁰ They were both polished, agreeable gentlemen Gen. Smith born & educated near Burlington Pa—was well acquainted with Philadelphia we had quite a long conversation with him—We hear he is a very stern military officer.

Sunday—April 30. We went to hear Dr. Petrie²¹ No service at Baptist Church. Dr Tichenor having taken flight when the first raid appeared. The clergymen had held a consultation meeting at which Dr Petrie said, he did not wish to debar his congregation from worshipping; though[t] he could pray and preach conscientiously and give offence to none. Mr. Mitchel²² thought he would have service and leave out the prayer for the president. He did not have service; we were told that Gen. Smith had ordered that if there was service held *all* the prayers should be read.

Lincoln assassinated April 14 - 1865

²⁰Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith, commanding Tenth Army Corps, District of Northern Alabama, headquarters in State Capitol. Brig. Gen. Eugene A. Carr, commanding Third Division, 16th Army Corps, headquarters, Dr. Ware's residence.

²¹George Hollinshed Whitfield Petrie, minister of the First Presbyterian Church Montgomery.

²²John March Mitchell, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, was in the dilemma confronting the Episcopal Church in the Confederacy because of the prayer for the president and all in civil authority. See Richard Hooker Wilmer, *The Recent Past* (New York: Thomas Whitaker, 1887), pp. 139-147.

April 30 Dr. Petrie's prayer was free manly and fervent; he prayed that *all* nations of the earth should have justice to rule aright, and that we might have strength given us to endure all calamities, and the Christian spirit to seek the guidance of God to direct us. His text was "Thy commandment is exceeding great" The congregation was well sprinkled with Federal officers and they were very attentive.

This afternoon—April 30—George & Lizzie came to take us down to see the gunboats and transports. We had anxiously awaited their arrival, for if they did not come, they would soon be obliged to impress our provisions, which were already not abundant. We saw two gunboats and I think ten transports. Gen. Steele²³ came and is, we understand to take command of the forces here—News comes that Gens Forest and Taylor were about surrendering to [Gen. E. R. S.] Canby, just as the report of the armistice reach[ed] them—This caused them to suspend operations—

A note came to day from the Judge—All my reserve since Mrs. Harris's congratulations availed nothing. I sent a short answer—Cannot devote so much precious time to one individual—Besides I was greatly annoyed by flowers upon flowers sent me—I found than an impression was out that a marriage was to take place that day—It was originated I suppose, by Mr. or Gov — — saying Judge am I premature in congratulating you upon a matrimonial alliance with Miss F. The Judge said a little premature, but I earnestly hope you will have the opportunity; I assure you it will not be *my* fault if it does not come.

He came one morning after this, and attracted the attention of the neighbors by a visit of 4 or 5 hours—horse at gate... I became nervous; he told me of the above incident—expecting an answer. I said Judge that reminds me of the individual, who was, asked about his matrimonial prospects—he answered he was with in one of being married—How's that said his friend? "I asked her and she said No—instead of Yes. He rose looked at me searchingly—waited a moment—and then said falteringly

²³This is in contradiction to the account in the *Montgomery Advertiser* of Aug. 5, 1863, which writes of an "overflowing congregation" in the Church and "such concourse of people as have never been seen on any funeral occasion in Montgomery."

—would that have been your answer—I said with a very serious face “It, certainly, would have been—&c — — The Judge’s horse never again had such a lingering time at my gate—nevertheless we parted good friends—After that I rec’d some information which I forwarded to him which sent him kiting to his plantation, out of reach of the Federal Authorities.

Mrs. Streety and Bell reached home yesterday, looking haggard and grief stricken from the death of Johnny—only about 15—he with a number of other boys of from 15 to 18 had gone to Wetumpka—joined the Con. troops. The fatigue & exposure induced a clear case of meningitis. Mr. Streety away—the effect upon him when he learn [of] it is much dreaded—he had such high hopes of John.

People began to grow weary, and occasion[al]ly one would hear the instigators of secession denounced.—When Yancy one of the prominent promoters died we were in Hayneville, and coming from there to Montgomery the morning of the funeral, we were surprised to hear expressions condemnatory of him—One gentleman said it was a pity he had not died before he had helped to bring the war on,—another assented to the remark—others said uncomplimentary things—The church was not crowded at the funeral—and Dr. Petrie made no allusion to his services—patriotic services in his country’s behalf—in fact, made *no* allusions to him in any respect.²⁴ Some of his friends were indignant, his wife was so much so that she could not forgive Dr. Petrie, and never entered the church again—it had been her own, too.

We passed thro the war without much annoyance—People were courteous—asked no questions that would implicate us—My remarks at the opening of the war, to the young ladies of the school, that I was there to instruct them in branches not connected with war questions, nor did I propose even to discuss the latter. We sympathized deeply with our many friends in their anxieties and sorrows for they sincerely believed they were contending for their rights; women made sacrifices uncomplainingly & men fought bravely and persistently for them—under went the severest handships—I am surprised that under such circumstances Charlotte and I did not receive some word shots—often

On one occasion, Major Wagnor, who had married a Northern lady—(she had been our teacher in Sabbath school)—and would be supposed to have *some* sympathy for ladies circumstanced as we were, told his daughter a young lady to ask me, if I would not go to such a place and help some ladies to finish some haversacks, they were needed at once. She asked before several young ladies standing around my desk. I said coolly Miss Emma tell your father when he is ready to assume my arduous duties as teacher I will think about assuming his as Quarter Master, and I will certainly devote the government funds to the payment of what is needed’—It had been recently whispered—that he had gotten work done for nothing—and had appropriated the money to his own private purposes . . A smile passed around and I heard nothing more from the Major.—

Mr. Bacon, the right royal gentleman I was associated with at the time went on a trip to Tuskegee.—A letter I had sent just before to the North passed thro the lines there; some gossip got hold of the contents, distorted, and misconstrued maliciously. Fearing father & mother would think we were enduring severe deprivations—I wrote cheerily—spoke of fifty chickens in our coop—so many eggs &c &c—pleasant friends—no loneliness—The fifty chicks she made to represent fifty unionist—the eggs something else adverse—no loneliness meant plenty of northern sympathizers—Mr. Bacon who had been president of the college there for years—before going to Montgomery heard some absurd and ugly remarks, one of which was, Well if Miss Follansbee wrote thus I for one would be glad to see her beautiful curls wound around the hangman’s rope. Mr. Bacon than whom no man was respected [more highly] there—said it is well you are this far from Montgomery—for there Miss F is the presiding teacher and such men as our governor, generals so and so, Cols. so & so — and the best citizens of Montgomery are glad to have their daughters under her instruction and care—The matter went no further.

Mayor—(former) Glascock²¹—Dr Harris & Dr Berney had not hesitated to avow themselves opposed to secession—These

²¹Thomas O. Glascock served three terms Republican mayor between 1868 and 1874, thus indicating his Union sympathies. Miss Follansbee’s “former” results from the fact that she was writing considerably after that date.

were true Southern men.—All had been beyond the age for conscription—But the time came when the years were advanced—The Mayor was ordered to Chehaw—He declared he would never raise his arm against the United States Flag—it had protected him in dire emergencies—I saw him marched from his house, down the street—a soldier with a bayonet in front, one behind, and two on either side—I hurried to Dr. Harris—He skipped—Mr. Glascock was forced to go to Chehaw where there was a skirmish, but thro' some influence he was detailed to bring some dead bodies to Mont.

Charlotte and I went to a public meeting, at the capitol only a few weeks before the surrender. It was inexcusably stupid in us to go but no one anticipated such an outcome. Almost every one went—Various exercises, that were entertaining; a number of eloquent speeches were made—Then Judge Clitheral²⁵—proposed in clear ringing tones that every one in the assembly who *believed in* and wished for the success of the Confederacy woul[d] rise to their feet.—We felt we were in a trap, but we knew that matters had come to such a deplorable pass that many did not believe in the success.—I thought the Judge feels the tottering, but wished to “boost up” the hopes of the people, or to express the extreme of patriotism. Charlotte turned and in sort of an awe stricken tone whispered “What are you going to do. Sit still, I answered—and we sat while every one whom we could see except Dr Harris, was on his feet. . . The gentlemen pretended not to see us or turned quickly away but several of the ladies, our governors wife among them *looked* ten thousand black thunders at us, but our heads were steady—Charlotte had said when I answered “sit still” we will be ordered out of the country—Yes, I said. And fully expected to be; but day after day passed and no summons came. We could only conclude that the husbands of the indignant ladies conscious of the weakening of the cause had insisted that our action should pass unheeded. We heard not one word concerning it.

Soon came the first raid—then the rumor of Lincoln's and Seward's [assassination]—The citizens many of them were ter-

²⁵Alexander B. Clitherrall, an ardent Secessionist and die-hard Confederate.

ror stricken—feared the soldiers would wreak vengeance upon the City. We heard afterwards that the Military Authorities had held the troops, for a couple of days, at some miles distance from the city, to give time for the great excitement to be allayed, and this was the reason that the main army was ordered to move northward at a distance from Montgomery.—

Soon followed the official confirmation of all the surrenders,—and [everyone] realized the South was a conquered people, and the cause was deplorably but certainly lost

Montgomery was garrisoned and continued so for four or five years.²⁵ Mr. Thomas remained at the Ware place some months, and we at his place—

One day Mr. & Mrs Thomas and two or three other friends were sitting in our hall.—We saw, thro' the blind door a fine looking, imposing officer in United States uniform, come up the steps—Interest was excited—the bell was rung with an authoritative jerk, which took me suddenly to the door; with a courteous bow he inquired “Does Miss Follansbee reside here. With a bow equally courteous I responded “I am she. While he was rummaging his pockets—I turned to those within, with hands wringing in mock terror, and in suppressed voice exclaimed oh! What have I done! what *have* I done?—Visions of arrested females arose before my eyes. Those within were struggling with suppressed laughter. Finally he produced a large official looking document—seeing which I bestowed another hasty fear-some glance backward—when he said—“I am the happy bearer of a letter of introduction to you from our mutual friend Dr. Coates. My! I could have embraced him; as it was I joyfully extended both hands to Gen Moore exclaiming Oh! come in, come in! Which he promptly did—was introduc[ed] all around—Every one partook of my enjoyment and was very courteous—He kept on calling for months—Sent us many deli[ca]cies we had not seen for years—for we had been living, and still were on short, plain rations Did not the Thomases—the Caffys and the Birds and some callers enjoy the canned fruits—Eadom cheeses, coffee &c &c that came from the United States govern-

²⁵Montgomery was again occupied on April 24, 1865, by troops under the command of Gen. A. J. Smith. The fleet arrived on April 30.

ment stores, primarily! Charlotte & I had money for there was the gold above the windows—but the markets were not supplied with but the very plainest of provisions—Mr. Thomas & Lizzie longed for some of the good things of past—had not a dollar in U. S. currency, and a million of Confederate notes were not worth one cent. We supplied them with gold—other friends had some secreted as we had. Some, when after the surrender they went for it—found it gone—Mrs. Metcalf had *planted* \$1000.00 in two deeply dug holes in her cellar; where she had deposited it after covering the window and every crevice that light could gleam through, and doing it at midnight, when every darkie was supposed in bed and asleep, she found the first deposit—gone—but rejoiced in the other \$500.

Mrs. Dr. Ware—was at her plantation home—to which she had for protection carried her jewels and her silver. Hearing that the enemy was coming in that direction she went out at midnight; taking only one servant, trusty Nancy who was her old and most devoted body maid—At some distance from the house in a place less frequented she buried her treasures.—The troops came; she heard from he[r] window two or three soldiers in communication with the faithful Nancy—Yes, oh yes! Massas I knows exactly where Missus put the rings and diamonds and siller. I will take you to the berry spot for she took me wid her, (she knowed *I* was trusty)—so away she led the men to the very spot. dugged deep and found nought. Mrs. Ware said I acknowledge I rejoiced in every lick they gave her, in their disappointment, and they were many and she yelled accordingly. Mrs. Ware after burying thought, I have been imprudent perhaps in taking a servant even if it were *Nancy*—she could not rest, and late at night, as it was, she went by herself dug it up and hid it somewhere else at a distance—It was saved—She lost a great quantity of good brandy & wines that she had been very choice of saving for sickness among her large family and friends—for it was worth its weight in gold—almost—so little to be had—It was not taken from her, but hearing of the approach of troops and thinking the liquor would brutalize the men, she and her nieces went and emptied every keg and every bottle on the ground

We did not reopen school until the next October—Charlotte taught a few pupils at Mr. Thomas's in the morning I made

preparations to go North—which I did leaving Montgomery June '4, 65—Went by way of Mobile, New Orleans and up the Mississippi river—Pleasant people en route—Mr. Swope & daughter—Capt—formerly Prof. in Hamilton University, who was kindly attentive—showing all he could of Mobile in the time we were there—The district in which 30 tons of powder exploded²⁷—Was introduced to New Orleans perched high on trunks in an Express wagon—We had left the train at the wrong station—not a carriage to be had—Drove right thro' Charles St just as a lot of emigrants—I descended, and declined the perilous ascension—French Market, Cathedral—Jackson & other squares were visited—Was disappointed by the muddiness, narrowness in some places of La Grand Mississippi—It did not seem to me anywhere more than a mile—but that must have been an optical delusion. Passed Beauvoir—Jeffn. Davis plantation—Here the Federals had erected a number of comfortable cabins—Shiloh battle ground—Memphis—I was not well all the way, and could not enjoy the really pleasant company of the boat nor the good accomodations. The two long days from Cairo to Pittsburgh were somewhat enlivened by a pleasant intelligent Federal officer, who was seated by me—Warm loving, enthusiastic greetings from each of the family.

[Ten pages of the journal recounting personal events of her visit with her family are here omitted.]

... Reached Montgomery in time to prepare for school—move to Major Price's—C had been occupying Lizzie Thomas's parlor since her late return from the Ware's—Mrs. Price—nearer school,—on Court St near South—a very large, old fashioned, collonial house—Charlotte had gotten along as comfortable as could be, friends kind in frequent visits and Gen. M very attentive, which finally culminated in a proposal. Though he was intelligent—handsome—attractive — C was not like "Barkiss"—Sorry I have no account of the year at the Price's—can recall many pleasant times. Major and Julia each witty and fun-loving. Prof Dickson added to the enjoyment, when he was not jaundiced either by home sickness or by the real disease,

²⁷This obviously is a reference to the mysterious explosion which occurred in Mobile on May 25, 1865.

of which he had a prolonged attack and C. and [I] had to do the nursing.—Mrs. Price liked to give *dinings*—which she did occasionally—

Artemus Ward—gave a couple of entertainments. People had been deprived so many years of amusemen[ts] that they crowded the theatre—Great fun. Major, Mrs P. Prof. C and I went together. besides the laughter Artemus excited, we were all overcome in observing some others—Billy Ray prominent—who did not appreciate the witticisms—and looked engagingly—stupid. One after another would say—look—look at him bow or at them—We were convulsed. The next night, we were bound to go again but Mrs. P. and the Prof. were prevented. The Major, C, and I were confused to say the least for the witticisms and the humor of the night before were repeated verbatim to our chagrin—We would look shyly at each other then burst into a laugh. We vowed we would not let the Prof. and Mrs. Price know of it, but the latter was bright enough to see thro' our forced enthusiasm.

A Yankee camp with a fine band of music was enstalled on the Joseph lot near us—We had a prosperous school—Terms \$125, Eng Branches \$125, music—Languages Art in proportion 1866

July of this year finds Charlotte and myself the happy owners of a neat, pretty cottage. An opportunity occurred for us to obtain for \$4000.00 dollars in cash²⁸—a large lot—one acre, and a house of four rooms and kitchen building—stable—and out cabin—Never were two more joyously busy people than C and I, “fixing up”—Having paid cash we had no superflous surplus, and all our skill and ingenuity was put in practice to make appearances attractive—and this we did. Fortunately, we had made some purchases of furniture in Confederate time from Mr. DuVall who moved to Virginia—Wardrobe—sofa—easy chairs—cut glass &c &c. Curtains must be had for the finishing touch—could not afford to buy—so worked a pretty wreath on Swiss mull—old cornices remodelled—Marseilles quilts could not be thought [bought] so we knotted some

²⁸On Sayre Street facing Wilson Street. The house was demolished in 1959[?] for a parking lot.

bleached domestic—. Some old frames we renewed with varnish and gilt, and put some good engravings [in them]—8 pretty carpet bought [in] the winter, furnished enough for parlor and large rugs for the other rooms—so with vases—baskets of flowers suspended at windows, and old fashioned table with carved claws filled with books, pictures &c easy chairs, one red plush, the others cane—the Torry vases, and Judge Stone's handsome marble clock—left with us in the war stampede, which he had declined taking away when we suggested it—Well with these unostentatious articles—we had a cosy—homelike parlor, & the other rooms in keeping—The entry we painted the entry in white and brown hexicans, with white border—Two pretty pictures in hall—a merry rustic glancing across, at a fine city lady—We would rest ourselves on our front porch “In Marde [?] meditation fancy free.” So the summer was spent joyously—with many friends calling—we visiting—the myriads of birds singing—the butterflies flitting, humming birds sipping, endless number of roses, honeysuckles and other flowers blooming. The Cape Jassamine so profusely, that I gathered two hundred of the fragrant white blossoms one afternoon, and had them carried away off, because their rich odor induced the headache in Charlotte—the next morning so many more had appeared, that those cut were scarcely missed. We did much gardening—fed doves and chickens of which we kept a bountiful supply—Taught Nicey to write—Returned calls which were numerous—among them Mrs. Yancey's—Often company to spend the day, or to tea—Mr. Bacon visited Lizzie & George [Thomas] had failed very much, we sent a carriage for him and them to come and spend the day; we had a good time and Lizzie said the visit really benefited Mr. Bacon—We sent dessert to Mrs. Hill and Dora and Mrs. Price. In the evening we went in to see Pricy—very many thanks for dinner, but when I said “If we had thought of it would have sent roast beef—she answered I wish you had, instead of, I think you have sent enough lately” which we had—Next day was working in the garden, Squire Stokes leaned a long time over the palings, and chatted—We wondered if he was the beginnings of the widowers somebody said “would want to hang his hat on the peg” since we had become ladies of property! Hem! He made inquiries of property A day or two afterwards the Rev J. B. Taylor met us at Lizzie's—walked home with us and spent the evening—made himself very agree-

able (Widower No 2) Mrs. Ned Harris—Mrs. Hilliard—Benson—Noble—Tate—Hargrove—Joseph Douglass—Harris—Price—Ray—Bell—Wood—Holtzclaw and others called. Sallie Harris sent by her mother a beautiful white chicken to me—Bought a fine cow to add to Clara's duties and our comfort—

Went to the Post Office one day—conscious of a little embarrassment caused by a gentleman looking at me intently—then stepped towards me—hesitated—advanced a step or two nearer—as if to speak—I looked at the face which looked familiar—and exclaimed "John Keffer?" *He* exclaimed and is this the little girl I used to slide down the cellar door thirty years ago? He had seen me two or three times on the street, but did not venture to address me, though he intended finding out our residence and calling before leaving—Said he had six little orphan children—his wife having died recently. He was connected with the Medical Depart. of the Federal Army, and now held an office under Gen Swayne. Of course I invited him to call—Went North in two or three days—We heard that he had been in the neighborhood seeking us, but new people either side of us did not know our name. We were out much—and found Clara had been too—All went on mostly well—with of course some blue spots—The Squire S. turned up one day—asked for the ladies. I spoke for Charlotte to see him—She reluctantly went—Before many minutes he inquired of her if she desired to change her condition in life—She came from the interview wrathly ready to pommel me for having put *her* in that fix

At home till July—when we both went North

In April we were invited to repeat a Memorial that we empatically we—Profs Dickson & Thomas had enacted last year, Prof. Dickson wrote the eulogy—Prof Thomas taught the requiem—Pupils of each school took part—C & I did the rest—It was rec'd with tears and sobs were heard all over the house but that was such an exhaustive effort we each declined—A letter today from Hannah Beldon with an invitation to stay with them in Philada—A letter from Mouri with the good news of Gilbert's and Bert's conversion, and joining the Presbyterian church, she going with them.²⁹A letter from Marie telling of the

²⁹Hannah Beldon, a friend for many years: Mouri, wife of Gilbert Follansbee, oldest Follansbee brother.

coming advent of a little one, and invitation to come there—April 29—Examination at school—Several gentlemen present, among them Mr. Noble, Dr. Petrie Rev. Williams—many ladies present. Classed did admirably—‘Twas not the general annual Ex. Mary Taylor’s marriage—Prof Smith so exceedingly attentive to us at the Baptist convention that the idea that he was heaping coals of fire on our heads—for our having requested him to resign his musical professorship in our school—found us seats—sat by us—asked if we had anyone to wait on us home. We had. A noble witty agreeable gentleman—but we found to our sorrow he was too much given to wine or something stronger—Letter from Mattie Cadwallar Phelps, telling us of her father’s death in Feb. Glad we sent him a New Year’s greeting—Mattie found it among his treasurers—

Thursday, May 9.—Awakened last night by uproarious noises on lot—Nicey had just returned from prayer meeting, two or three with her—Sally said excuse her “she had got religion”—After breakfast I saw Nicey looking lugubrious and on an inquiry from me she went into spasmodic demonstrations—Granny came out and while persuading her to go in and lie down, she turned to me and said pityingly “she’s young and don’t know how to take it” Prof Smith came two or three times to spend the evening—full of wit and humor. We enjoyed his society—but it would not do to have him in school

9th. Charlotte went to Wetumpka—a good time—brought Mother Root with her, and she brought me a beautiful iced cake—with “Saade” on it—

July 4, 1867—8 AM—Mid ocean—on board The Leo. Geo & Lizzie had persuaded us to go North by sea—Geo careers around the boat joyously—Lizzie seasoned highly with *sauce*—Charlotte brave as a sheep Janey Smith slightly cadaverous—I—well I don’t find the open, open sea very inspiring in fact

My muse is rocked asleep

In the cradle of the deep—

George adds The day we “sillybrate” July 4, ’867 G.W.T. After a time—previous to this both he and Lizzie were filled with enthusiasm—asked several times if we were not rejoiced

that they had brought us that way—They sang “The Sea, the Sea the open Sea” then “A life on the ocean wave” and snatches of all the sea songs the[y] could think [of] The passengers enjoyed highly their joyousness and singing—After a time they subsided a little, but still exulted in coming by sea, and insisted we should—too, and be thankful to them and be jolly—Later on he looked sober—Lizzie ditto, finally both disappeared—In due time I went on a search for them—groans from Geo’s birth—lamentations—and then the ejaculations Oh why did I come this way! *Why* did I—Lizzie vowed Oh, oh dolorously if I only get thro’ this I will dedicate myself anew to the Lord.” In a day or two all were better—Lotte not near as sea sick as on a previous trip—I more so for a couple of days after reaching Lizzie’s than when on the sea.—Rill came—also Peggie...

No account further till Oct.—

Oct. 21, 1867. Had made the acquaintance of Capt. Hedberg. The fine looking officer in charge of the troops stationed in the field opposite us.—The grounds and tents made an attractive prospect from our house—Mr. Price—Mrs Allen, Mrs. Campbell Miss Mims & Capt [Axel] Hedberg called—After tea he called again—we insisted he should go and primp and call on her [Miss Mims] which he did stopping on the way, for us to admire his appearance, and then coming an hour afterwards to let us know what kind of a call he had had.

22nd Capt H spent evening and was very entertaining, telling us of his Swedish life

Dr Tichenor called—

Thursday—Oct 1867 went to church to see Willella Chilton married to Mr Will Thorington—Capt called at seven, gave an impatient fudge! finding we were going out—so invited him to accompany us—finding we had company declined—but when they came, seeing only one gentleman to three ladies, he insisted we would wait a moment till he sprang to his tent—suppose to give an order—and back again—We waited & were fully repaid by the flow of fun which bubbled continually from his lips Music beautiful—party charming—He interrupted Miss Mims as she seemed to accept our invitation by saying he must say good night—upon which she came to a sudden conclusion

to bid good night too—As she turned to go, he hastily opened the gate for them, and said he believed he could come in for one minute—She added “I thought so”—We went next night to Concert an[d] Tableaux with him and Capt Barrows, a Confed. Officer—In the morning Capt H. came over to help in the tedious task of stoning raisins for the fruit cake, he had heard us say we were going to make—We dispensed with his services, in payment of which he came to share a nice supper—same again Sunday eve.—Monday called, stayed an hour when a sudden conviction siezed him that he must go—We knew something was up—and inquir[ed] the *wherefore*—after he had gone, he popped his head in the door, and with half an embarrassed air, said “Children, I read in a book to day that one should not [make] too long a visit—policy had come to him rather late—he was to go away very soon Tuesday, came to bid us good bye evinced much feeling, conclude he would take time to come to supper—Came but had only a moment to stay—Rather more demonstratively affectionate than circumstances warranted—We shall miss him much for he [is] a charming, frank brisk youth, and very appreciative of any kindness shown him—Said if possible he would be with us Christmas—was in hopes he would be returned to Montgomery—would make a strong effort to that effect

1868

Many pleasant events have occurred—I see I have written of Axel’s good bye—Christmas came & went without him—had not heard from him for a month Sat. I was in Grannys ro[o]m pressing a piece of velvet—Clara, on back porch said Miss Saade—I looked up & down saw no one—suddenly a stalwart figure, clad in blue, and glimmering with brass buttons, was in the doorway—With an exclamation of pleasure I sprang forward, with open hands to greet him, to my astonishment I was gathered up, before I knew. He seemed to take it as such a matter of course—that after an old maidenly resistance, I felt conscious that taking further notice of it would be rather awkward—I was gratified that when C. returned from down town she too recd the same cordial greeting—Said for sure to expect him to supper. So we invited Gen Thomas—George and Lizzie—came bringin Major Ely, a retired U. S. army officer, afterward Judge Ely. Lizzie was obliged to leave early her company

went with her. Axel staid an hour later—brought a huge box of French bon-bons—Early Sunday aft came to stay till time to go to boat for Mobile—Said something in an embarrassed way about *marrying*, enough to call from me, “Axel dont be foolish—talk about marrying your *grandmother*” He exclaimed—there is not so much difference—&c—He was under a cloud of disappointment for the order for him to continue stationed in Mont. had been countermanded—he had in answer to a petition from M. Ala. where some trouble was brewing to go there—He grumbled as much as was soldierly—and ended expressing the earnest hope that he would be returned here before long—Then as demonstrative a leave taking as a greeting—

Among others sent New Years Cards to Kirke—Porters Eugene Paules; the latter we heard was in Louisville

Jan 2—Letter from Axel saying Dear Children—a Happy New Year! God bless you”, dated Mobile—One from L.G.B.—Bright and merry Mollie Reese entered school—Mr. & Mrs. Lefevre & Miss Wilson coming to tea—All very pleasant an glib—

Feb 21—Attack of neuralgia lasting three weeks—Clara—the ever faithful, has to leave; faithful since—after we had heard her grumbling several times and then interviewed her, with the request she would leave—We had gone to housekeeping for comfort and could not be happy with a grumbling servant. For a moment she was distressingly dumb-founded—then voluble—begging us not to send her away—she would do any and everything we wished an we should *never* hear another grumble—“But how will you help it?” said I. She answered, “when I feel it coming on I will go to my room—shut and lock the door, and you shall never hear me”—She staid until her husband took her to another city—Then came good old Mammy (Drinkwater) a true mammy..

Feb/68

Prof Smith spent an evening—Another bitter cold evening—when fire had gone out in the parlor and we were huddled

pell-mell in back room with many reports to make out—Knew no one would come such a stormy night—when—jing-a-ling went doorbell—Capt Bush³⁰—first visit—Mammy & Mary Williams bearer of note from Bertie cleared up while Charlotte doffed wrappers, donned hoops and dresses Capt Bush nigh freezing in parlor—take too long to warm that room—must come in here—which he did and we were so well entertained that 10½ came before we were aware. He had just rec'd his appointment from Washington for State Superintendentship—The first time we ever saw him was—when Gen. Smith & Gen Car[r] made their headquarters in 65 at Dr. Ware's. Capt Bush was on Gen Smith's staff.—Letters from Blaisdell—Dr C—Capt Hedberg—Home folks—Trenton — Dolly — Etty Rill Cousin—Sis Whitehead's marriage discussed—Blaisdell wrote of his trouble—Dr not of his—Alex dissatisfied with North Ala.—Gen. Shepphard succeed Gen Hayden here—large addition to camp also a find band of music—which made our home an attractive place for friends.—Called on Mrs. Ferrell, a new neighbor, and very congenial Called on Mrs. Capt Jewett—next door. She from Phila. Officers residing in the Gilmer house—Many calls and callers—Sally Ray's approaching marriage

March

Letters—Blaisdell's fortunes improving—Alex sick and asks for a good long dear letter—Jenny & Julia proposes a visit to us

April

Capt H in Mont[gom]ery considerable—visited us daily—came one morning to Mammy at or before six—for her to tell us he arrived to[o] late last night to call, and ordered too ear[l]y—to go to Atlanta—would write—It was delicate in him not to ring the bell—Ordered *at once* to Atlanta elections there

³⁰Henry M. Bush, son of Dr. Wymans and Julia Loomis Bush, was born in central New York, July 6, 1829. His parents were still living, in Branchport, Yates County, N. Y., at the time of the Captain's death in 1889, having passed the sixty-ninth anniversary of their marriage a few months before.—*Montgomery Advertiser*, Feb. 19, 1889.

proceed to Huntsville—Capt Bush comes about every other day—Major Shockley—first call—regretted to Capt Bush that he had come before—Letter from *John* dated Feb 26

May 17

Capt Hedberg arrived at one o'clock last night—at camp. Walked over and took a look at the house—so he said next morning when he made an early call—left to see Gen Shepherd—came to dinner. Mrs. Williams and staid till he had to leave—We admired his dignified leave taking and graceful expression of thanks for our hospitality—I must write him saying Mrs. Williams is to be thanked for being the instrument of his showing how very beautifully he could behave—Lydia & Mr Rice surprised us with a good visit

May 27

Julia Thomas came—Capt Sartle spent afternoon

Fri.

Trying day at school—but delightsome at home—a sweet clean home—good dinner—soothing chocolate—Mammy proud with 15 eggs of our own laying—Family increased to 9 little chickens and 5 kittens—30 eggs in a hopeful condition—Mr. Barras, formerly of Lees staff called

June 10

Miss Wilson just left, came in at 5—persuaded her to stay. Salle Whiting Rhaes wedding reception. Her mother, Mrs Whiting—and sister Mrs. Hilliard very attentive to us—Miss Wilson came *frequently* always glad to see her—so full of life Closing Examination and Exercises. The room more than crowded—seven deep at the doors. Gov. Patton—Ex Gov Watts and most of the eminent [residents] of the city there. Girls did themselves infinite credit day and night Every one enthusiastic in the Ex. and charmed at night. Very complimentary notices appeared in the papers

July 7/68

Had photographs of our house taken to send to Pa & Ma—Got draft \$280. to buy \$200. in gold for Pa & Ma's Golden wedding if the[y] wished the present in gold—Capt Hedberg

here, and continued to come every day or two for several weeks—Generally so full of humor intelligence and good nature as to make him welcome—Went into enthusiasms over my head minus the curls. So much so that I became the “Medusa” and he took his departure with only a cool bow from me.—Geo—Lizzie and Bertie Williams there did not know me with all my smiles and bows, till I was at their gate when all exclaimed where are the curls? Next day Capt. H brought a prancing pair of horses and a fine sundown. Capt. B. there—invited C. him & myself to ride—A dashing ride—Next day both there to see how we survived. Heddy came the next day sick & blue—Capt B. next day came with a fine turn out—went somewhat slower than a streak of lightning, but not so rushing as former ride—so more enjoyable—Baine’s, Streety’s — Douglasses — Rice’s—Thomases—Ferrells and many others came—gardened much—Sunday 26—Capt H to bid us, a final good by—Was hurt, and vexed that Capt Bush had not told him the day before where we had gone to spend the day so that he might have come for me. Suppose it was because the time was so short before he was to leave—

July

Mr. Le Fevre died—We went net morning to see Mrs Le Fevre—Anne Ware married—great display at church. Aug 10 a delightful day with Pop Corn—Mrs. Caffy, dear old lady—just as full of life; we wanted to keep her longer, but she was to leave the city—

Two bushels of fine peaches from Mrs. Streety—grapes and peaches from Mrs. Ware, and luscious grapes from Capt Bush—Lizzie Thomas ill & Julia with her while we were away

March 14/1869

An eventful week—Capt B. had visited so regularly and such had been his attentions to Charlotte and her acceptance, that I had been convinced that a mutual preference existed—Tuesday was rainy and it was my turn at home—About 10, Capt B. called ostensibly for a book—the announcement came that he and Charlotte were engaged. I was thankful for the intervening hours to rally and compose myself before C. came

from school—Became faint siezed Jamaica ginger—relief in ultimate distress—Pitied myself! Sense of right philosophy and religion came to the help.—Was I equal to walk the long path alone? Not a single aspiration in my soul for one of the “Lords of creation to walk it with me.—” I believe Capt Bush to be noble and good, and this was reconciling in its effect—I was able to greet her with smiles and say you might both have gone further and fared worse”

Went North in July—Pittsburg first—Trenton—Sheldon Springs—Haverhill—Saw the old Follansbee house and the Haynes Homestead—Dr. Crowel insisted we should spend at least some days with them—Would not take no for answer until I told them that Charlotte was to be married in a couple or so of weeks, and had not put a needle to anything Mrs. Crowell raised her hands in holy terror—

Saw some cousins in Haverhill. Lizzie Thomas died while we were away

Charlotte married at Lizzie's in Caldwell Sep 14 1869 Orrilla with baby Orrilla 6 mos came³¹—Mary Anderson—Rev Bern married them—Fred said the day before Mamma is Mr *Berry* to be at that *festibal* or what ever it is to-morrow?”—Ans Yes!” “then oh, shaw! In the middle of the marriage ceremony Will started on a bee line for the door, when down went his father's hand on his head, and he was retained by his hair—They went on a short trip, I to trenton and Philada—At those places a trunk was filled with presents—silver &c of which Charlotte and Henry knew nothing till we reached home and then not till next morning—At night I got it into the dining room, and Mammy and I set the table for breakfast, with the brilliant display—Shout the shutters and turned on the gas—A joyous surprise to them—had cards on each article—Mammy had been so anxious to get Col Crum and family out [of our house] (We had let them occupy it in our absence) = she wish[ed] to have every nook in fine order—and she had—The Drums and other officers occupied afterwards the Gilmer House

³¹Lizzie Follansbee Harrison, youngest of the Follansbee sisters. Orrilla Moody was a life-long friend. Martha Follansbee and Orrilla Moody had married brothers, John and Joseph Whitehead.

next door—and were delightful neighbors. Col. Drum succeeded Capt Hedberg—who never returned to Montgomery—Camp continued

1870

Orrill born July 27.—The Mims next door had become not very kind—Mrs. Mims would watch with a hawk's eye whenever Mammy went to gather fruit—The branches of a very fine peach tree leaned over the fence, and if Mammy's hand neared the fence she would exclaim crossly—"don't take one from this side"—Mammy would be very polite. The day after the night Orrill was born—Charlotte said Mammy, I think Mrs. Drum would enjoy some of those peaches—Mammy started—Mrs. Mims started too—she was ever on the look out—the usual precautions were given not to take any from her side—then she said "I hear Mrs. Bush had a baby last night—Mammy answered Yes—a fine little girl! "Well I think she took a mighty hot time to have it—

In the spring Mr Partridge, Lydia's early lover came to see Charlotte—He had married long ago Miss Thompson, of Tuskegee memory—Geo Thomas and Julia Adams married³²

1871

Camp still opposite—officers next door and very agreeable Col & Mrs Drum particularly so.

Charlotte, baby and I went North in the summer—Orrill 1 year old³³

³²Julia Adams was a sister of Lizzie, George Thomas' first wife.

³³Orrill Bush, only child of Henry and Charlotte, grew up and married Horace, son of Horace Stringfellow, rector of St. John's Episcopal church from 1869 to 1893. It is due to the kindness of Horace Stringfellow, grandson of Henry and Charlotte Follansbee Bush, that this Journal of his great-aunt Sarah Follansbee is made public.

CONTRIBUTORS

SARAH VAN V. WOOLFOLK is an assistant professor of history at the University of Alabama.

HUGH C. DAVIS is an assistant professor of history at Auburn University.

ROBERT R. MADDEN is the historian of the Natchez Trace Parkway.

RON BENNETT is the administrative assistant of the City Council in Honolulu, Hawaii.

VIRGINIA K. JONES is the manuscript librarian in the Department of Archives and History.

INDEX

— A —

d'Abbadie, Jean Jacques	27
Alabama	
Civil War desolation	92
Economics and Politics in the 1860 Presidential Election	43-58
journalism	140
Maps	7-21
origin of population	45
politics	140-45
population, composition of	49
slavery in	47
Alabama State	
Journal	157, 159-60
Alabama	
University of	155, 156, 159
Alldridge, Andrew	115
Anderson, James M.	218
Armbrecht, William	85
Asberry, Alabama	68
Autauga County	51-2

— B —

Bacon, Henry	
Holcombe	215, 221, 222, 248
Milton	219, 242
Baird's Bluff Deposit	102, 124
Baptist Church	123
Bearmeat Cabin	103
Bell, John	37-57
Bennett, Ron	199, 259
Bennyworth, Capt. Samuel ..	34-7
Berney, Dr. James	242
Birmingham and Southeastern	
Railroad	59-79
construction of Martin Dam ..	66
discontinued service	78
finances	77
freight	69
locomotives	70-79
passenger service	69-73
receivership	64
volume of freight	67

Birmingham and Southern	
Railroad	59-79
Black Belt	44
Blackford, W. T.	158, 160, 161
Blount County	
Agricultural statistics	122
Agriculture in	107-09, 111-16
Apple culture	115-17
Census, 1850	121
Climate	100-02
coal mining	117
corn production	107-09, 110, 112
cotton culture	111-13
county boundary	106-07
county seat	121
court house	107
creation of	105-06
description and history of	94-132
early settlers	105
elections in	106
first county seat	106
first marriage in	109-110
flood control in	119
flour mills	114
geographical divisions	95-100
geography	130-132
immigration into	104, 109
Indians	123-30
Indian burial mounds	124-25
iron ore	118
lead mines	123-24
limestone	119
organization of	106
population, 1950	121
religion in	122-23
roads in	120
sale of lands	110-11
settlement of	103, 107-08, 109, 110-11
tax valuation	122
wheat production	113-14
Blount, Roberts	63, 64, 66, 72, 75, 78
Winton	64, 70

Blountsville	103, 121
Blountsville Valley	103
Born, John D., Jr.	23, 133
Boudousquire, Prof. Paul C.	82
Breckinridge, John C.	43, 44,, 48, 52-53, 56-7
British West Florida	23-42
Bruce, James	35-40
Brooksville, Alabama	104
Brown, Col. Richard (Cherokee Chief)	126-28
Bryan, William J.	168
Burn, J. P. B.	142
Bush, Capt. Henry M.	254, 256

— C —

Coates, Dr. Reynell	214, 222, 223
Calhoun, John C.	44
Carpetbaggers	141-165
definition of	145
Cartography, Alabama	7-21
Cartoons	140-65
Cherokee Cession	126-27
Cherokee Indians	126
Civil War in Alabama desolation	92
Clanton, Gen. James Holt	161
Clitherall, Judge Alexander B.	243
Cloud, N. B.	153
Coal mining	117, 118
Coffee, Gen. John	102
Comer, Braxton Bragg	175
Constitutional Union Party in Alabama	43
Constitutional Union Party	49
Coosa County	51
Covington County	54
Creek Indians	126
Creek War 1813-14	102-03
Cumberland Presbyterian Church	123
Cunningham, Elijah	118

— D —

Dalton, David L.	157, 159
Davis, Hugh C.	167, 259
Noah K.	219
Thomas	126-27

Democratic Party in Alabama	43-58
Democratic Party	48
"Description and History of Blount County"	95-132
Ditto's Landing	104
Douglas, Stephen A.	43, 44, 48, 49, 51, 57

DuBose, John W. agricultural endeavors.....	169-70
begins journalistic career	170
conspiracy theory of history	177, 179
early life	168-69
economic theory	184-86
Farmers' Alliance	171-72
history of Alabama	175
Negro	180-84
political philosophy	176
populism	173
works for Archives and History Department.....	175
works for Convict Bureau.....	175
Dunbar, Frank	216, 217
John	39
Dunn, Michael J. III	59, 133

— E —

East Alabama Female College	215
Eclectic	66, 68, 72
Economic conditions in Ala.	64-65
Editorial	139
Election, 1860 in Alabama	43-58
Electric Engines	76
Elyton	106

— F —

Farmer, Maj. Robert	27
Farmers' Alliance	171-72
Fields, George	124
Fletcher, Sen. Duncan U.	81
Flood control	119-20
Follansbee, Charlotte.....	214-15, 219, 224, 226, 227, 231, 233, 236, 238, 242, 243, 245, 247, 250, 256-58
Sarah G. Journal of	213-258

Forsythe, John	49
Ft. Davis	63, 67, 68
Fowler, John	115-16
Fowkes, O. B.	87
"Freedom Hills"	191-98
area of	192, 194
character of people	195-97
description of	193
French Revolution in Mobile	39
French and Spanish Cartography of Alabama	7-21
Fryley, Caleb	103
Funk, Arville L.	91, 133

— G —

Gadsden	91
Gaines, James J.	127
Gaylesville, Alabama	92
General Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee	175
Gibson, A. M.	115
Gilbreath, Alex	130
Gilchrist, James Graham	226, 227
Glascocock, Thomas O.	242-43
Goethals, Col. George W.	83
Gordon, Arthur	33
Gorgas, Dr. William C.	82
Gresham, Maj. Gen. Walter Q.	94
Griffin, Lt. Col. Daniel F.	91
Grindle, James	117

— H —

Handley, William A.	174
Hanley, D.	114, 117
Hartwell, Harry T.	86
Hayes, Charles	150, 153
Henderson, J. H.	130
Henry, Vernon	154, 155
Holmes, Jack D. L.	79, 133
Hood, Gen. John B.	91, 92
"Hoosier Regiment in Alabama"	91-4
House, Col. Edward M.	89
Houston, George S.	174

— I —

Independent Monitor	140
Indians in Blount County	123-30

Indian Burial Mounds	124-25
Indian disturbances	127-29
Indian trade	28
Interstate Commerce Commission	77, 78
"Ira Van Deusen: A Federal Volunteer in North Alabama"	199
Iron ore	118

— J —

Jacksonian Democracy	44
Jefferson County created	106-07
"John W. DuBose: The Disillusioned Aristocrat"	167-190
Johnstone, Gov. George	24, 25n., 29, 37, 38
Johnston, Gen. Joseph E.	91
Johnston, Joseph F.	172-73, 174
Jones, Mr. ---	103
Thomas G.	183
Virginia K.	213, 259
"Journal of Sarah G. Follansbee, The"	213-58
Judson Institute	215

— K —

Kelly, William	106
Kolb, Reuben F.	168, 172, 173-74
Ku Klux Klan	141, 146-48

— L —

Lakin, A. S.	149
Larkinsville	206, 207
Latin America	81
Lauderdale County	45, 47, 46, 49, 50-1
Lead mines	123-24
Lewis, T. P.	142
Limestone deposits	118-19
Liverpool	68
Locomotives	74
Locust Forks	118
Long, Durward	43, 133

— M —

McCook, Gen. E. M.	231, 232
McGowan, Henry	158, 160
McKee, Robert	169
McIntosh, John	27, 28
McKinstry, Alexander	161-62, 163, 164
McNab, John	41
Madden, Robert R.	191, 259
Madison County	45, 47, 49, 50-1
Map, Tukabahchi	60
Maps, Alabama	7-21
Martin Dam	66
Martin, John M.	172
Methodist Church	122-23
Miller, Charles A.	159
Milstead	63, 67, 68, 72
Mitchell, John M.	239
Mobile	23, 26, 27, 28, 29, 84
conditions in, 1765	32
economic conditions	27, 40
trade in	37-38, 39
Mobile Business Women's Club	85
Mobile Chamber of Commerce	84
Mobile County	46, 48, 49, 55
Mobile and the Visit by Woodrow Wilson	81-90
Mobile, West Florida, commerce in	23-42
Montgomery Advertiser	147-49
Montgomery captured by Federal troops	229-45
Montgomery County	46
Morale, Civil War	225
Morgan, Miss Cornelia	82
John T.	82, 86, 167
Morris, Josiah	237
Motor Car 500	70-1
Mud Town, Alabama	104
Murphree, Daniel	104
Murphrees' Valley	104

— O —

Oates, William C.	173
Ogee, John see Shannon, John	
Owens, Clarence J.	81

— P —

Page, Walter Hines	89
Pan-American Union	81, 84
Panama Canal	82
Parsons, Lewis E.	163, 164
Pensacola, description of 1764	24
Perry, William F.	217, 218
Petrie, George W.	239-40
"Political Cartoons of the Tuskaloosa Independent Monitor and Tuskaloosa Blade "	140-65
Roosevelt, Franklin D.	90
Pope, William	41
Powell, George	95
Pratt, Daniel	51
Price lists, 1863	224
Public Service Commission	72-73
Purcell, John	142, 144, 153, 164

— R —

Rabbittee, B.	152, 153
Railroads	59-79
Randolph, Ryland	140-65
elected to Legislature	164
trial of	141
Reconstruction	140-65
Reconstruction Acts	140
Reid, Levi	117
Reisch, Don Antonio Manuel Felix	38
Republican Party in Alabama	140-65
Rice, Theron	219
Richards, J. F. B.	155-56
River Navigation	121
River shipping in Blount Co.	117-18
Roads	120
Roberts, Derrell	81, 133
Morris	141, 142, 144
Root, Lydia Anne	219
Mrs.—	232
Rev. Timothy	219, 227
Ross, James	35

— S —

Samford, William J.	174-75
Scalawags	143-60
definition of	145-46
Schwarz, Leon	86, 87
Sectionalism in Alabama	44-45
Shalk, Marie	216, 217, 222
Shannon, John (John Ogee, Creek chief)	126
Sherman, Gen. William T.	91
Sibert, Col. William L.	83
Sipsey Creek	118
Slavery	55, 57-8
in Alabama	47
Smith, Gen. A. J.	239
William H.	157, 159
Southern Commercial Congress 1913 meeting	81, 87
Spanish Cartography, see French and Spanish Cartography	
Spanish trade with Mobile	23-4, 29, 30, 31
Spanish trade	32, 38-9
Stamp Act	37-8
Stapleton, Capt. Robert	26
Steamboats	121
Stone, George Washington	226, 227, 228
Stooka (Cherokee Indian)	127-30
Strachan, Charles	23-42
Streety, Bell	219
John P.	221
Mrs.—	223, 225, 227, 241, 256
Stokes, John G.	159-60
Swanson, Peter	41

— T —

Tallassee	61, 68, 78
Tallassee Falls Mfg. Co.	61, 62
Tallassee Mills	61
Tallassee and Montgomery Railway	61, 62
Taylor, R. V.	86
Tecumseh	75
Telfair, William	39, 40
Thirty-eighth Indiana Infantry Regiment	91

Thomas, George Warren	216, 222, 223, 237-38, 244, 248, 250, 252
Thompson, Augusta	218
Tooni (Cherokee Indian)	128-30
Transportation	120
Tukabahchi	59, 60
Tuskaloosa Blade	140

— U —

deUlloa, Don Antonio	38
Union Springs	68
Union Spring and Northern	62

— V —

Van Deusen, Ira	199-211
Vestal, Jeremiah	130

— W —

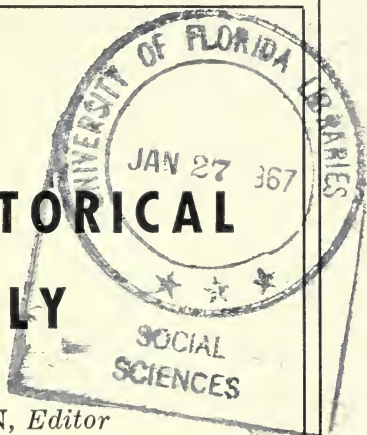
Wardlaw, Capt. Ralph	33
Ware, Dr. Robert J.	229, 245
Warner, Williard	150, 153
Washington, Booker T.	181
Watson, Hugh W.	222
West Florida	23-42
West Florida, commerce	37, 42
West Florida, Stamp Act	37-8
Western Railway of Alabama	67
Whigs in Alabama	44
Whig Party	47, 48, 54-5, 56, 58
Williams, George H.	164
Wilson, Gen. James H.	231, 232
Wilson, Woodrow effect of speech at Mobile	89
speech at Mobile	88
visits Mobile	81-90
Winston County	55
Wood, John	106
Woodruff, D.	142, 145
Woodward, C. Vann	167
Woolfolk, Sarah Van V.	259

— Y —

Yancey, William Lowndes	171, 175
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CONTENTS

Editorial	5
John McKinley: Jacksonian Phase, by John M. Martin	7
The "Hard Fortune" of Theodore O'Hara, by Richard P. Weinert	33
Migration Patterns of Alabama's Population, 1850 and 1860, by Tommy W. Rogers	45
"Pocket Diary for 1861" by James Osgood Andrew Story, edited by Dr. Llerena Friend	51
Contributors	122

EDITORIAL

It is the continuous desire of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly* to present articles of varying interest. This number of the *Quarterly* gives a glance into three phases of Alabama history from the Jacksonian period of the 1820's through the Civil War of the 1860's.

The article on the migration trends of Alabama's population for 1850 and 1860 is interesting in that it gives the statistics of both the inflow and outflow of the population within the United States.—*Editor*

JOHN MCKINLEY: JACKSONIAN PHASE

by John M. Martin

Born in Virginia and reared in Kentucky, John McKinley moved to Alabama in 1818 where he practiced law, engaged in a variety of business ventures and held several political offices. Narrowly defeated by William Kelly for a seat in the United States Senate in 1822, he ran again in 1826 for the seat made vacant by the death of Henry Chambers and the resignation of his successor, Israel Pickens, because of illness.¹ Although McKinley had been supported by the "Georgia faction" in 1822 and had supported Henry Clay for the Presidency in 1824, he now professed himself to be a supporter of Andrew Jackson and sought to persuade others in northwest Alabama to withdraw from the race and support him in an expected contest with Clement Comer Clay. If a concert were not made among Jackson's friends, he warned, "all would be left to chance." Jacksonians, meanwhile, sought assurance that McKinley had indeed been converted to their cause. Pointing out that McKinley had supported Clay in 1824 and had defended his policies only six or eight months before, a correspondent wrote John Coffee in October that he had little faith in "new converts" and that McKinley had waited longer than he should have in disapproving the course of the Adams administration.²

About the same time, when a public letter appeared in the Huntsville *Democrat* asking him to state his views about certain questions, McKinley took advantage of the request to address a long letter to the people of Alabama explaining his recantation. Every representative, he said, was bound "to obey the will of his constituents upon all matters of policy, and to obtain a knowledge of that will by every means in his power." He favored "pure Jeffersonian principles," as opposed to those of the elder Adams. In 1824 he had supported Clay in preference to Jackson, but, knowing the present feeling of the people of Alabama, he could not now support him. If elected to the

¹*Dictionary of American Biography*, 20 volumes (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1928-1936), XII, 104-105.

²McKinley to John Coffee, September 12, 1826; Jonas C. Bell to John Coffee, October 4, 1826, John Coffee Papers, Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, hereinafter cited as Coffee Papers.

Senate, he would give Jackson his "decided support" in preference to either Clay or Adams; however, he would not oppose the administration purely for the sake of obstruction. Should the Panama proposal be presented again, he would consider it on its merits. He favored a constitutional amendment to prevent the House of Representatives from electing a President and preferred a direct popular vote if a means could be devised to keep the South from losing its power based on slaves. He favored graduation of the price of public lands and internal improvements and would exert himself "to obtain such an appropriation of public money" as would "improve the navigation of the state, and particularly of the Muscogee Shoals." He denied the charge that he had represented the Georgia or Royal party in the race against Kelly in 1822 and maintained that he had been aloof from state politics between 1822 and 1825. And, although he admitted he had been legal representative of the Huntsville Bank, he denied that he had agreed with all provisions of the law creating it or with some of the high-handed practices of which it had been guilty. McKinley's letter won support in some quarters but embittered some of his former friends.³ The *Democrat*, which claimed to be the tribune of the people, found McKinley acceptable now that he had given his "express and unequivocal negative" to the support of John II, but others questioned whether he had been fully converted from his former faith.⁴

McKinley faced two principal rivals in the Alabama legislature, Clement C. Clay and Nicholas Davis. To counteract McKinley's avowal of Jackson and win over Davis followers, Clay supporters announced shortly before the vote was to be taken that he was for Jackson, but that he was against "factious opposition" to the general government. Subsequently, following the withdrawal of Davis from the race, many votes from the Tennessee Valley were thrown to Clay. Despite this shift, however, McKinley was elected by a vote of 41-38. As a result of the realignment, some of McKinley's supporters in 1822 voted against him, and some who had opposed him now

³John McKinley to Mentor, October 10, 1826, published in *Democrat* (Huntsville), October 27, 1826, hereinafter cited as *Democrat*.

⁴*Democrat*, December 1, 1826; *Southern Advocate* (Huntsville), December 15, 1826, hereinafter cited as *Southern Advocate*.

voted for him. Later, each side made charges and counter-charges against the other. McKinley supporters spoke of secret schemes, charged that McKinley men had been coerced into voting against him for purely partisan reasons and called the opposition a party of "*men, not principles.*" Following McKinley's October letter, they maintained, he had been marked for destruction by the Royalist Party. Clay followers, on the other hand, pointed to McKinley's late conversion to Jacksonianism and charged that he had been able to win only because of heavy support from the Adams faction in the legislature. Both Clay and McKinley, in fact, had supported Henry Clay in 1824; both were able men, and both served faithfully as Jacksonians in Congress.⁵

As a new member, McKinley participated little in debates during the short and relatively quiet Second Session of the Nineteenth Congress. Seeking to protect the interests of many Alabamians, however, he took a keen interest in legislation related to public lands and spoke out against land speculators and in favor of land purchasers who had had to relinquish public lands. These settlers, he argued, had improved the country. If misfortune caused them to have to give up part of their land purchased at high prices, it would not be just or generous to refuse them the right of repurchase on generous terms.⁶ Speaking during debates on a Bankrupt Bill, McKinley took the occasion to defend the interests of the agricultural population and to attack the Supreme Court for "judicial legislation" in the case of *Sturges vs. Crowninshield*. "Such appears to be the political bias of a majority of that Court, and the great authority of its decisions upon constitutional law," he said, "that the powers of the Federal Government are, by mere construction, made to overshadow State powers, and render them almost contemptible." The reasoning of the court to the contrary, the constitution empowered Congress to pass bankruptcy laws and left the passage of insolvency laws to the state legislatures. Although he conceded that merchants and

⁵*Democrat*, December 8, 29, 1826, January 19, July 20, 1827; *Southern Advocate*, December 8, 15, 1826.

⁶McKinley to Editor, undated, *Democrat*, January 19, 1827; *Register of Debates in Congress*, Nineteenth Congress, Second Session, 309, hereinafter cited as *Register of Debates*.

traders had special problems, he maintained that a bankruptcy law ought to be extended to all people within the United States without regard to occupation, thus giving equal justice and equal privileges to all. He objected also to a proposal to give creditors in the amount of \$500 the privilege of initiating petitions for bankruptcy proceedings against debtors. Such a provision could do much harm to the agricultural part of the community, for, if a farmer could not adhere to strict "mercantile punctuality," a creditor would have power to bring down upon him all his creditors. Thus he could be forced into insolvency even though he might be capable of paying his debts from the proceeds of his farming enterprise if alone.⁷

Meanwhile, the debate continued concerning McKinley's conversion to the Jackson cause. William R. King wrote Israel Pickens in February, 1827, that he had at first been surprised at the selection of McKinley but that his course in Washington had been well "calculated to promote the interest of the south and the prosperity of our State in particular." A correspondent quoted in the *Democrat* wrote that McKinley was as good a Jackson man as there was in the Senate and that Henry Clay had "no possible influence on him." Another wrote that even some of those who had opposed McKinley in 1826 were now convinced of his dependability. His opponents, however, continued to publicize his past attitudes, his views on the Panama Mission and his earlier ties with Clay.⁸

During the First Session of the Twentieth Congress, presidential politics was much upon McKinley's mind. He wrote John Coffee in January, 1828, that the question was receiving great attention in Washington. It was obvious, he felt, that every move added to Jackson's strength. He wrote another correspondent in February that Jackson was gaining ground despite the imprudence of his supporters. "The people will elect him,"

⁷*Register of Debates*, Nineteenth Congress, Second Session, 142-144.

⁸King to Pickens, February 10, 1827, Israel Pickens Papers, Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery; *Democrat*, January 18, March 9, March 23, July 20, 1827.

he declared, "without the aid of those who think themselves entitled to credit."⁹

Early in the session, McKinley introduced a bill calling for the cession of public lands to the state of Alabama for the improvement of rivers within the state. The measure, he felt, would bring special benefits to the Tennessee Valley and would help the entire state to some extent.¹⁰ Defending the bill, he pointed out that the United States was the great landholder in the West. If any landholder wished to enhance the value of his lands, he could do so by the improvement of roads and waterways. It followed that the United States as a whole would gain from the improvement of navigation near its public lands.¹¹ As eventually passed, the act granted 400,000 acres of land to the state for the purpose of improving navigation at Muscle Shoals and on other rivers if there was a surplus. At a subsequent public dinner in Florence, McKinley pointed out that, in addition to improving navigation, the project would involve a considerable expenditure of money, the employment of thousands of workers, the use of provisions and the enhancement of land values. With cotton prices depressed, it opened new sources of agricultural profit; planters, he suggested, should plan their production accordingly.¹²

Prior to his return to Alabama, McKinley personally consulted with the President and received assurances that surveys would be made immediately so that work could begin the following spring. In a conference with the Commissioner of Public Lands, he sought as much freedom as possible for the State of Alabama in the selection of land. After his return to the state, McKinley conveyed to the President suggestions made to him concerning the location of the canal, asked that a civil engineer be employed to assist the military engineers, and reiterated that the state "ought to have the right" of selecting

⁹McKinley to John Coffee, January 23, 1828, Coffee Papers; McKinley to John Wesley Hunt, February 8, 1828, quoted in James Hicks, "Associate Justice John McKinley: a Sketch," *Alabama Review*, XVIII (July, 1965), 229, hereinafter cited as Hicks, "McKinley."

¹⁰McKinley to Editor, January 19, 1828, *Democrat*, February 15, 1828.

¹¹*Register of Debates*, Twentieth Congress, First Session, 457-458.

¹²*Southern Advocate*, July 18, 1828.

the land donated in the act. He later disagreed, in public and in private, with actions taken by the Alabama legislature regarding the disposal of the land, especially its plan to have lands evaluated by commissioners and sold on credit to settlers. Although he generally sympathized with the prospective landowner, he had reservations concerning the commissioners and objected to the loss of revenue by the state resulting from their evaluations.¹³

McKinley, in 1828, spoke at length on a bill calling for the graduation of land prices in the territories and the cession of all public lands to the states in which they lay. In a carefully reasoned argument, he sought to prove that the national government had no constitutional right to keep public lands within states. At the time of the Revolution, the original states had succeeded to all the rights of crown lands and had ceded these lands with the understanding that they would be disposed of for the common benefit of the United States and formed into republican states. In denying the public lands and the right to tax them to new states, the national government was denying them some of the rights of sovereignty held by the older states.

Actually, he declared, the creation of a new state implied "a transfer of the whole title to the land and right of domain of the United States to the new States." The constitution gave the national government only certain powers, and the states, fearing the creation of a consolidated government by a liberal construction of the document, had added the Tenth Amendment specifically protecting the rights of the states and the people. With certain exceptions, the national government did not have the right to hold public lands or to deny the states the right to tax them. It could control the seat of the national government and land acquired for forts, arsenals, dockyards, customs houses, courthouses and the like, but no other lands. He argued further that the power to admit new states did not confer on Congress the power to annex conditions on new states at the

¹³McKinley to Editor, May 26, 1828. *Democrat*, June 27, 1828; McKinley to Editor, November 6, 1828, *Southern Advocate*, November 7, 1828; McKinley to General Assembly of Alabama, November 19, 1830, quoted in *Southern Advocate*, December 11, 1830.

time they sought admission and that the constitution specifically prohibited states from entering into most compacts. Thus, Congress had acted illegally in requiring new states to consent to give up their public lands through what amounted to a compact. Neither Congress nor the prospective state could legally make such an agreement. If the United States government, by legislation, treaty or compact, could acquire sovereign rights not granted by the constitution, liberty and free government could not be preserved by a written constitution. By compacts the new states had been reduced to a state of vassalage, and by extension the system could be applied to the older states. Extension of the principle could destroy state rights and state sovereignty if existing states were made to barter away their rights as the new states had been forced to do.

If all public lands were transferred to the states, they would not be lost to the United States. Whatever added to the wealth or prosperity of a state added to the wealth or prosperity of the entire country. The constitution was more important than land, liberty more important than money.

McKinley charged that the administration was attempting to discourage emigration to the new states by refusing to lower the price of public lands. He pointed out that the Secretary of the Treasury, in his most recent annual report, has sought to prove that the price of public lands ought not to be reduced because reduction would give too much encouragement to emigration thereby preventing manufacturers from obtaining cheap labor. The Secretary had admitted in the report that population might be increased more by the encouragement of emigration and agricultural pursuits but had argued that it was better to increase capital in the hands of manufacturers by compelling the poor to work for them. Such a policy, said McKinley, deprived the poor of great benefits, gave special advantages to wealthy manufacturers and discouraged the population of new states, thus diminishing their political importance within the Union.

McKinley preferred a system that would encourage the poor to emigrate to new states where they could become "landholders at a cheap rate, and rear their families in freedom and independence." It was vain to try to arrest the flow of

emigration, for, so long as men were free, they would pursue their interest and happiness. "It is better," he declared, "to be a tenant on rich land than a landlord on poor: it is better to be a free man in the West than a slave to a manufacturer in the East." Graduation would not lower the income from public lands, for millions of acres had remained unsold at the minimum price, good evidence that such land was not worth the existing minimum. Lands could be sold at a fair price, the return applied to the national debt and a savings made on interest sufficient to make up for any losses incurred by graduation. Since the lands involved were poor, there was little danger that speculators would buy them. The United States government, he charged, was in fact the greatest speculator of all, for it was holding up settlement and trying to force up the price of its own lands.

Congress should set an example of justice, moderation and fair dealing by ceding public lands to the states and adopting graduation in the territories. There was little danger of speculation and the step would produce large sums of money. Not to give lands to the states would be to deprive them of some attributes of sovereignty. They would be subjected to laws of the United States on purely municipal subjects. The majority in Congress, he maintained, represented older states and were often ignorant of the "peculiar wants and wishes" of the people they were legislating for and unwilling to heed their petitions. The President, moreover, had the discretionary power of bringing much or little land on the market, of restraining settlement entirely, or of giving preference to the settlement of one state over another. Under the circumstances, the states had just cause to complain. Despite the efforts of McKinley and others in favor of major reform of land laws, only a temporary relief bill was adopted.¹⁴

McKinley did not participate extensively in the 1828 tariff debates, but he expressed alarm at the nature of the Tariff Act in a subsequent letter. Considering the existing depressed price of cotton, he declared, it constituted "a most oppressive measure of the Southern States." If, however, it induced

¹⁴*Register of Debates*, Twentieth Congress, First Session, 508-521.

the people to manufacture for themselves, raise their own supplies of every kind and thereby "insure their independence" of other parts of the country, it could bring benefits instead of injury. Two-thirds of the cotton being produced, he reasoned, would bring more if one-third were destroyed.¹⁵

With the support of McKinley and many other Alabama leaders, Andrew Jackson easily won in Alabama in the 1828 presidential canvass. In a public letter in May, McKinley deplored the amount of time spent in "useless declamation" and the passage of "bad laws" during preceding months, and on July 2 addressed a large gathering at Florence concerning recent events.¹⁶ In Washington in early 1829, he expressed general satisfaction with the Jackson Administration. He wrote John Coffee on March 14 that there was greater satisfaction with the Jackson Cabinet than at first and that the General would get along better than some had predicted. He wrote another friend, although some had been dissatisfied with the distribution of offices, Jackson in most instances had not been to blame. His friends had misled him in many instances. "Such a scramble for office," he said, had never been seen before as the one which had taken place since Jackson's arrival. He wrote Coffee in early 1830 that Jackson appeared to be as popular as ever, but that John Eaton was getting along badly. It was impossible, he said, "to force her [Peggy] on society." The first congressional session under Jackson, he said, had been "quiet and harmonious."¹⁷

In this session, McKinley continued to be a strong supporter of land legislation favorable to the actual settler. As Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, he reported his own bill granting pre-emption rights for one year to those who had cultivated lands during 1829 and another giving those who had relinquished land the privilege of repurchase under special conditions. Early in the session, he defended

¹⁵McKinley to Editor, May 26, 1828, *Democrat*, June 27, 1828.

¹⁶*Democrat*, June 27, July 18, 1828.

¹⁷McKinley to Coffee, March 14, 1829, January 25, 1830, Coffee Papers; McKinley to John Wesley Hunt, March 26, 1829, quoted in Hicks, "McKinley," 230.

the pre-emption scheme, pointing out that some lands of some persons covered under the act had already been advertised for auction. He favored giving advantages to those who wished to repurchase relinquished lands, but did not want them to have better terms than those who had retained land. On another occasion, he spoke in favor of a graduation plan. To benefit the poorer classes in the new states and make as many freeholders as possible, he proposed an amendment calling for a reduction to fifty cents per acre. Most unsold lands in Alabama, he pointed out, were of very poor quality. Since good lands brought little more than the minimum, people could not be expected to pay much for unclaimed lands. There were about 144,000 non-taxpaying whites in the public land states who did not own land. Many of these lived on refuse land and would buy a farm at a lower price. If the better one-fourth of the public lands were made available, these people could have a hundred acres each. Many could afford to pay forty dollars for an eighty acre tract. The old policy of keeping prices high was too narrow and had held back the development of a landholding citizenry and produced tenants and squatters on the public lands. Far from being trespassers, as some claimed, the squatters were "pioneers of all the new settlements in the West and Southwest." They penetrated the forests, built cabins and afforded facilities and supplies for those who came later. When they caused land values to be enhanced, the United States Treasury profited. Formerly, many had seen their improvements sold away from them and had had to turn to the refuse lands. Here, they began to cultivate and improve another tract, hoping that nobody would be tempted to buy the land and displace them. If they were permitted to become owners, the country would benefit from taxes paid on the land, from the improved condition of its citizens and the overall increase in wealth. As in previous sessions, however, only limited changes in land policies were adopted.¹⁸

Although he had been a consistent supporter of generous land legislation, McKinley came under attack when he voted in favor of referring the much-debated Foot Resolution to

¹⁸*Register of Debates*, Twenty-First Congress, First Session, 11, 275-276, 415-416; *Southern Advocate*, July 17, 1830.

the Committee on Public Lands. Critics charged that he had deserted the cause of his section in giving such sanction to the proposal; however, McKinley argued that reference of the subject to the Public Lands Committee was a vote against it, as the Public Lands Committee was opposed to the substance of the resolution.¹⁹

McKinley subjected himself to additional criticism from the Jackson camp when he suggested an amendment to the Indian Removal Bill outlawing gifts to Indian leaders when a treaty was under consideration. Honesty was the best policy, he maintained, and negotiations should be aboveboard. The less given to the chiefs the better. Under pressure from those who feared the amendment would delay passage of the bill, however, McKinley withdrew the amendment. He later conceded that it had been a mistake and insisted that he had favored the Indian Removal Bill from the time of its introduction.²⁰

McKinley evoked further attacks upon himself when he voted for the Maysville Bill, even after Jackson's veto. This vote, said his critics, was in contradiction to the views of the President, the State of Alabama, and even McKinley's own professed views. In answer to a letter requesting an explanation of his vote, McKinley pointed out that 1826 instructions of the Alabama legislature left the implication that the United States government could give aid to a state project if requested by the state to carry out a "state measure." Alabama had sought for and had been granted lands for the improvement of the Tennessee. More recently, she had sought aid to connect the Tennessee and the Coosa. If it was proper for Alabama to have aid for state projects, it was equally proper for Kentucky to have assistance. He could not in good conscience ask for help for Alabama and not be willing to vote assistance for other states. In voting for the Maysville Bill, he had thought his vote was in conformity with the instructions of the Alabama legislature. Had it not been for specific instructions on the subject, he would have gone along with

¹⁹*Southern Advocate*, September 18, December 11, 1830.

²⁰*Register of Debates*, Twenty-First Congress, First Session, 19-20; *Southern Advocate*, December 11, 1830.

the President; for, in general, he was opposed to all internal improvement projects which would in any way transfer soil and jurisdiction to the national government. He opposed internal improvements, moreover, because they were the chief justification for the existing high tariff, a system most oppressive to the South.²¹

During 1830, interest was mounting in the forthcoming senate race for the seat held by McKinley. On February 5, 1830, McKinley wrote John Coffee that his going to the Senate had been "the most foolish act" of his life. For sacrificing his private interests and suffering privations of domestic comforts, he had been rewarded by "slander and abuse." During the recent session of the Alabama legislature, his character had been assailed in every way that malice and falsehood could suggest. Nevertheless, he would not abandon his friends and give the appearance of being driven out of office. He would again offer his services if his friends wished to bring his name forward but preferred to be released if another could be found who was equally acceptable. On February 25, he wrote Coffee that some were saying he dare not offer himself for office. He believed they were trying to destroy his influence against what he considered "one of the most unholy combinations to get possession of the power and offices of the state." Under the circumstances, his name, he felt, should be kept before the public, at least until after the legislative elections. He suspected secret as well as avowed reasons for opposition.²²

Through the *Florence Gazette*, McKinley's supporters denied a rumor that he had publicly declined being a candidate and charged that the opposition was acting in "a manner not much to the credit of those engaged in it." Friends in Florence had no reason to think he would not run. Some of McKinley's advocates and allied newspapers proposed that prospective members of the Alabama legislature pledge their support for McKinley prior to the August election. Others, including some McKinley supporters, objected to a procedure

²¹McKinley to R. K. Anderson, November 19, 1830, quoted in *Southern Advocate*, December 11, 1830.

²²Letters in Coffee Papers.

that would cause the election result to hinge on a single issue and warned of the danger of excessive bargaining. Still others expressed disappointment that McKinley's supporters had felt called upon to take such a humiliating course, for he had only to point to his record in order to secure re-election. In June, McKinley's only announced opponent was David Hubbard of Florence, but the Huntsville *Democrat* surmised that a stronger candidate would be thrown against him.²³

Goaded by personal and newspaper criticism, McKinley made an impassioned speech before a large Florence audience on July 5, 1830, defending his course and attacking the opposition. Charging that he had been "unjustly and ungenerously assailed" by critics who were motivated by "personal enmity and wild ambition" rather than "principle and patriotism," he asked that his acts be judged by a "liberal, unprejudiced and candid people" who could never expect perfection in anyone. He had reason to think that a combination had been formed at the recent session of the Alabama legislature to bring about his defeat and that it was responsible for attacks being made upon him. As the people were the fountain of power, they had a right to ask for a pledge from prospective legislators. Why, he asked, did some object to such a pledge? Did they expect "to barter away" the rights of the people and vote for a person they disapproved of? Would not it be best to have all candidates commit themselves and let the people decide? McKinley then pointed to legislation that had been passed with his support. The previous Congress had passed a relief act that "gave homes to a large and respectable class of our fellow citizens poor and rich," and a pre-emption act that made secure the homes of many at the minimum price. Any imperfections should be blamed on the entire Congress, not on one person. If the impossible was demanded, public servants should retire and be replaced by a "set of artful, designing demagogues" whose only merit consisted of "depreciating the good acts and merits of others." Such men sought office to serve themselves and those who helped them attain power. The people should "beware of wolves in sheep's clothing."²⁴

²³*Southern Advocate*, April 16, June 12, June 26, 1830; *Democrat*, June 3, 17, July 8, September 9, 1830.

²⁴*Southern Advocate*, July 17, 1830.

Hubbard responded with a caustic speech in Tusculumbia on July 15 in which he accused McKinley of making a "long and inflammatory" stump speech and engaging in egotistic self-adulation with the intent of securing the election of pledged members to the Alabama legislature who would elect him without examining his conduct in office. Capable, just and faithful members should be elected, said Hubbard, and allowed to make their own decisions. He charged that McKinley was a late convert to Jackson whereas he had been a Jackson follower since 1814. McKinley had changed parties once in 1826 to obtain office and might compromise again. He questioned whether McKinley had contributed as much to land legislation as he claimed and charged that he had otherwise failed to attend to the interests of Alabama. Specifically, he had voted for the Maysville Bill and other similar legislation in opposition to the President and instructions from the Alabama legislature and had delayed the Indian Removal Bill by introducing an amendment opposed by Jackson and his friends. McKinley had not been a uniform supporter of the President, and he had not faithfully followed the public will. These charges alone should be enough to defeat him. Hubbard admitted that he might not be chosen as McKinley's successor, but suggested that someone could be found who would be able to defeat him.²⁵

During the summer and fall, such newspapers as the *Montgomery Alabama Journal* continued the attack in like vein; and others, such as the *Huntsville Democrat* and the *Mobile Register* sought to defend McKinley. On October 14, the *Democrat* charged that there was a move afoot "to put a Senator in Congress over the heads of the people, without their consent," and that every effort would be made to carry that design into effect "unless restrained by the people's *known will*." A public letter to Governor Gabriel Moore appeared in the same issue stating that a scheme was underway to defeat McKinley and that a report had been circulated that Moore was to be the instrument of this group. The writers expressed confidence that Moore would not lend his support to a move that was designed to gratify personal revenge. To

²⁵*Southern Advocate*, September 18, 1830.

do so would be to deprive the state of another "faithful and able officer" before Moore's own term had expired. The people wanted Moore to remain as governor and McKinley as senator. Although the letter called on Moore to explain his intentions, he had not done so when the legislature met in November.

Hubbard reopened the attack on McKinley in an address to members of the General Assembly. McKinley, he said, was not "a sturdy and uniform supporter of any one principle or opinion" and had a strong disposition to be anything and everything and no one thing for long at a time. He claimed to be opposed to the American System but had voted for most internal improvements. He had interfered in Alabama to secure modification of state action concerning disposal of state lands and now denied it. In state politics, he had followed an "uncertain and devious course." Since McKinley had called him a "slandorous demagogue," Hubbard had no choice except to show him up for what he really was. McKinley's words were the "EXPIRING HOWL OF THE POLITICAL DEMAGOGUE."²⁸

At the request of a member of the legislature, McKinley explained some of his past actions and his current views in a letter dated November 19. He was, he said, opposed to the entire American System. He had always opposed a tariff for the protection of domestic manufacturers and had opposed internal improvements that transferred soil and jurisdiction to the United States government. He had, however, voted for some internal improvement bills because they involved requests similar to ones the Alabama legislature had instructed its representatives to support as state measures. If Alabama could legally secure aid to improve navigation, Kentucky could seek aid to improve its roads. Despite the President's views, he could not with consistency support the Alabama requests without supporting similar proposals of other states. He was opposed to the exercise of any powers by the national government beyond those "expressly granted by the Constitution," but he was equally opposed to the exercise of national

²⁸*Southern Advocate*, December 11, 1830.

powers by the states. Each should "keep within the pale of its constitutional powers." He had been a Jackson supporter, and he would vote for him in 1832.²⁷

By now, the avowed opposition candidate was Gabriel Moore, who had both personal and political reasons for opposing McKinley. He was personally provoked at McKinley because he had failed to secure the appointment of Moore's nephew as Marshall of Northern Alabama, and he had close ties with the Calhoun faction which was seeking to oust McKinley because he had not conformed sufficiently to their views. Moore showed letters to several persons in an effort to prove that McKinley had not given full support to his nephew and in conversations tried to convince members of the legislature that McKinley should not be re-elected. A person needed to be chosen, he said, who was "in all respects the *sincere* and *ardent* friend of the President and the administration" and who would give the administration "a cordial and unwavering support." Since McKinley's votes were evidence of his hostility to Jackson, Moore urged that he be chosen himself.²⁸

McKinley presented his side of the case to the legislature in a public address. He had expected Moore to oppose him because he had been unable to secure the appointment of Moore's nephew. Although McKinley and King had both used every means possible to secure the appointment, Jackson refused to give it to him. Moore had later expressed satisfaction with McKinley's course and had said he would not run for the Senate; however, during a recent meeting of the two at Huntsville, he had complained about McKinley's course, insisting that McKinley and King should have threatened to oppose Jackson's actual appointee. Despite McKinley's argument that this would have been an invasion of the rights of the President, Moore threatened to support another for the senate seat. McKinley conceded that Moore had a right to seek the seat

²⁷McKinley to R. K. Anderson, November 19, 1830, quoted in *Southern Advocate*, December 11, 1830.

²⁸John M. Martin, "The Senatorial Career of Gabriel Moore," *The Alabama Historical Quarterly*, XXVI (Summer, 1964), 249-252, herein after cited as Martin, "Moore."

but maintained that he had a right to be surprised and expressed regret that they were foes.

Hearing that Moore had shown certain letters to others and was planning to answer his first address, probably after he had left for Washington, McKinley directed a second address to the legislature. In it, he attacked Moore for allowing private and confidential correspondence to be used for political reasons. McKinley challenged Moore to show other correspondence from Jackson and King which would confirm that McKinley had supported Moore's nephew. Admittedly, the nephew had merit for the position, but the person chosen was also well qualified. If the need arose, McKinley proposed to prove by the President, General Coffee and his colleague King that he had not wronged Moore's nephew.

Moore now published two addresses. In the first he blamed much of the furor on McKinley who, in spite of having pledged supporters, had come to Tuscaloosa to seek additional support. McKinley was incorrect in saying that he had entered the contest for purely personal reasons. True, he had been displeased because of McKinley's failure to carry out promises he had made concerning his nephew. But he was also opposed to some of the political views of McKinley, especially in regard to internal improvements. Unlike McKinley, he was not an "eleventh hour" convert to Jacksonianism, but he had been "one of the old soldiers, found laboring in his ranks at the first outset." In the second address, Moore admitted reading parts of certain letters to a few friends in an effort to show that McKinley had distorted certain facts. The letters were private but not confidential; they related to public, not private, matters. He could not publicize the content of Jackson's letters because he did not have permission. He chided McKinley for suggesting that the letters of others be used in his behalf. It was well known, concluded Moore, that the opposition to McKinley's re-election existed "long before the occurrence of those circumstances to which he had chosen to attribute it."²⁰

The election was delayed while political maneuvering took place. At first, McKinley's friends were optimistic; however,

²⁰All addresses published in *Southern Advocate*, December 11, 1830.

they soon detected wavering in the ranks and a loss of support for their candidate. When the vote was taken, Moore was victorious by a vote of 49-40 with three votes scattered. One observer wrote that political juggling had occurred to equal that of Talleyrand. Moore's victory represented a triumph "of men, over principles and measures." The Huntsville *Democrat* charged that some of McKinley's "malignant, black hearted, uncompromising enemies" had supported Moore, whom they disliked, in order to defeat McKinley. One of the groups had been used by the other.³⁰ President Jackson charged that the "great nullifier" had had a large part in Moore's candidacy and predicted that he would come to Washington as "an opposer of the present administration, and perfect nullifier, and supporter of the So[uth] Carolina nullifying doctrine." McKinley wrote from Washington that he had heard Calhoun influence in southern Alabama had operated most strongly against him and that Jackson considered Moore a "hypocritical scoundrel." Finding he could not dominate McKinley, Calhoun had used the influence of Dixon H. Lewis to secure the election of Moore, thus strengthening the nullifiers in the Senate.³¹

Although McKinley had been defeated for a new term, he still had the last short session of his current term to serve. He was particularly concerned about the growing rift between the President and Vice President and predicted that Calhoun and his friends would make a move against Jackson before 1832. In what he called his last public act for the people of Alabama, he pushed through the Senate an act for the relief of land purchasers. The President and others urged McKinley to seek the governorship in 1831. Plaintively he wrote, "I am so tired of politics, so unwilling to engage in a bitter scene of electioneering, such as I would have to encounter, that I do not feel at all disposed to engage in it."³²

³⁰*Democrat*, December 2, 16, 23, 1830.

³¹Jackson to John Coffee, December 28, 1830, in John Spencer Bassett, ed., *Correspondence of Andrew Jackson*, 7 volumes (Washington: Carnegie Institution, 1926-1935), IV, 215-216; McKinley to John Coffee, January 29, February 21, 1831, Coffee Papers.

³²McKinley to John Coffee, January 2, January 29, 1831; McKinley to Editor, January 29, 1831, *Democrat*, February 17, 1831.

Although McKinley did not seek the governorship, he consented to run for a seat in the Alabama legislature from Lauderdale County and was easily elected.³³ Appointed to several committees, he took a prominent part in proceedings of the legislature. After he proposed that the part of the governor's message relating to the Bank of the United States be referred to a select committee, he was made chairman of a committee which prepared a memorial to Congress attacking the Bank and proposing a substitute for it. Many citizens of the state, said the memorial, regarded the bank charter as "inconsistent with our free institutions, and dangerous to the peace and safety of the union" because it created an "unjust monopoly" for the benefit of the few and gave control of currency and banking institutions to a "mere corporation." Although it operated in the name of the United States government, it was not responsible to the government. Its directors had forced branches into some states against the will of the people and to the detriment of state banks and had used deposits of the United States, when in the form of state notes, to the detriment of state banks. The revenue of the United States government, in the interior and western states, had been made the "engine of oppression of the people, and finally of destruction to the State Banks." The committee proposed a new plan calling for a capital of \$100,000,000, of which \$70,000,000 was to be government owned. Eight of the twelve directors and the president would be appointed by the President, and reports would be required. Branch banks could be located in states only if approved by the appropriate legislature, and the state in which a branch was located should be given the privilege of appointing one-third of the directors. Although criticized from some directions, the report was acclaimed by those who were opposed to the Bank.³⁴

McKinley continued his opposition to the doctrine of nullification. Speaking about a resolution concerning the legality of the tariff, he declared, "We shall take Jackson and the union or Calhoun and disunion." Such a declaration, charged the Calhoun press, was unfair. The state rights party was for Jackson and union in spite of its support of state rights.³⁵

³³*Democrat*, June 30, August 11, 1831.

³⁴*Democrat*, January 12, 1832.

³⁵*Alabama Journal* (Montgomery), January 7, 1832.

In January, 1832, McKinley attended the "Democratic Jackson meeting," or state convention held for the purpose of nominating electors for the coming presidential election. Made chairman of the committee on nominations, he presented a slate of nominees pledged to the support of candidates chosen by the national party. When a caucus of members of the legislature sought to demand a pledge to support P. P. Barbour for the vice presidency, McKinley and others in the legislature strongly denounced the plan. The congressional caucus, they declared, had been put down. Action by members of the state legislature serving in an official capacity represented another form of it. A meeting of members of the legislature, along with others, was, they said, an appropriate means of determining views and making nominations.³⁶

After Van Buren was nominated for the vice presidency, some sought to throw the support of Alabama to P. P. Barbour, but McKinley took a lead in trying to keep the party united. He presided over a meeting at Athens in September which adopted resolutions supporting Jackson and Van Buren and declaring that any attempt to run someone besides Van Buren was "unfriendly to the success of our cause," and later attended a gathering at Huntsville which called for the unity of Jacksonians in favor of the national ticket. The dissidents were unsuccessful, and Jackson and Van Buren won easily in Alabama.³⁷

In 1833, McKinley ran for a seat in the United States House of Representatives against Nicholas Davis, an able candidate who had been a rival of McKinley at least as far back as 1826. McKinley was victorious by a vote of 3,724 to 3,369 and was privileged to serve in what he called "one of the most memorable civic struggles" in the history of the United States, the conflict between President Jackson and supporters of the Bank of the United States. In this struggle, he declared after the first session of the new Congress, he had been found "on the side of the people, endeavoring to maintain and protect the

³⁶*Democrat*, January 19, 1830; *Southern Advocate*, January 21, 1832; *Journal of the House of Representatives of the State of Alabama* (1831), 232-234.

³⁷*Democrat*, September 13, 20, October 18, 1832.

principles of civil liberty against a powerful monied aristocracy, and its equally powerful friends.”²⁸

In debates growing out of the removal of government deposits from the Bank of the United States, McKinley sided strongly with the administration. When some proposed that the House order deposits restored, he demanded to know how such a request could be justified. Only if a bill were proposed and passed would it be proper to consider restoration. McKinley also fought a proposal that would have required banks holding government deposits to furnish certain information. The banks, he said, were not bound beyond the terms of the contract under which they held deposits. On another occasion, when the subject of honesty in government was under discussion, he declared, “Let them at once bring down the revenue, and make an honest Government.” Unless taxes were reduced, a reduction of salaries would not reduce the burdens of the country, for the whole amount that might be saved would “only go to the works of internal improvements, or some such purpose.”²⁹

McKinley opposed most proposals for the expenditure of national revenues for internal improvements. It was time the system was arrested, he declared, for enough proposals were being made to exhaust all revenues from the sale of public lands. Although he doubted that the United States had authority to make improvements where it had no jurisdiction, he conceded that Congress had the power “to aid the states by appropriations for such purposes.” On another occasion, he opposed an appropriation for repairs on the Cumberland Road. Too much had already been spent on it, and new demands were excessive. Favoritism, moreover, was being shown to states north of the Ohio. How, he asked the opposition, could they say that there was little money in the treasury and at the same time support large appropriations for roads and canals? McKinley himself sported an appropriation to help break up the great raft in the Red River. If the raft were removed, he said, thousands of acres of valuable land would be made avail-

²⁸*Democrat*, March 28, May 23, August 22, 1833; McKinley to Tuscaloosa Committee, quoted in *Democrat*, October 1, 1834.

²⁹*Register of Debates*, Twenty-Third Congress, First Session, 2177, 3305, 3659.

able. As soon as the area was thrown open, land would be purchased by cotton growers, men who wished a large body of land and who could afford the cost of development. Immediate sale was certain, and the cost of removal was increasing daily. If the raft were removed, one of the finest rivers in the West would be open, over a million acres of land made available and the Treasury should receive over \$2,000,000. Nothing, he felt, promoted the public happiness more than bringing settlers to the public land.⁴⁰

Prevented by a parliamentary maneuver from discussing graduation at the First Session of the Twenty-third Congress, McKinley introduced an unsuccessful resolution at the Second Session calling for the gradual reduction in the price of unsold lands at five-year intervals from seventy-five cents to fifty cents to twenty-five cents to twelve and one-half cents to six and one-quarter cents, and after twenty-five years, cession of unsold lands to the states. If a person lived on land that had already been on the market a number of years, he proposed pre-emption of a quarter section at the appropriate price. He wished the land question to be considered in all its aspects. The House needed to decide about its future policy toward the subject, whether the poor were to have a chance of buying land on easy terms or not. Personally, he wanted refuse land in his home state to be brought within reach of persons with small means.⁴¹

McKinley supported the administration in its policy toward France as expressed by Jackson in his 1834 message. For four years, since the exchange of ratifications of the Treaty of 1831, the French legislative body had failed to provide money to carry the treaty into effect, and in its 1834 session had rejected the appropriation. Even if the King had a sincere desire to put the treaty into effect, he could not act until the legislative branch provided money. The good feeling of the French King was not a sufficient reason for additional forbearance in the part of the United States. He had no doubts of the sincerity of the King, but it was obvious that the French legislative branch did not plan to act. In answer to those who argued that the

⁴⁰*Ibid.*, 4391, 4519-4520, 4540-4541.

⁴¹*Register of Debates*, Twenty-Third Congress, First Session, 4540; Twenty-Third Congress, Second Session, 783-784.

United States should forbear because France had been a friend and ally, McKinley insisted that the United States had shown enough forbearance. Before 1831, it had allowed the claims to remain unsettled for more than twenty years and in 1831 had permitted them to be scaled down by about one-half in order to prevent a rupture. Nearly four years had now passed, and no provision had been made for payment. France, and the world, must feel a contempt for the United States if it permitted a continuation of injury and injustice. France must herself act if the friendship was to be preserved. She was the guilty party, not the United States. To those who argued that the size of the debt was trivial in comparison to the consequences of a war in prospect, McKinley conceded that from a pecuniary standpoint this was true; but, he declared, this line of reasoning could not be tolerated. By submitting to the indignity of paying off the debt rather than forcing France to pay, the United States would be abandoning all national character and inviting aggression and insult from every other quarter. The South would suffer financially if war came, but, he promised, southerners would "submit to any personal privation, rather than submit to national dishonor."⁴²

In one of his last reported speeches in the House of Representatives, McKinley protested against the printing of an anti-slavery memorial relating to slavery in the District of Columbia. If proponents admitted that no action on the subject was expected during the current session, what good could be accomplished? The memorial was a firebrand, one of the most impudent ever received by the House, and did not deserve to be publicized. It was sufficient that the memorial had been received by the House. Congress, he declared, had no right to "lay their hands" upon his property wherever it was.⁴³

McKinley's name was again mentioned in 1835 as a prospective candidate for the governorship; however, he did not oppose Clement C. Clay for the office. Nor did he seek reelection to the House. Although out of office during most of 1835 and 1836, he continued to maintain an interest in politics.

⁴²*Register of Debates*, Twenty-Third Congress, Second Session, 1226-1227.

⁴³*Ibid.*, 1395-1396.

In December, 1835, he was chosen as a Democratic elector for 1836 by the Alabama Democratic Convention and was elected to the post as a Van Buren supporter.⁴⁴

Meanwhile, McKinley had been elected in 1836 as a member of the Alabama House of Representatives from Lauderdale County. The chief subject before this session was to be the selection of a senator to replace Gabriel Moore, victor over McKinley in 1830. By this time, Moore had made himself unpopular among Jacksonians because of his refusal to support Van Buren as Minister to England, the vice presidency in 1832 and the presidency in 1836, his outspoken opposition to the Force Bill and Jackson's removal policy, and his refusal to resign following passage of resolutions by the Alabama General Assembly requesting his resignation.⁴⁵

McKinley was the first choice of the Jackson following for Moore's seat. They looked on him as a loyal supporter of Jackson and Van Buren and wanted him vindicated for his defeat in 1830. When he was unanimously nominated by Alabama Democrats, McKinley cheerfully accepted the nomination and promised to follow a "continued devotion to the sacred principles of the constitution" and to help accomplish the "high destiny" that awaited the United States. The opposition prevented an early vote on the senatorial question on the grounds that no decision should be made until after the results of the presidential election were known. Feeling that Van Buren would carry the state, McKinley and his supporters consented to the delay but maintained that members of the legislature were not bound to vote according to the election result. After the delay, McKinley was elected easily over Arthur F. Hopkins by a vote of 72-45. A few voices, such as that of the *Southern Advocate*, complained that his Van Burenism constituted a heavy load to bear; as a whole, however, most Alabamians were apparently satisfied with the result.⁴⁶

Although vindicated for his earlier defeat, McKinley was

⁴⁴*Southern Advocate*, April 28, August 11, 1835; *Democrat*, December 23, 1835, October 4, December 13, 1836.

⁴⁵*Democrat*, August 23, 1836; Martin, "Moore," 279-280.

⁴⁶*Democrat*, September 27, October 11, December 6, 1836; *Southern Advocate*, November 22, 29, 1836.

not destined to serve his second term. In 1837, he accepted a position on the United States Supreme Court and resigned his seat in the Senate, thus ending a legislative career which had seen him serve in the Alabama legislature, the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States.⁴⁷ He had served the state well, particularly in his support of land legislation beneficial to settlers in the state. Although he had at times disagreed with Jacksonian policies, he had also served the Democratic Party well and deserved the reward given him by Van Buren.

⁴⁷*Democrat*, May 16, 1837.

THE "HARD FORTUNE" OF THEODORE O'HARA

*By**Richard P. Weinert*

Theodore O'Hara is best remembered today as a poet, although only one of his two poems achieved lasting fame. Actually, to O'Hara the "Bivouac of the Dead" was probably the least important of his accomplishments. O'Hara in many ways was a rare example of the legendary ante-bellum Southern chivalry. Soldier, journalist, teacher, and lawyer, he moved in the best social circles and knew the best people. He often seems like a character out of a romantic novel. At other times he seems like one out of a Greek tragedy. For despite his many accomplishments and his one famous poem, Theodore O'Hara must be considered to have been a failure. This article will deal primarily with O'Hara's military career because it best illustrates the combination of great potential and small accomplishment which characterized the man.

Theodore O'Hara was born in Danville, Kentucky, the son of Kane O'Hara, a teacher of Zachary Taylor. He graduated from St. Joseph's College in Bardstown, Kentucky, with first honors and then taught Greek there. Tiring of the life of a school teacher, he resigned his position and took up the study of law under Judge William Owsley. Another of Judge Owsley's students at the time was John Cabell Breckinridge. The friendship of the two young law students was to continue over the years and play an important part in the subsequent career of O'Hara.

After completing his law studies, O'Hara apparently soon lost interest in that profession. He drifted into journalism and worked on several newspapers in Louisville, Frankfort, and Mobile during the next few years. The outbreak of the Mexican War in 1846 gave him the opportunity to try his restless talents on the military field. He obtained a commission as captain and assistant quartermaster of volunteers on June 26, 1846, probably with the help of Judge Owsley who had become Governor of Kentucky. Captain O'Hara joined the staff of Brig. Gen. Franklin Pierce, a future President of the United States, in the campaign before Mexico City. O'Hara was wounded and won the

brevet of major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco on August 20, 1847. Since he only held a volunteer commission, O'Hara was honorably discharged from the army on October 15, 1848, at the end of the war.¹

He returned to Frankfort after his discharge. Because of his literary talents he was requested to write a poem in honor of Col. William R. McKee and Lt. Col. Henry Clay, Jr., of the 2d Kentucky Volunteers who had been killed in the Battle of Buena Vista. O'Hara first read "The Bivouac of the Dead" at the burial of Colonel Clay in Frankfort. He had reached the high point of his career and had won his one claim to immortality.

For the next few years O'Hara resumed his journalistic career, taking time off for a filibustering expedition to Cuba, but his brief taste of military glory made him restless. In 1855 Jefferson Davis, Pierce's Secretary of War, obtained permission to expand the regular army by two infantry and two cavalry regiments. O'Hara, probably as a result of his excellent record in the Mexican War and because of the influential connections he had made over the years, received a direct commission on March 3, 1855, as captain in the new 2d United States Cavalry commanded by Col. Albert Sidney Johnston.

The 2d United States Cavalry contained a roster of picked officers. Some historians have described it as Jefferson Davis' pet regiment. This regiment supplied more officers to high command than perhaps any other in the history of the United States Army. Its lieutenant colonel was Robert E. Lee. William J. Hardee, William H. Emory, and George H. Thomas served as majors in the regiment while O'Hara was assigned to it. Among the captains were Earl Van Dorn, Edmund Kirby Smith, Nathan G. Evans, and George Stoneman. The lieutenants

¹Annie Mae Hollingsworth, "Theodore O'Hara, Immortal Poet of One Song," *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, No. 3 (Fall 1945), pp. 418-419. Francis B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1903), Vol. I, p. 758. O'Hara to The Adjutant General, July 3, 1846, Letters Received, The Adjutant General's Office (TAGO), Record Group (RG) 94, National Archives (NA).

included John B. Hood, Fitzhugh Lee, Walter H. Jenifer, and Charles W. Field. Kenner Garrard was the first regimental adjutant.²

Captain O'Hara entered on regimental recruiting service at Louisville in April and then served on a board of officers purchasing horses at Louisville, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and Cincinnati. On September 21 he joined the regiment, which was temporarily under the command of Colonel Lee, at Jefferson Barracks and was assigned to the command of Company F. As soon as the regiment finished its recruiting, it was ordered to Texas to relieve six companies of the 2d United States Dragoons which were being transferred farther West. Colonel Johnston led the troopers out of Jefferson Barracks on October 27.

The regiment marched by way of Springfield, Missouri, through the Ozark Mountains and the Indian Territory. No supply train accompanied the column and the men carried their kits and other equipment on their horses, living off the country on the way. On November 28 the regiment reached Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, after days of exposure to a cutting wind which beat sleet and rain into the faces of the troopers and caused constant misery for man and horse. Captain Smith wrote of the march to his family, "Indeed in the whole course of my military experience I have never seen men suffer more."³ Just as the column crossed into Texas a sixty mile an hour norther dropped the temperature below zero and froze the snow and rain into a six-inch cover of ice. Men and horses sought shelter under some trees, but these proved of little help and the march continued. The weary troopers passed through Fort Belknap and arrived at Camp Cooper in the middle of January 1856. Major Hardee was left at this point with Companies A, E, F, and K to lay out the new post while the

²O'Hara to The Adjutant General, Letters Received, TAGO, RG 94, NA. Douglas Southall Freeman, *R. E. Lee* (New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1934), Vol. I, pp. 360-361. Richard O'Connor, *Thomas: Rock of Chickamauga* (New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1948), p. 89.

³Joseph Howard Parks, *General Edmund Kirby Smith, C. S. A.* (Baton Rouge: The Louisiana State University Press, 1954), p. 88.

remainder of the regiment continued to Fort Mason.⁴ Colonel Lee rejoined the regiment from court-martial duty in March and assumed command of the two squadrons stationed at Camp Cooper.

Camp Cooper was located 170 miles from the regimental headquarters at Fort Mason. It was part of the Comanche reservation, located on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River, 35 miles from its junction with the main stream. The area was not one to cheer the tired troopers after their long march. Snakes were everywhere and wolves prowled around the camp at night. West of the camp a wild country stretched away to the Staked Plains. Most of the surrounding area had never been mapped. For the remainder of the winter the companies lived in tents. During the severe winter northers followed each other in rapid succession. With no stables, the horses suffered and were frequently covered with frozen sleet. The picket-lines of two of the companies were located under the shelter of the high banks of the creek, while the others located their picket-lines on two benches on the mountain side. There were no buildings at Camp Cooper and no lumber to build any. The troopers' neighbors, the Comanches, professed friendship, but they were not trusted.⁵

Except for two brief absences to serve as a witness at courts-martial at Fort Mason, O'Hara remained stationed at Camp Cooper until the end of July. The monotony of the lonely frontier outpost was broken in June when word came of Indian depredations on the edge of the Staked Plains near Fort Chadbourne. Colonel Lee with one squadron from Camp Cooper, including O'Hara's company, one from Fort Mason, and two from Fort Chadbourne set out in pursuit of the Comanches on June 11. After a four day march the troops from Camp Cooper reached Fort Chadbourne, about ninety miles to the southwest, and joined the other squadrons on the expedition.

The brief stay near Fort Chadbourne appears to have been the turning point in O'Hara's career. What happened there is

⁴John P. Dyer, *The Gallant Hood* (Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1950), pp. 37-38.

⁵Freeman, *op. cit.*, pp. 363-364. Herbert M. Hart, *Old Forts of the Southwest* (Seattle: Superior Publishing Co., 1964), pp. 41-42.

known. Why it happened and what its effect was must remain a subject of conjecture. Late on the night of June 17, O'Hara slipped quietly out of the camp without permission. He probably headed for the sutler's store at Fort Chadbourne. After being absent without leave all night, O'Hara appeared for reveille the next morning. With all the squadrons together now, Lee started the column northwestward that morning, heading for the near branches of the Colorado and the Brazos Rivers. Lee ordered O'Hara to stay behind after he got his company on the trail to round up stragglers. O'Hara apparently went right back to the sutler's store and got so drunk that he was unable to catch up with the column until it made camp some twelve hours later.

To a man with Lee's sense of duty, O'Hara's conduct was unpardonable. Not only had he gone absent without leave, but he had become so drunk he could not command his company while it was in the field in pursuit of the enemy. Nothing could be done about the matter at the moment, and O'Hara resumed command of his company after he had sobered up. Four days of slow marching failed to uncover any sign of the Indians. Lee spread out his troopers to make a sweep to the northeast and then toward Double Mountain. All the Indian trails found were old and Lee determined to send the wagon train back and to proceed with the men carrying seven days' rations and no tents.

The first day after leaving the wagons the trail of a small band of Indians was discovered and smoke spotted some fifteen miles to the westward. The next morning, while Lee continued toward the Brazos, he sent Bvt. Maj. Van Dorn ahead with O'Hara in support of Van Dorn's right. Van Dorn met four Indians and in the ensuing skirmish killed two and captured a third, a squaw. Two days later he rejoined Lee's column. The troopers continued to sweep the country on their return march, but no further Indians were encountered. After forty hot days and some 1,600 miles of marching by the various units, the expedition returned to Camp Cooper on July 23, having ac-

complished nothing but the collection of some geographical information.⁶

On their return to Camp Cooper, Lee promptly preferred court-martial charges against O'Hara. O'Hara tried to work out some way of avoiding the trial, but Colonel Johnston, who was serving as commander of the Department of Texas, gave him the choice of a court-martial or resignation. On August 18, O'Hara, commenting on "the hard fortune which has envolved the forfeiture of my commission," tendered his resignation with the request that its acceptance be delayed until December. In the meantime, he had been ordered to march his company to Camp Colorado, about halfway between Forts Chadbourne and Mason. He went on leave of absence on October 11, never to return to the desolate frontier, and his resignation was accepted by Jefferson Davis as of December 1, 1856.⁷

What affect this unhappy episode had on O'Hara's subsequent Civil War career is impossible to tell. An examination of the persons involved in the case makes it appear, however, that it may well have had a decisive influence. The charges were preferred by Robert E. Lee and the resignation demanded by Albert Sidney Johnston, both future Confederate full generals. Lee's witnesses to the charges were Earl Van Dorn, a Confederate major general, "Shanks" Evans, a Confederate brigadier general, Walter H. Jenifer, a Confederate colonel, and Robert C. Wood, Jr., a Confederate lieutenant colonel. The resignation, including the charges, were approved by Col. Samuel Cooper, the Adjutant General and later the Confederate Adjutant and Inspector General, and Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, the future President of the Confederacy.

Once more out of the army, O'Hara moved to Mobile and became the editor of a newspaper. There the outbreak of the

⁶Freeman, *op. cit.*, pp. 365-368. Parks, *op. cit.*, pp. 89-90. Charges and Specifications against Capt. Theodore O'Hara, Letters Received, TAGO, RG 94, NA.

⁷O'Hara to Maj. D. C. Buell, Aug. 18, 1856, Letters Received, TAGO, RG 94, NA. Statement of the Regular Army Service of Theodore O'Hara, TAGO, Apr. 16, 1935, in Compiled Military Service Record (CMSR), Lt. Col. Theodore O'Hara, 12th Alabama Infantry, War Department Collection of Confederate Records, RG 109, NA.

Civil War found him. Again the call of military glory could not be resisted, and he was one of the first to raise a company for Alabama. O'Hara took part in the concentration of Confederate troops at Pensacola and briefly served as commander of Fort McRee there.⁸

Apparently O'Hara's fall from grace was not held against him and his service in the United States Army and his combat experience earned him one of the coveted commissions in the Confederate regular army. Of all the thousands of officers who served in the Confederate army, only some 850 were "regulars," the vast majority having seen service in the United States Army. O'Hara was commissioned a captain of Confederate States Infantry to date March 16, 1861. On April 22 he was assigned to recruiting duty at Vicksburg, Mississippi. The regular army recruits enlisted in the Mississippi Valley were sent to the Infantry School of Practice at Baton Rouge Barracks, Louisiana. O'Hara had limited success in Vicksburg and on May 24 Gen. Samuel Cooper ordered him to break up his office and to proceed to Mobile to open another rendezvous, sending the recruits made there to Fort Morgan. Recruiting for the regular army continued to lag badly and on June 6 O'Hara was ordered to break up the Mobile rendezvous and report for duty at Richmond with as little delay as possible.⁹

After his arrival in Richmond, O'Hara was ordered to report to Brig. Gen. John H. Winder, the provost marshal of the city, for duty. On July 17, however, he became lieutenant colonel of the 12th Alabama Infantry of Brig. Gen. Richard S.

⁸Hollingsworth, *op. cit.*, p. 420. O'Hara to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Feb. 20, 1865, in CMSR, 12th Alabama Infantry, RG 109, NA. *War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1880-1901), Series I, Vol. LII, Part II, pp. 22-23 (hereafter cited as OR).

⁹Register of Regular Army Commissions, Chap. I, Vol. 88, pp. 90-93, RG 109, NA. General Order No. 6, Adjutant & Inspector General's Office (A&IGO), Apr. 22, 1861. Register of Letters Received, A&IGO, Chap. I, Vol. 45, p. 163, entry 0-11. Letters Sent, A&IGO, June 6, 1861, RG 109, NA. A discussion of the recruiting efforts for the Confederate regular army will be found in Richard P. Weinert, "The Confederate Regular Army," *Military Affairs*, Vol. XXVI, No. 3 (Fall 1962), pp. 97-107.

Ewell's brigade. O'Hara joined his regiment at Manassas Junction and served as regimental commander at various times during the next few months.¹⁰

Up until this point O'Hara's career had been typical of the Confederate regular officers and held promise that he would rise to high rank before the end of the war. Then his troubles began. Of the 44 officers commissioned captain of infantry in the regular army, 11 became brigadier generals and 16 became colonels. It appeared that O'Hara would quickly gain his next promotion. The colonel of the 12th Alabama Infantry, Robert T. Jones, decided that he would rather be colonel of the 20th Alabama Infantry. He reached an understanding with Secretary of War Leroy Pope Walker and O'Hara was appointed to take his place. Jones, however, only got as far as Richmond when he decided the whole idea was a mistake and applied for reinstatement in his old command. Acting Secretary of War Judah P. Benjamin could find no record of the agreement and telegraphed Walker in Alabama to find out what was going on. Without waiting for a reply, Benjamin revoked O'Hara's appointment as colonel of the 12th Alabama and gave it back to Jones. Walker came up with the proof that the transfer had been legal, but Benjamin refused to take any further action in the matter.¹¹

O'Hara, by now quite indignant with everyone, resigned his volunteer commission in November and reverted to his regular army rank of captain. The War Department ordered him to report to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, his old colonel in the 2d United States Cavalry, at Bowling Green, Kentucky. Certainly Johnston would have remembered the Fort Chadbourne binge, but he must have had some faith in O'Hara's abilities and made him the assistant inspector general on his staff. O'Hara served with Johnston until the battle of Shiloh and with his commander when Johnston fell mortally wounded.

¹⁰General Orders No. 85, A&IGO, July 1, 1861. *CMSR*, 12th Alabama Infantry, RG 109, NA. Special Orders No. 169, First Corps, Army of the Potomac, July 25, 1861. *OR*, Series IV, Vol. I, p. 626.

¹¹O'Hara to Breckinridge, Feb. 20, 1865, in *CMSR*, 12th Alabama Infantry, RG 109, NA.

When the general was hit, O'Hara brought the other members of his staff to him and then sought a doctor in an unsuccessful attempt to save Johnston's life.¹²

On April 28, 1862, O'Hara was assigned as acting assistant adjutant general of the reserve corps of the Army of the Mississippi, commanded by his old friend Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge. Although still only legally a captain, O'Hara was known during this period by the courtesy title of "colonel." After a brief tour as Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard's acting assistant inspector general at the headquarters of the Western Department, O'Hara was ordered back to Breckinridge's command in October. During the battle of Stones River he took an active part, winning Breckinridge's praise for spotting enemy artillery and directing Confederate units to their proper positions.¹³

Following the battle a serious controversy arose between Breckinridge and Gen. Braxton Bragg, the army commander. O'Hara wrote Breckinridge, who was away from the army with his wife: "I wish to say a word to you in regard to a point of great moment & seriousness. It is a necessity that you hurry back as quickly as possible. Your command, its administration & economy, are going on as finely as could be desired, but the matter that requires your presence here is that old Bragg is moving Heaven & Earth to prepare to wage against you a war to the knife . . . Do not think it the result of a precipitate conclusion, or over zealous suspicion on my part. I know what I say — and further if you do not come back here to watch the movements of the enemy & give back-bone to your co (conspirators I had like to say) Bragg will gain an important advantage over you — that is he will get the start on you."¹⁴

In a series of gossip letters O'Hara kept Breckinridge

¹²Special Orders No. 474, First Corps, Army of the Potomac, Nov. 1, 1861. Report of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, *OR*, Series I, Vol. X, p. 390; Report of Col. William Preston, aide-de-camp to Gen. Johnston, *ibid.*, pp. 404-405.

¹³General Orders No. 9, HQ, Reserve Corps, Army of the Mississippi, Apr. 28, 1862. Report of Gen. Breckinridge, *OR*, Series I, Vol. XX, pp. 784-787; Report of Col. Randall Lee Gibson, *ibid.*, p. 796.

¹⁴O'Hara to Breckinridge, Jan. 19, 1863, in *CMSR*, 12th Alabama Infantry, RG 109, NA.

informed of what was happening. He had received authority, however, to raise a new regiment and on March 7, 1863, was relieved from duty on Breckinridge's staff. Apparently the plan to form a regiment failed and in November he reported to the War Department from Columbus, Georgia, requesting an assignment.¹⁵ He continued to report once a month until June 1864, when he was ordered to Atlanta to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston for duty. It is not known whether O'Hara ever served with Johnston, but in February 1865 he was in Richmond and looking for something to do. It seems possible that memories of O'Hara's failure in the field in Texas may have led the War Department to distrust his ability to hold a command.

Breckinridge had become Secretary of War and O'Hara expected that he would at last make use of his services. O'Hara wrote his friend a detailed account of his military misfortunes during the war. O'Hara bitterly commented that he had come out of the Mexican War a major and now, after sixteen years, was a captain. "In short," O'Hara continued, "I have seen promotions heaped upon everyone around me—I have seen almost every man who was my junior in rank and age in the service at the beginning of the war go up and forward, and leave me out of sight in the career of professional advancement. I cannot regard all this otherwise than as a reflection upon my character, and indeed as an absolute disgrace. I have borne the deep and poignant humiliation in patience and silence as long as I can. I have resolved to make a last appeal to the justice and magnanimity of my government for redress. Such is the intent of this communication, and I respectfully await to learn whether or not I am to continue to suffer the mortifying & degrading ostracism I have endured for four years from all the chances of honorable distinction in this war."¹⁶

O'Hara was ordered to report to General Beauragard for assignment to duty in his command. But by then it was too late. Within two months the war was over and O'Hara came

¹⁵O'Hara to Col. Benjamin S. Ewell, Feb. 24 and July 26, 1863, in *CMSR*, 12th Alabama Infantry, RG 109, NA. O'Hara to Cooper, Nov. 24, 1863, *ibid.* Special Orders No. 136, A&IGO, June 11, 1864.

¹⁶O'Hara to Breckinridge, Feb. 20, 1865, in *CMSR*, 12th Alabama Infantry, RG 109, NA.

out of it exactly what he was at the beginning, a captain of regular infantry with no command. For O'Hara, the great opportunity of the war for fame and glory had ended in another failure. There is no record of further intemperance by O'Hara after the dismal affair at Fort Chadbourn. But the professional soldiers of that period were few in number and long in memory and it is quite possible that one bad mistake forever ruined O'Hara's military career.

At the end of the war O'Hara returned to Columbus and taught school for awhile. He then entered the cotton commission business, but his bad luck still held as the business soon failed. Apparently giving up the struggle, O'Hara moved to the plantation of his sister near Guerryton, Alabama, where he died on June 7, 1867. He was buried in Linwood Cemetery, Columbus, but in 1873 his body was removed to Frankfort by the State of Kentucky and placed to rest near the scene of his one great success.¹⁷

Theodore O'Hara has passed into romantic legend, leaving behind one enduring memento—"The Bivouac of the Dead." Forgotten is the real man and his years of agonizing frustration. Perhaps one can find no better symbol of the Lost Cause—a man of ability and talent with dreams of great achievement who struggled long and hard and in the end failed. Despite his failure, Theodore O'Hara will remain a part of the Southern heritage.

¹⁷Hollingsworth, *op. cit.*, pp. 420-421.

MIGRATION PATTERNS OF ALABAMA'S POPULATION, 1850 AND 1860

by

Tommy W. Rogers

By experience and tradition citizens of the United States have moved freely across state lines. Internal migration has played a tremendously important part in the economic, social, and political development of the country. Few issues in American history have generated more interest than the progressively westward movement of the frontier and its effect on the nation's culture.

Census information on the nativity of the native-born, free population was initially gathered in the census of 1850. This feature was inaugurated in order to determine the amount of movement of the native population from one state to another. Although these statistics do not account for the gross number of migrant persons, they do show the net result of population movement at the time of enumeration. Since they indicate both the direction and intensity of interstate migration patterns, these statistics are of considerable value for the information they provide on the historic movements of the native population from one state to another within the United States.

As of 1850 there were 321,000 free persons living in the United States who had been born in Alabama. Of this number, 237,500 or three-fourths still lived in the state, while 83,400 or one-fourth had migrated from Alabama to other states. At the same time, there were 182,500 persons living in Alabama who were born in other states.¹ Thus nearly forty-five percent of the native born free population residing in the state at the time of the 1850 census were in-migrants to Alabama from other states.

In the upper South soil depletion and erosion was well under way by the 1820's. The resulting decrease in agricultural

¹All figures refer to free persons who were born within the United States. They are not inclusive of immigrants from foreign countries. State of birth data were not collected for the foreign population.

productivity was reflected in the large net out-migration of free population, especially small pioneer minded farmers, in a continuing westward movement to the virgin cotton lands in Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and further west.² The population of North Carolina had been on the move southward since the beginning of the nineteenth century.³ The movement of population out of South Carolina between 1820 and 1860 was one of the largest ever experienced in so small an area in so short a period.⁴ By 1860 two-thirds of all whites born in South Carolina had moved to the other states.⁵

By the third decade of the nineteenth century the presence of contracting productivity and increasing population was resulting in a heavy out-migration from Georgia.⁶ An 1827 visitor in Georgia reported "hordes of cotton planters from North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, with large gangs of negroes bound for Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana; 'where the cotton land is not worn out.'"

Nearly three-fourths (136,200) of the 182,500 persons who had moved into Alabama from other areas were from the three states of Georgia (59,000), South Carolina (48,700), and North Carolina (28,500). Migrants from these three states, coupled with those from Tennessee (22,550) and Virginia

²M. B. Hammond, *The Cotton Industry* (New York: American Economic Association, 1897), 49-50; Anthony Tang, *Economic Development in the Southern Piedmont* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1958), 22-27.

³G. G. Johnson, *Ante-Bellum North Carolina* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1937), 38-41, 697-698.

⁴Francis Lieber, *Slavery, Population, and the Yeomanry* (New York: Wescott, 1863), 3-5; Julian J. Petty, "Population," *South Carolina: Economic and Social Conditions*, ed. W. H. Callcott (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1952), 31; Alfred Smith, *Economic Readjustment of an Old Cotton State* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1958), 19.

⁵Harry Hammond, *South Carolina* (Charleston: Walker, Evans, Upwell, Printers, 1883), 390.

⁶James C. Bonner, "Agricultural Adjustment in Ante-Bellum Georgia," *Georgia History and Government* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1940), 125.

⁷Ulrich B. Phillips, *Plantation and Frontier Documents* (New York: Macmillan, 1909), 284-285.

(10,400), accounted from more than ninety percent of all in-migrants. Fully forty percent of the native-born, free population of Alabama in 1850 had come to Alabama from one of these five states. Lesser numbers of in-migrants, varying from three from Michigan to 2,850 from Mississippi, came from every state in the union with the exception of California.

Between 1850 and 1860 Alabama, along with Indiana, Louisiana, and Mississippi, became a migrative rather than a receiving area. Although there were 59,000 more persons living in Alabama in 1860 who were born in other states than there were persons living in other states who were born in Alabama, this balance of net in-migration was due to the large influx of persons who had moved into the state prior to 1850.⁸ Movement between 1850 and 1860 resulted in a net migration loss of 40,000 persons during the ten year interval.⁹

Of the 457,750 free persons born in Alabama who were living in the United States in 1860, 320,000 or seventy percent were still living in the state. Nevertheless, nearly forty percent of the total number of free persons residing in Alabama in 1860 were migrants from other states. Thirty percent of the population born in Alabama were out-migrants from Alabama to other states.

Areas of primary destination for migrants leaving Alabama during the 1850's were Mississippi, Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana. These four states accounted for more than three-fourths of all out-migrants in 1850 and nearly eighty percent of all out-migrants in 1860. In 1850 over half of the out-migrants from Alabama were residing in Mississippi. By 1860, however, there were less than 5,000 more out-migrants from Alabama living in Mississippi than there had been ten years earlier, while there was an increase of more than 20,000 out-migrants

⁸It was not until the census of 1880 that the total number of persons who were born in Alabama and had moved to other states exceeded the total number who had moved into Alabama from other states. Alabama Business Research Council, *Transition in Alabama* (Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 1962), 16.

⁹U. S. Bureau of the Census, *Population of the U. S. in 1860* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1864), xxxiii.

from Alabama to Texas. Texas received the bulk of the out-migrants who left Alabama during the fifties, with lesser streams going to Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri, and California.

Some 75,000 persons left Georgia for other areas between 1850 and 1860.¹⁰ That a large number of these persons moved to Alabama is evidenced by the fact that the largest influx of migrants to Alabama during the decade were out-migrants from Georgia. The 78,900 persons living in Alabama who were born in Georgia represented an increase of almost 20,000 persons since the enumeration of 1850. Although the number of in-migrants to Alabama from the Carolinas decreased by 8,500 persons during the 1850's, persons who had been born in Georgia and the Carolinas still accounted for three-fourths of all persons who had come to Alabama from other states.

Nearly forty-five percent of the 420,000 native-born, free persons who were living in Alabama at the time of the census of 1850 had moved into Alabama from other states. Three-fourths of the in-migrants came from Georgia and the Carolinas, while these three states plus Tennessee and Virginia supplied more than ninety percent of the in-migrants who had moved into Alabama from other states and accounted for forty percent of Alabama's free population.

During the decade of the fifties more people moved out of Alabama to other states than moved into Alabama from outside the state. The net loss of out-migrants from Alabama between 1850 and 1860 was some 40,000 persons. Whereas most out-migrants had settled in Mississippi in 1850, the greater part of the out-migrants from Alabama between 1850 and 1860 moved to Texas, with lesser numbers moving to Arkansas, Louisiana, and California.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, xxxiv.

APPENDIX TABLE I: NATIVITY OF THE FREE POPULATION,
ALABAMA, 1850*

Area	No. of In-Migrants to Alabama	No. of Out-Migrants from Alabama	Exchange
Arkansas	91	11,250	—11,159
California	—	631	— 631
Connecticut	612	74	+ 538
Delaware	73	4	+ 69
Florida	1,060	2,340	— 1,280
Georgia	58,997	3,154	+55,843
Illinois	114	1,335	— 1,221
Indiana	93	395	— 302
Iowa	7	180	— 173
Kentucky	2,694	792	+ 1,902
Louisiana	628	7,346	— 6,718
Maine	215	6	+ 209
Maryland	757	51	+ 706
Mass.	654	71	+ 583
Michigan	3	19	— 16
Mississippi	2,852	34,047	—31,195
Missouri	158	2,067	— 1,909
N. Hamp.	151	13	+ 138
N. Jersey	271	26	+ 235
New York	1,443	184	+ 1,259
N. Carolina	28,521	131	+28,390
Ohio	276	209	+ 67
Penn.	876	87	+ 789
S. Carolina	48,663	225	+48,438
R. Island	74	13	+ 61
Tennessee	22,541	6,398	+16,143
Texas	55	12,040	—11,985
Vermont	155	11	+ 144
Virginia	10,387	92	+10,295
Wisconsin	3	49	— 46
District of Columbia	66	45	+ 21
Territories (a)	—	93	— 93

*Source: J. B. DeBow, **Compendium of the Seventh Census** (Washington: A. O. P. Nicholson, Public Printer, 1854)

(a) Minnesota, New Mexico, Oregon, and Utah.

APPENDIX TABLE II: NATIVITY OF THE FREE POPULATION,
ALABAMA, 1860*

Area	No. of In- Migrants to Alabama	No. of Out- Migrants from Alabama	Exchange
Arkansas	343	24,443	—24,100
California	2	1,382	— 1,380
Connecticut	604	107	+ 497
Delaware	47	6	+ 41
Florida	1,644	4,478	— 3,104
Georgia	83,517	4,628	+78,889
Illinois	224	1,565	— 1,341
Indiana	186	358	— 172
Iowa	23	214	— 191
Kansas	22	240	— 218
Kentucky	1,966	920	+ 1,046
Louisiana	1,149	12,078	—10,929
Maine	272	7	+ 265
Maryland	683	46	+ 637
Mass.	753	112	+ 641
Michigan	23	40	— 17
Minnesota	7	43	— 41
Mississippi	4,848	38,878	—34,030
Missouri	191	3,473	— 3,282
N. Hamp.	170	21	+ 149
N. Jersey	231	61	+ 170
New York	1,848	410	+ 1,438
N. Carolina	23,504	484	+23,020
Ohio	265	345	— 80
Oregon	—	110	— 110
Penn.	989	139	+ 850
R. Island	132	10	+ 122
S. Carolina	45,185	309	+44,876
Tennessee	19,139	8,015	+11,124
Texas	275	34,193	—33,918
Vermont	174	86	+ 88
Virginia	7,598	177	+ 7,421
Wisconsin	5	69	— 64
District of Columbia	68	72	— 4
Territories (a)	—	280	— 280

*Source: U. S. Bureau of the Census, **Population of the U.S. in 1860** (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1864).

(a) Colorado, Dakota, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, and Washington.

“POCKET DIARY FOR 1861”

by James Osgood Andrew Story
edited by Dr. Llerena Friend

On January 11, 1861, and on 285 other days during that first year of the War Between the States, James Osgood Andrew Story of Southern University, Greensboro, Alabama, made entries in a small leather-bound “Pocket Diary for 1861.” Essentially a personal and family document, the little diary is also at least a fragment of social and institutional and Confederate history.

Story’s record shows something of the closeness of ties of a large farmer-preacher family that belonged to what Frank Lawrence Owsley describes as the “Plain Folk of the Old South.” It indicates the course of study, the literary societies, the reading habits, the social life, and the extra-curricular activities of boys in a denominational college of the time. The persistent, if unconscious, theme is the impact of secession and the war on family, community, and college.

Young Story died in a Confederate camp near Mobile on August 23, 1862. His diary was kept by a sister and has been treasured by her children.

Diodorus Sicules, the Greek historian, in Book XVI, Chapter 1 of his *Bibliotheca historia*, discussed the content of a “Good Historical Subject” and stated:

In all historical works, the writers should aim at embracing in their respective volumes transactions . . . which are self-contained from beginning to end. This is the method which is found, on examination, to present History to the reader in the clearest and most easily remembered form. Incomplete transactions, with no continuity between the end and the beginning, interrupt the play of intellectual curiosity in the serious reader; while transactions embracing a continuity of action right down to the conclusion supply a narrative which constitutes a whole in itself.

In itself then, Jimmy Story’s little 1861 diary is not history, for it is without beginning or end, and on occasion it is without

continuity. Furthermore it is not literature, and it was never his intent that it be published. If he had considered his jottings to be authorship, surely there would have been some striving for style, some consistency in spelling and punctuation, and more use of descriptive terms than his overworked "very pleasant." His is a true diary—daily and personal—and not a memoir. Under the MISCELLANEOUS section at the end of the small volume he makes one entry: "This diary commences Friday, Jan. 11th, 1861...not recording the many incidents which happened beforehand, has to some extent caused regret on my part." The reader also regrets, for what he did record, while essentially a personal and family document, is also at least a fragment of social and institutional and Confederate history.

The entries are made in a little leather-bound "Pocket Diary for 1861." Measuring three inches wide by four and a half inches tall, the book has a small pocket at the back and a holder for a tiny pencil. A flap fits into a narrow strip across the front. Ownership is indicated on the decorative end leaf with the inscription: J O A Story, Sou University, Belles Lettres Society, Jan 1861. Again at the top of the title page he wrote: James O A Story, Southern University, Greensboro Ala. Jan 1861. The title page reads:

Philadelphia
Pocket Diary
for
1861
Containing Calendar
Interest and Time Tables
Published Annually
For the Trade

The calendar and tables [rising and setting of the sun, moon rising, and high water levels] occupy some fifteen pages. Each blank page was divided into thirds, allowing a maximum of eight three-inch lines for the daily note. On 286 days during the first year of the Civil War, the college youth of 1861 made his comment, two-thirds of the time in ink, in a neat legible hand. While he was at home on vacation during the summer

and early fall, a pencil had to suffice for his notes. The blanks in the record occur chiefly when he was ill during July and August and again in November as the year rounded to its close.

The daily confidences to the diary were more consistent than were the entries under **BILLS PAYABLE**, totalling \$6.25 in January and \$14.35 in February. The only entries under **RECEIVABLE** were an algebraic formula and a note on Latin—"Quales denotes the quality; quantis denotes the quantity."

The diary is no Christmas gift; there are no New Year's Resolutions. No, the first entry connotes a sense of historical significance and a feel of urgency to perpetuate in writing the "excitement and joy throughout the state" of Alabama when it, on January 11, became the fourth state to secede from the United States. If the first note is that of an ardent Southerner, the second entry is that of a fraternigy man (in spirit if not in actual nature of organization) as it records the regular Saturday meeting of the Belles Lettres Society, the first secret club organized on the Southern University campus. His roommate makes an appearance on the third day, a Sunday, practically the only Sunday without a listing of church attendance and officiating ministers, but on Sunday, January 13, 1861, it rained at Greensboro, and the roads were bad. The fourth entry brings in family with a letter to his father; the fifth gets him to college classes and a lecture on Greek prose. Such is the pattern of the diary. What does it reveal of the writer?

James Osgood Andrew Story was the seventh child and the fourth son of a Methodist minister who named his oldest son Calvin, the second son for himself, and the other three boys for Methodist preachers. The large family, which kept in close touch with a frequent exchange of letters, belonged to what Frank Lawrence Owsley describes as the "Plain Folk of the Old South," a closely knit group in which "the whole family worked together, hunted together, went to church and parties together, and expected to be buried together and to come to judgment together on the Last Day." The letter-writing family was "kindly affectioned one to the other."

When Jimmy had entered Southern University in the fall of Oct. 3, 1860, the Story family was living at Cotton Valley

in Southern Macon County, Alabama. In January, 1861, they had moved the short distance to La Place, eight miles west of Tuskegee, where the father "was very much pleased." Early entries record correspondence with Brother Gorge, two years older than Jimmy; with Sister Lou [Lucinda] (Mrs. E. B. Norton), six years Jimmy's senior and the wife of the Methodist minister at Oak Bowery, Alabama; with Sister Fanny, a fourteen-year old, and with his oldest brother Calvin. Brother George sent a welcome gift of five dollars, and Sister Sallie (Mrs. Wilbur Fisk Perry who had recently moved to Mississippi) sent a present by her brother-in-law Bart, who became Jimmy's roommate. When Jimmy joined the church during a revival in April, 1861, it was to his mother that he wrote of his conversion, and there is never any intimation that she is a stepmother. In the early days after the outbreak of the war, he worried over the absence of mail from home and reported with relief on April 21 that he had letters from father, mother, and sister with "some good advice." The nature of the advice he does not disclose—nor the tenor of his own reply in "a long letter to Father." The parents were not well in May, but family news came from teen-age Fannie and from Sister Mat, Mrs. John U. Hoffman, who lived on a farm near Cotton Valley and the old family home place. Warm ties embraced all the in-laws, and young Jimmy corresponded with Sister Lou's husband, Rev. Norton. After Mrs. Norton's death in November 7, 1861, he welcomed his brother-in-law to Greensboro for the annual meeting of the Alabama Conference and listened with more than casual interest to the sermon which Norton was to deliver at the Conference, especially important because he was to come up for ordination as an Elder.

When vacation arrived in July and the young collegian reached home, he used considerable restraint to note: "I with family rejoiced at meeting." Others of the clan, including the Hoffmans and Aunt Catherine and the Nortons and their baby son all came visiting while the "college boy" was using his time to teach his younger brother and sisters. Such business was "very pleasant," and he thought he did "tolerably well" as he recorded: "Besides giving instruction I have an excellent chance to study." Pleasure in teaching, in admiration of the beauties of the new farm, and in visits with long-time friends at Cotton

Valley was marred by illness in the family and tortured suspense when news came of the Battle of Bull Run, for Brother George was there. George was still at Manassas when Jimmy wrote him in September. Brother Elias was not a letter writer, but he took his younger brother to church with him and in to Tuskegee to equip him to go back to college. Young John Wesley, two years Jimmy's junior, was the one who took his brother to catch the train for the first lap of his trip back to school. The final family entry comes the day after an unhappy Christmas in 1861 and sounds much like any college student of earlier and later days: "Received a letter from Father tonight containing \$25 I was mighty glad to get it."

Non-family correspondence indicates that Jimmy's ties with friends and former teachers were also close and affectionate. One of his frequent correspondents was Dr. Joseph Hamilton of the St. Francis Street Methodist Church in Mobile. He records a letter to Dr. Richard H. Rivers of La Grange College—and to the editor of the Tuskegee paper, and there was an exchange with his teacher and classmates at Cotton Valley. Vacation time meant recording of new addresses of friends made at college.

What do the impressions of a son of the Plain Folk show of college life in the Old South? In Owsley's discussion of the "Role of the Plain Folk" he comments on their respect for education as a means of obtaining success and observes that they had relatively more schooling than has generally been supposed and that "in comparison with the situation in most countries of the world at the time the Southern folk were one of the most literate major groups of the entire world." Literacy of course is not education but, according to Owsley,

if college attendance is any test of an educated people, the South had more educated men and women in proportion to population than the North, or any other part of the world. According to the 1860 census, out of a white population of 7,400,000 there were 25,882 students enrolled in Southern colleges, whereas in the North, with a white population of over 18,000,000 there were only 27,408 students in college; and quite a large number of these were from the

South. That is, there was one college student for each 247 white persons in the South and one in 703 in the North.

Southern University opened its doors at Greensboro, Alabama, in October 3, 1859, and enrolled fifty collegiate students during its first session. Young Story, who had attended the Granberry Academy back in Macon County, was matriculated at the beginning of the school's second year. The year probably started with an increased student body, but by the end of the first term, only fifty-nine remained. Quite a social being, Story recorded the names of the boys who visited in his room, the new students enrolled, his own birthday and that of roommate, his writing in a friend's "Autograph" book, the student Shanghai courts that were great fun, his meals with friends in town, the receiving of a comic valentine, and the practicing of orations in a near-by grove or in one of the Greensboro cemeteries. His nearest approach to gossip was report of a student fight on January 22—no reason given—and a comment on February 8 that "Spillman says J.M. a rascal." A *rascal* got identification by initials only. After the fall of Fort Sumter in April, 1861, the decimation of the student body increased and Story noted sadly that "our college is not very flourishing... students leaving most every week." His own first term was ending when he commented on his eighteenth birthday: "Have remained till this day with much pleasure and anxious expectation for the future." When the time for return for his second year at Southern rolled around, the war had already made its economic effect so that money was so scarce that he feared he could not get enough to start for college and grieved lest he fall behind his class. He wasn't well physically, but chiefly he was "effected smartly by the Blues." The family managed to find the cash for the journey back to a school reduced to thirty-three students, and "speakers poorer than the year before," but he was "determined to study more."

Southern University's course of study provided for chairs in Ancient Languages, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, Biblical Literature, Modern Languages, Law, and Natural Philosophy. There was no formal instruction in English, but the work in foreign languages was expected to train for proficiency in using English. Much importance was attached to public speak-

ing, and each student was required to speak before the student body and faculty, freshmen and sophomores using declamations and upper classmen preparing original compositions.

In his own words, Jimmy Story was only "a tolerable student." If any one of the professors, (and the faculty was a strong one for an infant institution), made a particular impression on him as a teacher, he made slight note of the fact in his written record. Faculty members are *dramatis personae* chiefly as they call on him for a recitation or fail to meet class. His courses included algebra, Greek, Latin, and history. When he recorded that he didn't recite well in Greek, he "had an excuse." In his final examination in algebra he "stood well on the first part but badly on the last." His first recitation in Homer "was done with some ease." It took hard study to get "tolerably well acquainted with the Binomial Theorem." He got enthusiastic about one composition, to the extent of more than three pages, but does not establish the fact that it was the essay he was writing on "Ought the Seceding States Go Back into the Union?"

After his conversion during the annual revival, Jimmy could record that "I am getting along very well in religious matters," and he was greatly pleased when Dr. Edward Wadsworth, his history professor, gave him a present of a Bible. As his acquaintance widened in Greensboro and the spring fancies of an eighteen-year old absorbed him, comments on classes gave way to notes on his diversions. On June 26 he wrote: "I am having a very good time as the Examination is going on," but earlier entries had recorded that he did not take his examination in Greek because he intended to "go over it again nxt year." In algebra he was not examined because "I had not studied it enough."

Aside from conventional assignments, was he well informed? The little diary reveals no broad culture, no wide reading, and no thought of travel, but the lad's background and the temper of the times would have precluded travel even had it been possible for the son of a middle-class farmer with eight unmarried children. Of current political moves he was well aware, and perhaps from wishful thinking, he often an-

ticipated the event as he reported on secession in Tennessee before it occurred and that of Maryland which never took place. His statement of S. A. Douglas' death some days before the Senator's actual demise may not come in that category. He received and read newspapers: the Knoxville *Whig*, the *Tuskegee Republican*, the *Southern Teacher*, and the *Southern Field and Fireside* as well as the local *Alabama Beacon*, which, on occasion, he marked and sent to correspondents. Such lectures as were given in Greensboro he attended, be they on phrenology, the Confederate Loan, "The Sovereigns of England," or by a Catholic priest. As a minister's son in a Methodist college and as an enthusiastic new church member, he recorded his daily Bible reading. *The Chain of Sacred Wonders* was "a grand work"; the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* and *A Plea for Mathematics* were probably assigned reading. While on vacation he read *Plutarch's Lives*. William Cowper is the only poet he mentions. As librarian of the Belles Lettres Literary Society, he found his work or arranging the books tedious but interesting.

The Belles Lettres Society, with its weekly Saturday meeting, absorbed much of his time and interest. Often the members gathered after its sessions to rehash society activities or talk of new members, the "prosperous condition" of the organization, or their assigned duties. Sometimes the personnel adjourned for a "Shanghai court." On Washington's Birthday, the weekly meeting was moved up to Friday and ladies were visitors for the debate between representatives of the Belles Lettres and its rival Clariosophic Society. During the first week in April the society's usual meeting was supplanted by the prayer meeting which was an accompaniment of the annual revival. Mention of the society is casual also while the Quarterly Conference was in session, for there was a young lady to be squired to church. In May, Story was elected secretary of Belles Lettres and after reading his first minutes declared himself "very much pleased with the business." Society meeting was especially interesting on June 8, when the subject for debate was "Is it right for Kentucky to assume an armed neutrality?" At the last regular meeting of the year Reverend Thomas O. Summers, one of the college trustees, became an honorary member of Belles Lettres. When classes were re-

sumed for the fall session of 1861/1862, the first business of Belles Lettres was the choosing of new members and planning a new rostrum. The rostrum must have been a necessity, for the meeting of November 2 was called off because it was not finished. On November 30, 1861, young Story was honored by being elected to be the speaker for the next Washington Birthday open meeting.

What else in the way of diversion did he consider worthy of mention? There were visits to the near-by military camp, drills of the guard, crowning of the May Queen, concerts, tableaux put on by the ladies of the Female Academy, dinner with friends, walks to the railroad and the grove, gathering a bait of plums, a trip to Walton's fish pond, gathering chestnuts, and singings in the homes in Greensboro and at the church, where his desire to talk to the ladies beside him "was a great preventative" [to singing]. Chiefly, measured by frequency of mention, there was church and there were the girls—in his book—"the young ladies." He dined with friends, he supped, he went to tea; what he wore or what he ate was too inconsequential to be put on record.

As much of his existence as clothing or food was going to church. The diary records the meeting of a Quarterly Conference, an Annual Conference, and the accelerated religious pace of two revivals in addition to the regular two or three services for each Sunday. There is never a disparaging criticism of a sermon; the eloquence of Dr. William Wightman, the college chancellor he especially commends. As he rode with Henry Urquhart for three sermons on one Sunday to the Negroes in Greene County, this son of a minister who had worn himself out in a Negro mission, had difficulty in finding his words and wrote: "Viewed rich plantations which was with pleasure that such happened." When there were Roman Catholic lectures in town, he attended but left no comment. On one Sunday night, curiosity and his Methodist rearing were betrayed when he wrote: "I neglected to go to the class meeting but as I had never seen any Baptists baptized I witnessed it for the first [time]. I have always had an aversion to such." The great church festivals of Easter and Christmas had no particular observance at the college, and the omission of one peculiarly

Southern observance is pointed up in its absence in war times: "Poorest Christmas I ever saw, only with the negroes. I haven't heard a gun fire."

The persistent, the recurring theme of the diary is secession and the war and their effects. The first note is that of "excitement and joy" as Alabama secedes—to be followed by Georgia, the native state of his father. His eighteenth birthday, January 20, is fair and bright, but there are "anxious expectations for the future." The next week brings news that Louisiana has seceded and "no further news concerning public affairs," but the student practices drawing a "marshall" design and notes that "during the last three weeks fifteen students have gone home & others are contemplating it." The usual significance of February 22 was heightened when the excited citizenry of Greensboro fired the cannon to welcome a military company from Fort Morgan. On a fair and bright March 4 the record went: "Abe Lincoln takes place; much excitement throughout the country in respect to it." Both town and gown knew more excitement the next day when the college had a party for the Light Artillery Guard and Chancellor Wightman made an eloquent address—"a time long to be remembered by the young ladies & gentlemen."

The entry for April 12 ended: "Times seem warlike," and news traveled fast enough for the next day's note to include: "tonight the inhabitants are somewhat appeased by hearing that Ft. Sumter was taken." Tension and enthusiasm mounted for several days as citizens speculated over United States policy, a local military company was organized, and sky rockets and a fifty-gun salute greeted the word of Virginia secession. A home-sick lad wrote of his uneasiness over lack of mail from home, and prayer meeting was disturbed by shouts when the stage brought in the war news. Students began to learn military tactics from Professor Gatch, and the college company offered its services for the protection of Greensboro when the Light Artillery Guards should leave. Every mail brought "direful news"; attendance at the Belles Lettres anniversary meeting was small because of the excitement; the local military company was ordered to Pensacola and departed "with cheering hearts in defense of the S. Confederacy." A less cheerful heart

recorded for the diary: "Our college is not very flourishing. Students are leaving most every week. I do not think it will survive long unless the times change." After the Southern Congress declared war, there was the comment that all would have to go home soon and the plaintive: "My diary suffers for want of good news. I have heard so much of war that I am tired of it." That was on May 9; on May 16 he joined the military company at the college but became ill as a result of the drilling.

During his vacation, Jimmy visited the old home place at Cotton Valley but found that "It looks rather desolated and most all the boys have gone to the war in Virginia." His brother George was included, but casualties at Manassas included only one of the Tuskegee Zouaves. Back at Greensboro in the fall, the enrollment was reduced and a regular military company was organized. The faculty decided to have prayer in the chapel every evening, but kerosene oil was so scarce that the night preaching service had to be moved up to four in the afternoon. On November 15, the Confederacy fasted in accordance with a proclamation by President Jefferson Davis. Into the introspection induced by the national act of penance came the news to Story of the death of his Sister Lou. He was "sad-worn down." There were forty-seven more days in the year, but the diary had only twenty-one more entries. A chill had put the writer to bed part of the time. The annual conference met, and the college declared a holiday. When a dreary Christmas Eve and Christmas came, his health was such that he did not return to classes. On December 29, he was able to attend church, but he penned no New Year's Resolutions on January 1.

Jimmy Story does not seem to conform to any pattern. If he had the "bad boy" traits often attributed to preachers' sons, he didn't include them in his jottings. Campus antics of antebellum college days had not had time to become traditional at Southern University, at least not in the Story version. He became a Johnny Reb without the usual accompaniments of many of the rebel privates—profanity, gambling, drunkenness, or obscenity. Signs of a sense of humor are slight too. Provincial he may have been, but prejudice was slight. The term "Yankee" he uses but once.

On the day of the Southern Declaration of War, his fear was less for the ultimate outcome than for the demise of his college. The ending of the daily entry was not completely positive: "God may be on our side yet." His own positive declaration came the next day: "My intention is to endeavor to increase in the strength of religion and live happy. Above all things I desire to be a good man and serve God."

On April 25, 1861, James Osgood Andrew Story wrote: "Rumors of war are now passing through the country. We live in a fearful time and if we are not stripped in youth this shall be remembered to tell to our children." He died in a Confederate camp near Mobile on August 23, 1862. His diary has told his story of those times to his sister's children and grandchildren.

1861

Jan. 11—Friday

This is a day of much excitement and joy throughout the state as it is the day it seceded from the United States, which is the forth [*sic*] that has done so. S.C., Fla., Miss., Ala.¹

Jan. 12—Saturday

After returning from a meeting of the Belles Lettres Society,²

¹South Carolina seceded and proclaimed herself an independent commonwealth on December 20, 1860. Mississippi seceded on January 9 and Florida on January 10, 1861. The Alabama State Convention met on January 7 and passed the ordinance of secession on January 11 by a vote of 61-39. The students at Southern University, a Methodist college in Greene County in the Alabama "Black Belt," had doubtless followed the progress of the Convention with keen interest, for the Alabama Conference of the Methodist Church, meeting at Montgomery in December, 1860, had resolved that the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States "amounted to a declaration of hostility against the South and pledged their lives and fortunes for the defense of the state." Albert Burton Moore, *History of Alabama* (1934), 418-420.

²The *Belles Lettres Society* was created on the Southern University campus on October 28, 1859, only twenty-five days after the opening of the institution. Its five charter members stated the reason for its organization as "the necessity of cultivating those faculties of the mind uneducated by collegiate studies and by the necessity of general reading

read mostly through the evening. Was visited by H. H. Kav.³ and C. B. Clarke.⁴

Jan. 13—Sunday

A steady rain visited the earth most all day. Roads bad—the birthday of my room-mate, J. H. Howard,⁵ now twenty years of age. Also my classmate.

Jtn. 14—Monday

Wrote letter to Father⁶ at his new home, La Place, Ala.,⁷ where

for acquiring liberal and intelligent views." On November 3, 1859, eight additional members were unanimously elected. The number increased to twenty during the first college year. The Story diary is a fair record of the society during its second year. Minutes for April 27, 1862, read: "The society met today, consisting of Messrs. Urquhart, McKensey, Jackson, and Drake (the remaining members being then in the army of their country)." Belles Lettres and its sister society, the Clariosophic, are said to have "played an important part in the life of the institution for a long time and were, in a large measure, responsible for the success of many alumni in public life. See Daniel P. Christenberry, *The Semi-Centennial History of the Southern University, 1856-1906*, pp. 67-74 and Wilbur Dow Perry, *A History of Birmingham-Southern College, 1856-1931*, pp. 16-18.

³Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh, Jr. from Falmouth, Kentucky, was matriculated at Southern University in 1859. The Census from Greene County, Alabama, for 1860 lists him as a student, aged 22. In 1863 he was elected a local preacher by the Alabama Conference, meeting at Columbus, Mississippi. William Warren Sweet, *The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Civil War* lists H. H. Kavanaugh of the Mobile Conference as a chaplain in the Confederate Army. It is likely that H. H. Jr. was the chaplain rather than his uncle, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh. For Bishop Kavanaugh see A. H. Redford, *Life and Times of H. H. Kavanaugh, D. D., One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South*.

⁴Christopher B. Clarke from Bridgeville, Pickens County, Alabama (aged 17 in 1860), was one of the organizing members of Belles Lettres.

⁵John H. Howard of Linden, Alabama, is on the college roll for 1860.

⁶Elias Wells Story was born in Warren County, Georgia, on April 15, 1807. His family lived in Jackson, Missouri, from 1810 to about 1825, when they returned to Georgia. E. W. Story was converted and joined the Methodist Church at McDonough Camp Ground in Henry County, Georgia, September 27, 1827, and on November 29, 1834, was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of Zebulon Circuit, Columbus District, Georgia Conference. He served the Taswell, Newman, and Waynesboro circuits in Georgia from 1836 to 1839, when he was transferred to the Alabama Conference. He had been ordained a deacon by

he has just moved where he is very much pleased.

Jan. 15—Tuesday

A bright and fair day as ever was though very cold. Prof. Casey⁸ lectured on Greek Prose.

Bishop James Osgood Andrew at Eatonton, Georgia, in 1838, and in 1841 was made an elder by Bishop Andrew at Selma, Alabama. Story's charges in Alabama included Lafayette, 1840-1842, Russell in 1843, Tuskegee Circuit in 1844, and Killabee (or Calebee) or Tuskegee Colored Mission in 1845. The work at the colored mission was difficult, and under it Story's health broke so that he was superannuated in 1846. The minutes of the Alabama Conference indicate that in this relationship "he walked blamelessly" until his death on December 18, 1888.

Story's first wife, Ann Hill, had nine children, five sons and four daughters. The sons were all named for ministers. James Osgood Andrew, the fourth son and writer of the diary, was named for Bishop Andrew, first Georgian elevated to the Bishopric, who had ordained his father and who was the principal character in the slavery controversy in the Methodist General Conference of 1844, which resulted in the division of American Methodism and the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. After his first wife's death on April 29, 1851, E. W. Story married Mary Emily Patterson on October 7, 1852. They had three daughters: Mary Taylor, Emily Catherine, and Julia Owen. Story's third wife, who survived him was Harriet E. Tenison, whom he married on October 15, 1867.

The life-long friend who wrote Story's obituary for the Conference Minutes described him as a man of "quaint ways, sharp wit, clear common sense, fiery temper, stubborn will, intense zeal, untiring labors; all pervaded and controlled by an Elijah-like faith and courage." J. W. Rush, "Memoirs," *Minutes of the Alabama Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Greenville, Alabama, December 4-9, 1889*, p. 31; Story Family Bible; Anson West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 494-495.

⁷LaPlace, Alabama, is in Macon County about eight miles south and west of Tuskegee. E. W. Story lived in Macon County from the time he joined the Alabama Conference in 1840, but prior to 1861, the family farm was southeast of La Place at Cotton Valley.

⁸Oscar F. Casey was born in Newberry, South Carolina, in 1824 and died at Auburn, Alabama, in 1897. He graduated at LaGrange College, Alabama, in 1849 and taught mathematics and classical languages at LaGrange from 1849 to 1859, when he became Professor of Ancient Languages at Southern University. According to Christenberry, "the old boys say that Professor Casey would repeat Virgil page by page for their amusement as well as for their delectation." Christenberry, *History of Southern University*, 24, 26.

Jan. 16—Wednesday

Rec'd letter from Bro. George⁹ containing five dollars. No news from home. Called on in Greek by Prof. Casey. Never recited well. Had an excuse.

Jan. 17—Thursday

Late this evening rec'd letter from Dr. J. Hamilton¹⁰ of Mobile. He gave me much instruction and advice, particularly about "College Rebellions" such as happened here Christmas.¹¹

⁹George Chappell Story, third son of E. W. Story, was born February 13, 1841, and was named for John D. Chappell, who, like Story, had once been a member of the Georgia Conference and was one of the first "tenters" when Tuskegee Campground was established in 1838. West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 500. On November 1, 1866, George C. Story married Josephine Elizabeth Noble, sister of Rev. J. O. Noble, (b. 1848), who died in 1867. George C. Story died July 1, 1903.

¹⁰Jefferson Hamilton, D. D., was born in Massachusetts in 1805. According to O. P. Fitzgerald, "he was scholar, saint, good soldier of Jesus Christ" and "naturalized to the South at first contact." In 1843 Hamilton was sent to St. Francis Street Methodist Church in Mobile, where he was associated with Rev. Thomas O. Summers, with whom he worked on the committee to compile a new Methodist Hymnal. Hamilton represented the Alabama Conference in the General Methodist Conference in New York in 1844. At the Alabama Conference in 1860, he introduced a Resolution on Chaplains to protest inequalities in assignment in the United States Army, which had in its chaplains service sixteen Episcopalians, to two Methodists and one Presbyterian.

Hamilton was one of the original trustees of Southern University and after the retirement of C. C. Callaway served as a financial agent of the University and was successful in raising money for a dormitory which was named Hamilton Hall. He died at Opelika in 1874. Christenberry, *History of Southern University*, 28; O. P. Fitzgerald, *Dr. Summers: A Life Study*, 166, 176; *Minutes of Alabama Conference*, 1860 and 1875.

Dr. Hamilton had been a long-time friend of the Story family and a visitor in the Story home. On May 30, 1859, he wrote in Sarah Jane Story's "Keep-Sake Album."

To Miss Sallie

Beauty of person is a talent, which may be useful;
but beauty of mind and heart are of far higher value,
as they bless mankind and glorify God.

¹¹The "Rebellion" in this case seems to have resulted from the fact that the Christmas holiday was for one day only. As strange as that may seem to the college student of a century later, it was the rule and not the exception in 1860. According to James B. Sellars, "Student Life at the University of Alabama before 1860," *Alabama Review*, II, 283, at

Jan. 18—Friday

Georgia¹² seceded to day by a large majority. which makes the fifth out of the Union.

Jan. 19—Saturday

Mr. E. T. Portis¹³ of Suggsville, Ala. joined the Belles Lettres Society today which makes 32. The S is in a very prosperous condition. I was appointed to read an essay. Spent the evening reading. Rec'd the Tuskegee Republican.

Jan. 20—Sunday

My birthday. Eighteen years constitutes my age. I entered the S.U.¹⁴ in Oct. 1860. Have remained till this day with much

the University of Alabama "Christmas was the only holiday recognized in the University calendar and it but grudgingly." Transportation facilities meant that the holiday had to be either one day or quite long.

If the Story diary is a fair picture of Southern University, student unruliness was practically non-existent. That may have been because of the extreme youth of the institution, the smallness of its student body, and the background of the boys. Trustee Hamilton may have been seeking to plant the seed of sage advice in fertile ground.

¹²The Georgia state convention met at Milledgeville on January 15. The separate secessionists and the co-operative secessionists battled for two days before the advocates of immediate secession secured passage of the secession ordinance by a vote of 208-89. Allan Nevins, *The Emergence of Lincoln*, II, 414-416.

¹³The name in the diary is *E. T. Portis*. The college roll for 1861 lists Ernest A. Portis. According to West, Suggsville, in Clarke County, had long been a Methodist center, a camp meeting being held there as early as 1817. Ira Portis, who located in the community in 1818 was the father of Solomon W. Portis and of John Wesley Portis, Methodist minister, lawyer, and colonel in the Confederate Army. J. W. Portis was on the commission appointed in 1854 to decide on the location of Southern University. West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 471; Perry, *History of Birmingham-Southern College*, 12.

¹⁴Southern University was incorporated by the General Assembly of Alabama in January 1856. The corner stone of the main building was laid on June 11, 1857, and the doors of the school were formally opened on October 3, 1859. Fifty students were matriculated for the first term. The tuition fee was twenty-five dollars per term; a contingent fee was two dollars; board for the session of two terms was a hundred and fifty dollars, including room and furniture. There were two graduates in 1860, four in 1861, and two in 1862, plus one Master's Degree. The War

pleasure and anxious expectations for the future. Heard Mr. Ramsey¹⁵ preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The day is fair and bright.

Jan. 21—Monday

Roaring thunders and heavy rains have visited us often times through the day. It still rains very hard tonight. Rei'd the S.F. and Fireside,¹⁶ whiih rontains much information.

Jan. 22—Tuesday

While the Latin class was reciting this evening Messrs. G.W.

Between the States blighted the young school. A few students matriculated each year despite the fact that the college had no formal opening. The faculty continued to hold their positions, sans classes and pay. At the end of the war, the original main building stood unharmed and debt free. During the difficulties of Reconstruction from 1865 to 1875, the college survived, but it was in a dying condition when Dr. Luther Martin Smith became chancellor in 1875. Peak enrollment of 238 was reached in 1889/1890. The North Alabama Conference was a joint owner of the institution from 1882 to 1898, when that conference established the North Alabama Conference College, which in 1906 became Birmingham College. World War I brought troubles to this new school as it did to Southern University. In 1918 the two schools were combined as Birmingham-Southern College. West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 730; Christenberry, *The Semi-Centennial History of the Southern University, 1856-1906*; Perry, *A History of Birmingham-Southern College*.

¹⁵Thomas Yancey Ramsey, Methodist minister was born in South Carolina about 1820. He had been minister at Marion and Mobile in the Alabama Conference before 1859, when he was presiding elder of the Greensboro District. At the Conference meeting in 1859 he was one of the members of the Book and Tract Society. The Conference of 1860 assigned him to the church at Greensboro. In that Conference, Ramsey was chairman of the Legal Conference and had introduced the Resolution which stated that, while deploring the necessity for a separation from the Federal Union, the Conference felt "bound by honor and duty to move in harmony with the South in resisting Northern domination." Ramsey was one of the original trustees of Southern University. *Minutes of the Alabama Conference, 1860*.

¹⁶*The Southern Field and Fireside*, a weekly magazine of Augusta, Georgia, was owned by James Gardener and edited by William M. Mann. Regular features included poetry, stories, a Children's Column, personals, a section called "Fun, Fact, and Philosophy," columns on chess and horticulture and advertisements for planters, teachers, and new books. The issue for April 28, 1860, had excerpts from an article entitled "Slavery and the Methodist Church."

Cox¹⁷ and Thos. C. Cowin¹⁸ fought. after class was over they did the same outside of the campus. Mush excitement Occurred. Wrote to Bro George at night.

Jan. 23—Wednesday

Rose this morning before day. Made a fire and studied my lessons for the day. After studying my lessons tonight for the morrow, I wrote to my sister Mrs. Norton,¹⁹ in Oak Bowery,²⁰ Ala.

Jan. 24—Thursday

Cold and chilly winds have been blowing most of the day so rains. Went to my recitations regular and recited. Called on in History by Dr. Wadsworth.²¹ Party at Gen. Mays²² tonight.

¹⁷George W. Cox and W. H. Cox of Columbus, Mississippi were enrolled as students in 1860.

¹⁸Thomas E. Cowin was one of the local Greensboro boys enrolled in 1860. He served in the Confederate Army and was imprisoned for a fight with Federal soldiers in Greensboro during Reconstruction. Cowin escaped from prison and returned home to operate the Greensboro Hotel. He died at Anniston in 1890 and was buried at Greensboro. W. E. W. Yerby, *History of Greensboro, Alabama, from Its Earliest Settlement*, 54.

¹⁹Lucinda Story Norton, second daughter of Elias W. Story, was born on September 21, 1837 and married Ethelbert Brinkley Norton on August 9, 1859.

²⁰Oak Bowery is located in Chambers County near the Georgia state line. The conference of 1861 transferred Norton to Milton Circuit. Norton was a son of Rev. John Wesley Norton, (1794-1862). West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 286, 497.

²¹Edward Wadsworth was born in Newbern, North Carolina. He took his A. B. Degree at Randolph Macon in 1841 and was awarded the D. D. at Randolph-Macon and Emory Henry in 1847. From 1846 to 1852 he was president of Lagrange College; from 1853 to 1855 he was Professor of English at Nashville University, and he served as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Southern University from 1859 to 1871. Wadsworth was minister of the Greensboro Church in 1856-1857 and was made presiding elder of Greensboro Circuit in 1860. Wadsworth is described as one of the most interesting of the early members of the faculty with a "reputation for almost preternatural wisdom among the college boys." Fitzgerald describes him as "a Cavalier in courage, a Puritan in scrupulous piety, a precisionist in the professor's chair, a battery charged with evangelical power in the pulpit." He died at Greensboro in 1883. O. P. Fitzgerald, *Dr. Summers: a Life-Study*, 172; Christenberry, *History of the Southern University*, 22; Perry, *History of Birmingham-Southern College*, 27-28; Obituary in *Minutes of Alabama Conference*, 1883.

²²General Patrick May, a veteran of the War of 1812, was a county

Several students have gone.

Jan. 25—Friday

Constant rains during the day have caused it to be very unpleasant and cold. Recd. letter from my respected teacher, J.H.H. Granberry.²³ Spoke in the college chapel with some success. Dined at Mr. Tallman's.²⁴ Contracted to board with Rev. Ramsey.

Jan. 26—Saturday

When I awoke this morning and looked out Greensboro²⁵ presented quite a picturesque appearance which was caused by the heavy snow which fell last night. The most beautiful day this year. The moon is now shining beautifully. Very cold weather. Diner with Russell.²⁶

Jan. 27—Sunday

Weather is still cold. Went to hear Mr. Ramsey preach twice. Sat in my room most of the evening reading "Chain of Sacred

commissioner in Greene County in 1833. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 26, 138-139. He died in Greene County in 1868 at the age of 78.

²³J. H. H. Granberry was a teacher at Cotton Valley.

²⁴James A. Tallman operated a mercantile business at Greensboro from 1853 to 1861 and a hotel from 1866 to 1868. He was a subscriber of \$250 to help secure the selection of Greensboro as the site of Southern University. Owen, *Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, IV, 1643; Christenberry, *History of the Southern University*, 20.

²⁵Greensboro, in 1861, was located in Greene County, which was created in 1818 and lay in the Black Belt of Alabama along the Tombigbee and Black Warrior rivers. The first settlers in the area had located in 1816-1817 at a site known as Troy, where the Rev. James Monette, a Methodist, preached the first sermon in 1818, the year that John Nelson built the first house. Troy community was incorporated in 1823 under the name of Greensborough. Its three wards were usually known as White Settlement, Black Settlement, and Dogsboro. The Baptists established a church in 1819, the Methodists and Presbyterians in 1822, and the Episcopalians in 1830. Population in 1860 was about 1600, with over 59 per cent Negro. In 1867 the area of Greene County east of the Black Warrior River was created into Hale County with Greensboro as the county seat. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 2, 14, 190; T. M. Owen, *Story of Alabama*, I, 432-434.

²⁶Joseph Russell, a book merchant in Greensboro, was listed in the 1860 census as a native of Connecticut, aged thirty. He had a wife Anna and one child.

Wonders," a grand work. Heard that La.²⁷ had seceded. Read two chapters in my Bible.

Jan. 28—Monday

The prospects for fair and beautiful weather are manifested. No further news concerning public affairs. Attend a concert in Town Hall by Beavers, a blind man, whose performances are excellent.

Jan. 29—Tuesday

Have read my Livy lesson for tomorrow and practiced drawing a marshall ensign. During the last three weeks fifteen students have gone home & others are contemplating it. 59 still remain.

Jan. 30—Wednesday

Called on by Prof Gatch²⁸ in Livy. Two students of La., Messers Bowman²⁹ & R.H. Turner,³⁰ made preparations to leave tomorrow. Formed acquaintance of Miss Mollie Williams.³¹ Had a very pleasant entertainment.

Jan. 31—Thursday

Received a letter from Bro Geo, who is now at La Place, Ala. The family was well at the time of writing. Wrote an epistle to Dr. J. Hamilton, Mobile, Ala. Rain now descends heavily.

Feb. 1—Friday

Nothing worthy of much note occurred, only as heavy rain as we have witnessed in a long time has fallen. Dr. Wightman³²

²⁷Louisiana adopted a secession ordinance on January 26, 1861, by a vote of 113-17. Nevins, *Emergence of Lincoln*, II, 417.

²⁸Thomas A. Gatch, A. M. was adjunct professor of mathematics. Christenberry, *History of Southern University*, 26-27.

²⁹T. H. Bowman of Tensas Parish, Louisiana, was enrolled in the college in 1860.

³⁰Story gives the name as R. H. Turner. Turner was probably a relative of Ben D. Turner of Sirna, listed as a student in 1860. Story lists his address under a heading of "Miscellaneous" as B. D. Turner, Jr., Sirna, St. Tammany Parish, La.

³¹James M. Williams, a planter of the Greensboro area, had a daughter Mary A., aged 17 in 1860, who is probably "Miss Mollie."

³²William M. Wightman was born in Charleston, South Carolina, Jan. 29, 1808. He graduated from South Carolina College and became Profes-

read us the rules to be observed during examinations next week.

Feb. 22—Saturday

Had quite a nice time tonight at Mr. Tallman's in a Shanghai court³³ where several boys assembled for the purpose. It was conducted very well. Recd. letter from D.R. Perry and answered it immediately.

Feb. 3—Sunday

Heard Dr. Wightman preach at 11 a.m. and T.Y. Ramsey at night. Both were excellent especially the former.

Feb. 4—Monday

Spent the day mostly with my friends as the semi-annual examination was in process, and I was not to be examined today.

Feb. 5—Tuesday

Went to the University this morning at 9 o'clock and remained till after 12 being examined in Latin, don't know yet how I stand.

Feb. 6—Wednesday

Spent forenoon walking, taking exercise after hunting with Densler.³⁴ Our game was small compared with the walk. Recd.

sor of Literature and Rhetoric at Randolph-Macon College. In 1846 he was editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate* at Charleston. He became president of Southern University in 1858, resigned when he was elevated to the bishopric in 1866, but was asked by the Trustees to retain his office until 1868. He died Feb. 15, 1882. Christenberry, *History of the Southern University*, 25; Fitzgerald, *Dr. Summers*, 172.

³³I have not been able to locate the exact description of a *Shanghai court* unless it be a military term [now obsolete] used at West Point at the United States Military Academy to designate a rapid manner of marching and drilling. According to a quotation from the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the "double quick" was the "Shanghai Trot." *Dictionary of American English*, IV (1938), 2084.

³⁴F. H. Densler, from Villula, was listed in the college rolls for 1860/1861. His father, Thomas L. Densler, was a minister in Eufaula District. *Conference of 1860*, p. 48.

an invitation to the Concert on the 15 at the Judson F.I.³⁵ by my friend Miss Mollie E. Carter, a teacher.

Feb. 7—Thursday

Heard lecture from Dr. Wadsworth this evening, on the Sovereigns of England. At night went to hear a Roman Catholic lecture. Reviewed 80 pages in Greek Prose.

Feb. 8—Friday

Examined in Greek under Prof. Casey. Passed a part of the evening reading Life of N. Bonapart. Mr. Callaway³⁶ returned from Mobile also Steinhart,³⁷ one of the company from this place, to Ft Morgan.³⁸ Spillman³⁹ says J M a rascal.

Feb. 9—Saturday

Did not remain in Society (Belles Lettres) long, having ad-

³⁵*Judson Female Institute* was a Baptist institution established at Marion, Perry County, Alabama, in 1839. Story's identifying "a teacher" may be significant in the light of the close supervision of the students of the school. One regulation provided that "All correspondence, except between Pupils and Parents and Guardians, is liable to inspection." A. Elizabeth Taylor, "Regulations Governing Student Life at the Judson Female Institute during the Decade Preceding the Civil War," *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, III (1941), 23-29.

³⁶*Christopher Columbus Callaway* was born in 1822 in Lincoln County, Tennessee. The Greene County Census of 1860 identifies him as a Methodist preacher aged 38. Callaway was pastor at Greensboro in 1854/1855 and was named a trustee when Southern University was incorporated in 1856 and served as financial and endowment agent. According to Clark, it was largely through Callaway's efficiency and energy that the University's buildings were erected and that it began its career with an active endowment of \$240,000. W. G. Clark, *History of Education in Alabama*, 179-180. He died August 11, 1867 and was buried at Greensboro, Alabama.

³⁷I have not been able to identify this *Steinhart*. The Census of 1860 lists Morris and Edward Steinhart, aged 11 and 9 among the household at the James Croom plantation. Both were born in New York.

³⁸*Fort Morgan* was located in Baldwin County at Mobile Point on Mobile Bay. Between the election of delegates and the assembling of the State Convention on January 7, 1861, Governor A. B. Moore authorized Colonel John B. Todd of the First Regiment of Alabama troops to occupy Fort Morgan. It remained a Confederate defense until its surrender, under bombardment, in August 1864. "Fort Morgan," *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, VII (1945), 90.

³⁹*William J. Spillman* of Columbus, Mississippi was listed as a nineteen year old student in 1860. He was one of the graduates in 1861, and the son of Reverend William Spillman.

journed for necessary reasons. Rev^d some in Algebra. A.M. Rec^d letter from Penn & Scott of Cotton Valley. Answered it, also ans note to Miss M.E. Carter of Judson Female Institute.

Feb. 10—Sunay

Attended Sunday School A.M. Heard Rev. J.W. Starr,⁴⁰ P.E. preach at 11 o'clock A.M. Had an introduction to Harris Waller.⁴¹ Rain has been descending heavily. Heard a Catholic priest lecture in town hall this evening. Health good.

Feb. 11—Monday

Formed the acquaintance of Rev. J.W. Starr P.E., who was glad to see me, on account of his respect for the family. Studied some in Algebra for examination.

Feb. 12—Tuesday

Spent most of the day with friend students at Tallman's Visited the Misses Wightman⁴² Returned and reviewed a few pages in Bourdon.⁴³

Feb. 13—Wednesday

Was examined in Bourdon today and stood well on the first part but badly on the last. Merely wrote a certificate. Rain and wind combined now make a great noise.

Feb. 14—Thursday

Second term of the University opened today, recited as usual in Greek & Latin Prose.

⁴⁰John Wesley Starr succeeded Wadsworth as presiding elder of the Greensboro Circuit in 1861. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 95.

⁴¹Harris Waller, aged nineteen in 1860, was the son of Robert B. Waller, Virginia-born planter of the Greensboro area. Henry T. Waller and R. B. Waller, Jr. were both enrolled as students in the college in 1860.

⁴²The 1860 Census lists *Edith Wightman*, aged eleven, as a daughter of Dr. Wm. May Wightman and 1st. wife (Sarah Bossard Shackelford). Perhaps there were visitors in the Wightman family. Edith had two sisters, Ella and Arabella.

⁴³Story often speaks of his algebra as "Bourdon." Louis Pierre Marie Bourdon (1779-1854) was the author of several books on mathematics. At Oglethorpe University, and probably at Southern as well, the text book for the first term of algebra was Daview' Bourdon. Allen P. Tankersley, *College Life at Old Oglethorpe*, 153.

Feb. 15—Friday

Recited my first lesson in Homer also Horace, which was done with some ease. Speaking in the Chappell [*sic*] this evening. Had a severe headache at night.

Feb. 16—Saturday

Having felt somewhat recovered from my illness last night—was able to go out this morning and recite a lesson. After coming from Society remained in my room all the evening studying and conversing with C.C.E.⁴⁴

Feb. 17—Sunday

Heard T.Y. Ramsey preach at 11 o'clock & at night. Went to the Students Prayer Meeting at the College.⁴⁵ Scene very affecting.

Feb. 18—Monday

My old friend and schoolmate—M[elville] B[arton] Perry, arrived here to-day, and entered the S U.—also Mr. Smith came for the same purpose, both from Miss. John Christian⁴⁶ arrived hence also. [M. B. Perry, son of Rev. Dow Perry and brother of Wilbur Fisk Perry, died 1882 at Ft. Worth, Texas.]

⁴⁴Charles Cannon Ellis was one of the organizing members of Belles Lettres. He served as a chaplain from the Alabama Conference in the Confederate Army. Sweet, *The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Civil War*, 221.

Their conversation may have been of college matters or it may have concerned the fact that on that day Jefferson Davis had arrived in Montgomery as provisional president of the Confederate States.

⁴⁵The regularity of report on the Sunday morning sermon may derive both from personal habit and from the fact that every student had to answer roll at chapel on Monday morning by stating whether or not he had attended the required Sunday service.

In 1887 the traditional Sunday afternoon prayer meetings at the college were replaced by the Young Men's Christian Association. Perry, *History of Birmingham-Southern College*, 36-38.

⁴⁶Melville Barton Perry matriculated from Attala County, Mississippi. C. D. Christian, aged nineteen, was listed as a student from Mississippi in the Census of 1860. William C. Christian was enrolled in 1862. The roll for 1860 included Albert Smith of Tuskegee and Edward C. Smith of Prairie Point.

Feb. 19—Tuesday

Weather very inclement. Barton Perry⁴⁷ has decided to room with me which is much to my satisfaction. Sister Sallie⁴⁸ sent me a beautiful present by Bart, which gave me much gratification.

⁴⁷*Barton Perry*, son of Rev. Dow and Tabitha Tillman Turner (Hunt) Perry, was born in 1840. There is an amazing similarity in the background and the lives of the fathers and families of the roommates, *Jimmy Story* and *Bart Perry*. Dow, son of Levi and Rebecca Ann Perry, was born in Georgia in 1805. He was named for Lorenzo Dow (1777-1834), preacher of the first Protestant sermon in Alabama. Perry married Tabitha Hunt, named for Lorenzo Dow's mother, Tabitha (Parker) Dow. Story moved to Alabama in 1840 and Perry, in 1842 or 1843. Both men were Methodist ministers and filled various charges from their adjoining farms in southern Macon County until 1860, when the Perry family "refugeed" to Mississippi for three years and the Story family moved to La Place. Both men were especially successful as ministers to the Negroes. Perry supplied the Calebee Colored Mission in Tuskegee District in 1859.

There were twelve Story children; the Perrys had eleven, at least six of whom were named for Methodist ministers: Wilbur Fiske, Susan Ann Hamill, Llerena Collinsworth, Chappell Streetman, and Bart, for John B. Barton, the first native Georgian ever sent on a foreign mission—to Africa in 1831. Bart Perry married Flora Heath of Texas, and he and his wife are buried in Pioneer Cemetery, Fort Worth, Texas.

The six older Perry boys: Joseph William, Turner Hunt, Wilbur Fisk, Orion Sanford, Leroy Cavasso, and Melville Barton (Bart was Capt. of the Macon County Company of the 45th Alabama Infantry and wounded at Chickamauga and Franklin. Brewer's *Alabama*, 656-657) all served in the Confederate Army, and Turner Hunt and Leroy Cavasso died in the service. James O. A. Story and John Wesley Story died in the service. After the war, the old ministers reported on each other to their children who had moved to Texas. On December 20, 1881, Rev. Perry officiated for the marriage of Robert Henry Noble to Julia Owen, the youngest of the Story girls. Perry died on July 23, 1882. George G. Smith, Jr., *History of Methodism in Georgia and Florida*, 273; T. M. Owen, *History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, IV, 1343; *Minutes of Alabama Conference 1859*; Story Family Bible.

⁴⁸*Sarah Jane Story* was born in Georgia on June 15, 1839, and married Wilbur Fisk Perry on August 9, 1859. The first two Wilbur Perry children, Raleigh and Emma, were born in Mississippi. Loula, Ila, Pat, Hill, Hunt, Ernest, and Tabitha were born in Alabama. Llerena Collinsworth and Mabel were born after the family moved to Texas in the 1870's. Wilbur Fisk Perry died in Erath County, Texas, on January 8, 1896. Sarah Story Perry died in Breckenridge, Texas, July 15, 1926.

Feb. 20—Wednesday

Recited all my lessons regularly. Rec^d a comic Valentine prepared lesson in History and Greek Prose. Wrote letter to B. D. Turner of Louisiana.

Feb. 21—Thursday

Recited History to Dr. Wadsworth. Attended concert of Prof Brames⁴⁰ school which was a complete success; large attendance.

Young Bart Perry was nineteen when he penned his contribution to his sister-in-law's "Keep-Sake Album."

Cottage Hill
October 30, 1859

FOR SALLIE

If Apollo would inspire
My heart with words of praise,
I would then, a joyful tune,
To love and friendship raise.

Love and friendship I would sing,
And sing them loud and long,
Sing them till the earth returned
The echo of my song.

But Apollo will not aid;
For me his harp's unstrung;
So must love and friendship praise,
By me remain unsung.

Yet a witness here I leave
Of sweet fraternal love,
This fair page with ink I soil,
A brother's love to prove.

While on earth you make your stay;
No matter where you move,
Remember that you always have
Your humble brother's love.

M. B. P...y.

⁴⁰*Charles E. Brame*, a Virginian aged thirty-seven in 1860, operated the Greensboro Female Academy. The reporter for Greensboro's *Alabama Beacon* agreed with young Story as to the success of the concert at which the "youth and beauty" of the community gathered to pass

The twilight hours, which like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
For every soul was brimming o'er
With music and with melody.

Several interesting and beautiful Tableaux. Received letter from Father.

Feb. 22—Friday

Military company from Ft. Morgan arrived. Great excitement among the citizens welcoming them. Fired cannon. Celebrated 22. at S.U. by speeches from Glover of C. Society & Stone of B.L. Society.⁵⁰ Both had much success. Large attendance, especially of ladies.

Feb. 23—Saturday

After dinner went with H. Urquhart⁵¹ on his mission and stayed all night at Highs,⁵² overseeing for Mrs. Pickins.⁵³

Feb. 24—Sunday

Heard Urquhart preach three times to the negroes.⁵⁴ Rode through the richest part of the country. Viewed rich plantations which was with pleasure that such happened.

The secession songs composed by Professor Pond for the occasion were enthusiastically received. Tableaux included "Night," "Morning," "The Artist's Studio," "Scene in a Nunnery," "Mary Queen of Scots and Her Maids of Honor," and "The Confederate States of America." In the patriotic piece, seven young ladies represented the seven states of the Confederacy, each bearing an appropriate flag "with South Carolina and her Palmetto flag in the vertex." *Alabama Beacon*, March 1, 1861.

⁵⁰*Francis Lyon Glover*, son of Allen Glover, a prominent Methodist of Demopolis, Alabama, was one of the charter members and first treasurer of the Clariosophic Society, organized on October 29, 1859. H. L. Stone, of Montgomery, was listed as a student in 1859.

⁵¹Story consistently misspells the name of *Henry Urquhart*.

Urquhart, born in Alabama in 1833 was an ordained minister and was a married student with a son four years old. He was one of the organizers of Belles Lettres. The Alabama Conference of 1861 assigned him to Prairie Creek Colored Mission. Urquhart took his A. B. degree in 1862 and the A. M. in 1863. He died in 1902.

⁵²*Isiah P. High*, aged fifty-two, was born in South Carolina.

⁵³*Mrs. Mary E. Pickens*, born in South Carolina, was aged forty-six. The Pickens family was prominent in the vicinity. Governor Israel Pickens (1780-1827) was buried near Greensboro.

⁵⁴Story never uses the term "Slaves." The Census for 1860 for his father listed four slave houses and twelve slaves, all "black" ranging in age from five to thirty-two, six male and six female.

Feb. 25—Monday

Received letter from sister Fannie,⁵⁵ and answered. Called on the Misses Wightman, but arrangements about the new house prevented them from coming out.

Feb. 26—Tuesday

I was very sick in the forenoon and was compelled to be in bed, and missed two recitations. Very well now. Mr. Callaway returned home this evening.

Feb. 27—Wednesday

Weather rather warm for this season. Things about Town & the University move on smoothly. I feel very well to day.

Feb. 28—Thursday

Dr. Wadsworth being sick, did not recite History. Rec^d the sad news that Mr. Goodwin was dead Step father of my Room-mate J. H. Howard.

March 1—Friday

A fair, balmy Spring day. Students met in the Chapel to elect speaker. It was left to B.L.S. Wrote letter to A.W. Hale⁵⁶ at Oglethorpe University.

March 2—Saturday

Recited and Society met as usual as it was left to Belles Lettres Society to elect Speaker for Commencement. Hon. Joe Taylor⁵⁷ was elected.

March 3—Sunday

At 11 o'clock, heard Jacobs⁵⁸ Presbyterian minister preach.

⁵⁵*Frances Elizabeth Story* was born March 4, 1849. She married Seaborn T. Henderson. Indicative of the Perry-Story relationship is the fact that her daughter was named Perry Henderson.

⁵⁶*Anthony W. Hale* graduated at Oglethorpe in 1861. Allen P. Tankersley, *College Life at Old Oglethorpe*, 161.

⁵⁷*Joseph W. Taylor* was born in Kentucky in 1820 and graduated at Cumberland College in 1838. He taught school in Greene County for two years before he was elected to the Alabama Senate in 1845. He was opposed to disunion but supported his state when Alabama seceded. Owen, *History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, IV, 1651.

⁵⁸*Jacobs* was probably a visiting minister. Yerby states that the Presbyterian church pastorate at Greensboro was vacant in 1861-1862. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 104.

Ramsey at night. In evening walked a few miles up the new rail-road⁶⁸ with some companions. The scenery was beautiful.

March 4—Monday

A fair and bright Spring day. Abe Lincoln inauguration takes place. Much excitement throughout the country in respect to it.

March 5—Tuesday

A day as beautiful, and as pleasantly spent as I could wish. To night was a party at the S.U. given to the Light Artillery Guards. A large assembly of both sexes assembled. An eloquent address by Dr. Wightman A time long to be remembered by the young ladies & Gentlemen.⁶⁹

March 6—Wednesday

Feel rather sleepy after last nights revelry,⁷¹ and indisposed to study much, but recited as regular as usual. Went off in the woods with C[hables] C[annon] Ellis, where we practiced our speeches. [C. C. Ellis, 1837-1914, joined Ala. Conference 1863; and died Birmingham, in N. Ala. Conference.]

⁶⁸The new railroad must have been of wooden rails—or a grading against future possibilities. On February 2, 1860, the legislature had approved the projected Marion, Cahaba, and Greensboro Railroad; so the town's name was on that of a railroad company from 1860 on, but it was November, 1870, before the line actually reached Greensboro. Walter M. Jackson, *The Story of Selma*, 142-143; 148; Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 69.

⁶⁹The *Beacon's* account of the party for the Guard was entitled "Honors to the Artillery." Not content with the reception for the troops, the citizens prepared "another glorious welcome home" in the party at the college. Captain A. C. Jones conducted the Guard to meet the Marion Rifles on the Marion road near the college, and the two companies assembled as a battalion to perform their military maneuvers. Dr. Wightman's address, delivered at the request of the citizens, was in his "usual captivating style—full of sound thought, chaste and eloquent." Colonel William Kerr was marshal for the occasion. *Alabama Beacon*, March 8, 1861.

⁷¹Just how much of the revelry he took part in, Story does not say. The supper at Tallman's had no defect "except perhaps in its extra richness and superabundance." After supper, "some gay lads and lassies . . . repaired to the Town Hall; and from the looks of some next day, we guess that. . . they passed the hours strictly to the tune of 'we won't go home till morning.'" *Ibid.*

March 7—Thursday

I also went off this evening with my room-mate (M.B. Perry) and C.C.E. over to the beautiful grove, where I generally go, to speak. This is a noble practice. I hope that some future day may open the mystery.

March 8—Friday

Got the Tuskegee Republican, which contained two beautiful speeches by Mrs. S. Webb & Mr. M.B. Boyd of La Place. Forepart of the day fair & bright—later part dreary. A hard rain now falls. March winds blow furiously *Modus Operandi*.

March 9—Saturday

Rec^d letter from D.R. Perry of Cotton Valley. Home folks are well he states. Went to singing at Methodist Church. Done little singing, but a desire to talk to the ladies who sat by me was a great preventative.

March 10—Sunday

Heard Dr Wightman preach at 11 o'clock at M C. His sermon as eloquent as usual. Heard Ramsey at night. Rec^d letter from A.W. Hale of Oglethorpe University, Ga. He is an old friend and school-mate.

March 11—Monday

Profs Gatch & Casey called on me to recite. I am very well pleased with my success. It is now after 11 o'clock P.M. After a days labor I must speedily retire to "*Somnus*."

March 12—Tuesday

Dr Wadsworth is very sick indeed, a chance for living is doubted. His absence from the College causes much regret to those who recite to him. My health is very good.

March 13—Wednesday

C.C. Callaway returned home late this evening, and found his son C.⁶² very badly burnt. He is now better.

⁶²*Christopher, Jr.* was the youngest of the seven Callaway children.

March 14—Thursday

Having sit up all night with little C. feel somewhat sleepy to day, though nursing him I consider no burden as I cherish so high regard for him. Several others sat up with me.

March 15—Friday

This morning C was no better. About 6 o'clock he died around whom a father and mother were weeping, and brothers & sisters. O how thrilling was the scene. He was an innocent child of 3 yres 1 month.

March 16—Saturday

C was buried to day, services performed in the church by Ramsey at the grave by Hutchinson.⁶³ I regretted to see the little fellow depart, with whom I have often played.

March 17—Sunday

Went to Sunday school. Heard Rev T. Y. Ramsey preach. Read a few of Cowpers Poems,⁶⁴ and a chapter in my Bible also glanced over a few pieces in The Knoxville Whig.

March 18—Monday

Prof Gatch called on me in Horace. A fair, and beautiful spring morning, dusty in middle of the day.

March 19—Tuesday

Called on to recite in Latin Prose, succeeded tolerably well. Mr Callaway's family all well. My health is very good. Went off and spoke this evening with Howard, Perry & Crews.⁶⁵

⁶³Joseph Johnston Hutchinson, a Georgia-born Methodist minister, was aged forty-nine when the census was enumerated at Greensboro in 1860. He was minister at Greensboro in 1853 and presiding elder in 1857-1858 and was a member of the commission to select the location of Southern University. Sweet lists J. J. Hutchinson as a missionary to the Confederate Army from the Alabama Conference. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 95; Sweet, *The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Civil War*, 223.

⁶⁴William Cowper (1731-1800) composed a number of poems which were arranged for music in the Methodist Hymnal. Some of the best known are "There is a fountain filled with blood," "God moves in a mysterious way," and "O for a closer walk with God."

⁶⁵Melancthon Crews from Glenville was enrolled in 1860.

March 20—Wednesday

Recited all my lessons regularly and prepared them for tomorrow. After much hard study to night I got tolerable well acquainted with the Binomial Theorem. Miss F. L. Hunter is now at C. C. Callaway's.

March 21—Thursday

When I arose this morning I beheld a white frost, something very uncommon this season of the year. I presume it was not a killing frost. Read a beautiful Composition in the Knoxville Whig by Miss Ramsey. She treated the subject of union admirably.

March 22—Friday

I neglected going to my grove to speak this evening as there was declamation in the chapel. To night we had a shanghai court. Had much fun as usual in such things.

March 23—Saturday

Enjoyed myself better than before since I have been in Greensboro. Went to a singing at Dr. R.U. DeBow's⁶⁶ Made the acquaintance of his wife, who is a sister to my friend Mrs. R[ebecca] Nicholson⁶⁷ of Macon County. Had a very agreeable time.

⁶⁶Rufus Urbane, son of Rev. John and Louisa Williams Dubois, was born in Greensboro, March 18, 1829. He married Martha Jane Slaton of Atlanta, Georgia, in 1857. They became parents of six sons and two daughters. A dentist, Dr. DuBois subscribed \$200 for the fund for the location of Southern University. He played the flute and sang tenor in the church choir. Christenberry, *Semi-Centennial History of Southern University*, 20; *Alabama Christian Advocate*, June 29, 1905.

⁶⁷The James Nicholson family was included among the early tenters at Tuskegee Camp-ground in 1838. West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 500. In 1860 James Monroe Nicholson, a native of Alabama was aged thirty-five and his wife Rebecca A. was aged twenty-seven. They had two children: James, Jr. and Eula. Mrs. Nicholson had written in Sallie Story's Keep-sake Album on May 12, 1859:

I ask not for the weed of fame
The wreath above my head to twine
Enough for me to have my name
Within this hallowed shrine!

To think that o'er these lines thine eye
May wander in some future year,
And memory breathe a passing sigh,
For her who traced them here.

March 24—Sunday

Heard T.Y. Ramsey preach at 11 o'clock. Congregation tolerably large, and sermon interesting. He also gave us an interesting talk at night. Attended Sunday School.

March 25—Monday

An unpleasant and windy day. My lips are very sore from it. Dr. Wightman left for Mobile. Dr Wadsworth is nearly well, says he will be at College tomorrow.

March 26—Tuesday

Received intelligence that Hon. J.W. Taylor has accepted the offer to speak at the Commencement July 3^d. Joe Atkinson⁸⁸ & Spillman are still here, it is probable they will graduate.

March 27—Wednesday

C.D. Clarke, one of our most worthy students will leave tomorrow at 2 o'clock A.M. He carries with him the best wishes of his fellow students. Wrote some on the subject—Ought the Seceding states go back into the Union?

March 28—Thursday

Dr. Wadsworth having neglected to hear our History, we recited a lesson in Bourdon. Went off to my grove and spoke.

March 29—Friday

Spent most of the day writing my composition to read in Univ. tomorrow. One very interesting, though three pages letter paper would not hold all I wished to write.

March 30—Saturday

Attended singing at Methodist church to night, conducted by Dr. Mears.⁸⁹ Quite a large attendance was out. Read my com-

⁸⁸Joseph Atkinson of Alabama was listed as a student, aged twenty-one, in the Census of 1860. He graduated in 1861. Christenberry, *History of Southern University*, 101.

⁸⁹Joseph W. Mears of Vermont, aged thirty-two, was listed as a teacher in the Census of 1860. His wife was Emma Mears, aged twenty-four. Mears may have been a tutor on the James Croom plantation.

position. In my former one, only few mistakes were found.⁷⁰

March 31—Sunday

Rec^d two letters, one from Bro Calvin,⁷¹ the other from R.D. Turner, answered the latter. Heard Hutchinson preach at 11 o'clock A.M. & C.C. Callaway at night. had a very good meeting. Walked out to the grave yard⁷² with C.C.E. The walk was a pleasant one indeed.

April 1—Monday

There is at present a revival of religion going on here.⁷³ I went to the Alter [*sic*] to night for the 1st time of my life, to do something to save my soul. I shall try until I embrace God and his Word. I shall endeavor to do better and try to be saved.

April 2—Tuesday

Attended church at 9 o'clock A.M. found there most of those who went to the Alter night before; we went to day also. There was meeting tonight also. I went up to the alter with my same friends. None of us have been converted yet, *but I shall try hard* before I give up.

April 3—Wednesday

The proudest day of my life. Went off this morning and prayed that I may be converted. God heard my prayer and has blessed me. Several others of the students were converted to night. We are having a glorious revival.

⁷⁰There must have been errors noted in this composition. While debating was the chief part of the literary society programs, original speeches were made and papers were read. There was an official critic, and, "as a general thing, he was not at all backward in speaking his criticism." Perry, *History of Birmingham-Southern College*, 17.

⁷¹Calvin Story, oldest brother of J. O. A. Story, was born January 28, 1831.

⁷²Possibly the Stokes graveyard in the northern suburbs of Greensboro. See Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 139.

⁷³"Not alone by required attendance at church, but also by religious services at the college, the faculty sought to minister to the spiritual needs of the students placed under their care. In almost every annual report made by the President we find mention of 'a great and gracious revival' held in the college during the session." Perry, *History of Birmingham-Southern College*, 37.

April 4—Thursday

Last night came from church, sat down and wrote a letter to my friend Rev. J. Hamilton, concerning my religion. I also wrote this morning to Mother⁷⁴ about the same. Our revival is still doing much for souls. I went off this morning and offered up a prayer to God. I hope he will answer.

April 5—Friday

Densler & Rencher⁷⁵ were converted to-night. The revival is still doing great works. God has manifested a desire to save Souls. Dr. Wightman arrived last night from Mobile. He says he had a pleasant trip.

April 6—Saturday

Had no *society* meeting as there was prayer meeting at the Church, which I attended. Had *best* meeting yet, 3 or 4 were converted. We (Students principally) remained their [*sic*] several hours shouting and praising God. Had just such a meeting to-night.

April 7—Sunday

Went to sabbath school this morning. Heard Dr. Wightman preach at 11 o'clock in his usually eloquent manner. Went out to class-meeting at the College this evening; about 45 boys were there. We had a glorious time talking about religion, especially the new converts. John C. Duncan⁷⁶ was very happy. I joined the church to day. Now over 18 yrs old.

April 8—Monday

The revival still continues and has done much good. Received letter from Dr. Hamilton. He was very glad to hear of my conversion and says he will send me a book, appropriate and useful. Heard J. J. Hutchinson preach to-night.

⁷⁴Mary Emily Patterson Story become Jimmy Story's step-mother on October 7, 1852.

⁷⁵Daniel W. Rencher of Gainesville was listed as a student in 1860.

⁷⁶John C. Duncan of Havans, son of Daniel Duncan, who became a Methodist minister like his father, was elected to Belles Lettres Society on November 3, 1859. Christenberry, *Semi-Centennial History of Southern University*, 71.

April 9—Tuesday

After the prayer meeting went to Greek class. Recited Latin in evening. At night attended Miss Jane Dubois to church—heard T.Y. Ramsey preach. Read XII chapter of Exodus.

April 10—Wednesday

Did not attend church this morning, but went to recitations. Messrs Bedford and Glass⁷⁷ supped with us. Attended church though very rainy, which still continues. Much hail has already fallen.

April 11—Thursday

Attended church this morning, had three conversions. Very good attendance. Neglected going to night, had to write a composition, but never quite completed it.

April 12—Friday

Went out to my grove this morning and spoke over my speech for this evening in which I was successful. Escorted Miss Jane DuBois to church, then went to my recitation. A fair and bright day. Times seem warlike.

April 13—Saturday

There has been much excitement all day on account of the sad news of yesterday. But to-night the inhabitants are somewhat appeased by hearing that Ft Sumpter [*sic*] was taken.⁷⁸ I went off this evening in the woods and prayed. I am getting along very well in religious matters.

April 14—Sunday

Heard Dr. Wightman preach at 11 P.M. [*sic*] and Prof. J. C. Wills⁷⁹ at night both were good sermons. I neglected to go to

⁷⁷G. B. Bedford, J. C. Glass, and Anthony Glass were all students from Warrington, Mississippi.

⁷⁸The signal for the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter was made on April 12, and the resulting bombardment lasted thirty-four hours until Major Robert Anderson surrendered the post to the South Carolinians.

⁷⁹John Cunningham Willis, a Virginian listed as thirty-nine years of age in the Census of 1860, was professor of mathematics at Southern University from 1859 to 1871. Fitzgerald described him as "a clear-cut thinker and able mathematician, full of energy and high professional enthusiasms." He died in Missouri. Fitzgerald, *Dr. Summers: A Life Study*, 174-175.

class-meeting, but as I had never seen any Baptists baptized, I witnessed it for the first time. I have always had an aversion to such.

April 15—Monday

The day is rainy and muddy. Have studied attentively to day, was pleased by the presentation of a Bible by Dr. Wadsworth. I shall remember the good old man for it. He is now tolerably feeble.

April 16—Tuesday

Received the news that Gen. Scott⁸⁰ has resigned his position in the A. army. People here are very enthusiastic about the state of the country. Entered Virgil with Smith Powell⁸¹ to review it. Recite to Dr Wightman.

April 17—Wednesday

I feel very uneasy about home folks. Have received no letter from any of them in two months. Much excitement still prevails throughout the town. Preparations for war are being made. Have not yet attacked Ft. Pickens.⁸²

April 18—Thursday

Much excitement about war. Many people in town forming Military Com. Went to prayer meeting to-night. Heard Virginia⁸³

⁸⁰General Winfield Scott (1786-1866) was a Virginian but remained loyal to the Union. He moved his headquarters to Washington in January, 1861. In October, 1861, he requested retirement because of age and infirmities. See *Dictionary of American Biography*, XVI(1943).

⁸¹Smith Powell is named among the students enrolled in 1860.

⁸²Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island at the entrance to the harbor at Pensacola, Florida, refused to surrender at the order of the Governor of Florida in January, 1861, and was reinforced by Federal troops in April, 1861. In October the Confederate forces made a surprise attack but failed to capture the post, which remained in the possession of the United States. *Encyclopedia Americana*, XI(1940).

⁸³The Virginia Convention assembled on February 13, 1861, and counseled conciliation. Commissioners to work for peace were sent to Washington on April 8. After the Confederate seizure of Fort Sumter and Lincoln's call for 75,000 militia for three months service on April 15, Virginia, on April 17, adopted an ordinance of secession by a vote of 81-51. The measure was approved by popular vote on May 23. Clement A. Evans (ed.), *Confederate Military History*, III, 36-39.

had seceded. Boys sending up sky rockets. Shot fifty guns in honor of it.

April 19—Friday

Attended prayer-meeting at M.E. Church. Every night it seems while we are praying that we are disturbed by the noise made when the news arrives. Prof Gatch has organized a company of students to teach them Military tactics.

April 20—Saturday

Quarterly meeting commenced to day. J[ohn] W[esley] Starr preached at 11 O'clock. The conference met in the evening. Messers Crews & Ellis were licensed to preach. B.L. Society met this evening. Attended Miss Mollie Kennedy⁸⁴ to church tonight.

April 21—Sunday

Attended love-feast⁸⁵ this morning. Had a very good time. Heard J.W. Starr preach at 11 o'clock. Took Sacrament for the first time. Heard Dr. Wightman preach at night. Rec^d letters from Father, Mother & Fannie. They were very encouraging. F. & M. gave me some good advice.

April 22—Monday

No great excitement has prevailed, and no news to day. Wrote a long letter to Father. Called on Miss Jane Dubois with Bart Perry, and we had a very fine time. This is very usual with her, to be entertaining.

April 23—Tuesday

A pretty shower of rain fell last night, which renders things pleasant out to-day. Walker out this evening to the Camp, while the Guards⁸⁶ are. They are well fixed up. Dr. Wightman prayed.

⁸⁴W. E. Kennedy, a North Carolinian aged forty-six, was listed as a planter and farmer in the Greene County Census for 1860. His daughter Mary was then sixteen.

⁸⁵"A love feast is a religious service, especially among Methodists, at which refreshments are eaten and religious experiences are related." At Southern University for a number of years it was customary to hold a love feast on the afternoon of Commencement Sunday. *Dictionary of American English*, III (1938), 1455; Perry, *History of Birmingham-Southern College*, 37.

⁸⁶The Greensboro Guards, Company D. Fifth Alabama Regiment, C. S. A. Numbered 209 when they left Greensboro for active service in

J.D. Webb⁸⁷ spoke, fired cannon seven times.

April 24—Wednesday

Late this evening again walked out to the camp where many of both sexes were assembled. Spend a few hours to write a composition which was hard to do on such a difficult subject.

April 25—Thursday

Rumors of war are now passing through the country. We live in a fearful time, and if we are not stripped in youth this shall be remembered, to tell to our children.

April 26—Friday

We have just received the inglorious news that Gen Scott has not resigned. The military company at S.U. has obtained some muskets, and offered their services to the citizens of Greensboro, if they are attacked after the L.A.G. leaves.

April 27—Saturday

We have had much rain to day. This evening I visited Mrs. R.U. DuBoux—spent 1½ hours, which was indeed pleasant. She is a particular friend to me. I shall visit her often. Wrote a letter to Mother to-night.

April 28—Sunday

Heard Dr Wightman preach to the Soldiers at 11 o'clock. The congregation was very large. Went to our class meeting at

May, 1861. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 42. For their war record see W. Brewer, Alabama: *Her History, Resources, War Record, and Public Men*, 596-597.

⁸⁷James Daniel Webb, born in Lincoln County, North Carolina, graduated from the University of Alabama in 1836. He began the practice of law in Greensboro in 1838 and represented Greene County in the Alabama legislature in 1843 and 1851. In 1861 he was one of the Greene County delegates to the Secession Convention. He joined the Fifth Alabama Regiment as a private and rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He had been promoted to brigadier general but died on July 19, 1863, before he received his commission. He was buried in Winchester, Tennessee. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 50; "Delegates to the Alabama Secession Convention," *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, III (1941), 420-421.

U and walked out to the Camp. Heard C.C. Callaway preach tonight. Dr. W's text was 16 chap 8th & 9th verses [does not give book].

April 29—Monday

The same spirit of war still pervades our land, and seems to increase daily. Every mail brings us dreadful news.

April 30—Tuesday

Mr. Powel being sick, neglected reciting Virgil to Dr Wightman. Devoted some time to arranging books in B. L. Library, as I was chosen librarian.

May 1—Wednesday

The most attractive thing seen in a long while was the coronation of the queen (Miss M. W. Christian)⁸⁸ at a May party at the Female Academy. Several persons were present.

May 2—Thursday

2^d Anniversary of B.L. Society occurred to day.⁸⁹ Speech by T.D. McCaskey.⁹⁰ I pronounced it very good, best I've heard from him. His subject was Germany. The attendance was not very large on account of the excitement.

May 3—Friday

Spent much of the day arranging the Books in Society Library.⁹¹

⁸⁸Mary W. Christian, aged fifteen in 1860, was daughter of Jonas F. Christian, operator of a hotel in Greensboro. She had represented "Morning" in one of the tableaux presented by the Female Academy in February, 1861. *Alabama Beacon*, March 1, 1861.

⁸⁹Evidently any arbitrary anniversary date was chosen for the society first met on October 28, 1858.

⁹⁰T. D. McCaskey of Camden was listed as a student in 1859.

⁹¹Of college literary societies in general Guy R. Lyle of Antioch College remarks: "the expense of furnishing society halls, collecting libraries, and arranging the programs was considerable. And yet, curiously enough, the students often did things in good taste, with vigor, originality, and humor. These societies acquired libraries of character, more often than not superior to the 'chance aggregations of the gifts of charity' which cluttered up the college library." See "College Literary Societies in the Fifties," *Library Quarterly*, IV (1934), 492. Belles Lettres on February 20, 1899, deeded its collection of books to Southern University to be operated in connection with the college library. Christenberry, *Semi-Centennial History of Southern University*, 74.

It was very tedious but interesting. Soldiers received orders to go to Pensacola. They are now making preparations for that. No news to-night.

May 4—Saturday

Met in Society as usual. Had a very interesting meeting. After dinner had a very *interesting* and hard rain which continued several hours. Heard that Tennessee⁹² had passed the ordinance of Secession. Wrote to Sister Fannie.

May 5—Sunday

The Light Artillery Guards left for Pensacola today—about 100 in no They went with cheering hearts in defense of the S. Confederacy. G. M. Bedford leaves tonight. Our college is not very flourishing. Students are leaving most every week. I do not think it will survive long, unless the times change.

May 6—Monday

J.W. Mathews⁹³ leaves tonight. Heard that Mobile was to be blockaded tomorrow. Walked out to the far grave yard this evening and prayed. My health is very good. Wrote letter to Editor Tuskegee Republican.⁹⁴

May 7—Tuesday

Southern Congress has declared war.⁹⁵ Arkansas⁹⁶ is out of the

⁹²The people of Tennessee, in a referendum on February 9, 1861, refused to call a convention to consider secession, but strong secession sentiment developed after the fall of Fort Sumter. In May, 1861, the legislature provided for a popular vote on the issues of separation from the Union and adherence to the Confederacy. The vote on June 8, 1861, favored secession. *Encyclopedia Americana*, XXVI(1953), 431.

⁹³James W. Mathews of Fort Valley, Georgia, was enrolled as a student in 1859/1860.

⁹⁴The *Tuskegee Republican*, a Whig paper, was edited and published by Daniel Sayre from 1845 to 1859 and then by his son Daniel Sayre, Jr. *Memorial Record of Alabama*, II, 219.

⁹⁵An Act—"Recognizing the existence of War between the United States and the Confederate States. . . ." was passed by the Provisional Congress and approved by President Davis on May 6, 1861. James D. Richardson, *Messages and Papers of the Confederacy*, I, 104-110.

⁹⁶Arkansas had been settled chiefly by people from the Old South, but so divided was the state on the secession issue, that the State Convention adjourned without action until Lincoln's call for troops led to the reassembling of the convention and adoption of an ordinance of secession on May 6, 1861. *Encyclopedia Americana*, II(1940).

Union, and others may come out soon. I am fearful we will have to go home soon as it is not possible that the crisis will admit our staying. Wes Phares⁹⁷ leaves for home to night to join the army. God may be on our side yet.

May 8—Wednesday

Finished reading Leviticus to night. I have a greater desire for reading the Bible than ever. My intention is to endeavor to increase in the strength of religion and serve God. How great is his holy name! How illustrious his works!

May 9—Thursday

My diary suffers for want of some good news. I have heard so much of war, that I am tired of it. I am enjoying religion as much as ever.

May 10—Friday

On account of Kits being afraid it would rain, we missed our fishing. Though I presume we will try it before long. Mr. Russell gave me a book for Society, little Daughters of the Cross.

May 11—Saturday

Sit up with Mr. J.W. Sampey⁹⁸ last night. Littlejohn⁹⁹ with me. Prof Gatch was too hoarse to hear recitation this morning. Spent most of the evening conversing on the subject of Oratory.

May 12—Sunday

Received letter from Mother to-day. Her & Father are unwell. Attended class-meeting. Walked up to far grave yard¹⁰⁰ with W.H. Cox. Did not attend church on account of headache. Rec^d two copies Tuskegee Rep.

⁹⁷John Wesley Phares of Belmont, enrolled in 1859.

⁹⁸John Watkins Sampey of Burnt Corn, Alabama, entered Southern University in 1859 and his brother Joseph Richard Hawthorne Sampey was enrolled in 1860. Their father, John Sampey, was on the Board of Finance of the Alabama Conference. Owen, *Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, IV, 1493.

⁹⁹Joseph B. Littlejohn was an 1860 student from Thebodaux, Louisiana.

¹⁰⁰This may be the cemetery, eight miles west of Greensboro, in which the French refugees were buried. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 141.

Raining in the first part of the day, fair in the latter. Spent the day mostly in idleness. Wrote letter to my esteemed friend Dr J. Hamilton. Bart and Howard will sit up with Mr Sampey to night.

May 14—Tuesday

No news of much importance has come to our hearing today. The excitement has cooled down considerably. We may have peace for a few weeks now.

May 15—Wednesday

Visited the country this evening. Went home with Smith Powel and enjoyed the walk greatly ($8\frac{1}{2}$ mi). Called to see Miss Avery¹⁰¹ at night but found her absent.

May 16—Thursday

Joined the Military Company¹⁰² at the College. Very much pleased with drilling. Went to hear Dr Grieves lecture on phrenology to night. He is almost helpless, cannot walk.

May 17—Friday

A fair and pleasant day. Heard Ft. Pickens was to be attacked tomorrow. Dr G. lectured again to-night, but I remained at home and read "A Plea for Mathematics by—

May 18—Saturday

Our society elected officers to day. I was chosen secretary. Stone President. Visited my friend Mrs. R.U. Dubois. I consider her the best of friends here. Wrote to Mother.

May 19—Sunday

Rained very hard before noon, didn't have preaching. Went to

¹⁰¹William Avery is listed as a farmer aged thirty-three in the Census of 1860. He had several young children. This Miss Avery may have been a sister. A Miss Mary Avery was a teacher in the Female Academy in 1874. *Ibid.*, 187.

¹⁰²The college trustees were not enthusiastic about the drill, but their condemnation was mild. Perry, *History of Birmingham-Southern College*, 21.

class meeting at College. Walked out to grave yard with some boys. set up with J.W. Sampey. H.B. Magruder¹⁰³ left to night.

May 20—Monday

Went up to far grave yard and spoke over my speech. To news of much importance to day. Recd. letter from Sis Fannie.

May 21—Tuesday

G.W. and W.H. Cox left to night. Heard that our troops had been ordered to Virginia. My health is very good. Few can boast as I can. Probably the cause is that I never drank any ardent spirits.

May 22—Wednesday

Did not recite Greek today. feeling very sleepy went home. Spent most all the evening writing a composition on the Fall of Carthage.

May 23—Thursday

Had a very long drill this evening and feel rather tired to night. I eat a very hearty supper, and of course have done little studying. Heard that S A Douglas¹⁰⁴ was dead.

May 24—Friday

Prof Gatch heard our Latin Prose this evening instead of in the morning. I had a pleasant time with Miss Addie Hutchinson¹⁰⁵ to night. Bart was with me. We always have a fine time with all such ladies.

May 25—Saturday

Had no lesson to recite to day as usual. Society met. I served my first time as Secretary. I am very much pleased with the business. Received a letter from Sister Mat Hoffman.¹⁰⁶ Wrote

¹⁰³H. B. Magruder enrolled from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in 1860.

¹⁰⁴Stephen Arnold Douglas (1813-1861) died of typhoid fever on June 3, 1861. Allen Johnson, "Stephen A. Douglas," *Dictionary of American Biography*, V (1943).

¹⁰⁵Adelaide Hutchinson, daughter of Rev. Joseph J. Hutchinson, was listed as nineteen years of age in the Census of 1860.

¹⁰⁶Martha Ann Story, his oldest sister, was born in Alabama July 25, 1833. In 1853 she married John U. Hoffman, a South Carolinian, whose property was near the Story place at Cotton Valley.

to Dr. Rivers,¹⁰⁷ and answered Sisters letter. My health very good.

May 26—Sunday

Having felt rather unwell this morning, did not attend Church. Procured a box of Ayers Pills, and took two which relieved me very much. Went to hear Stone preach to negroes this evening. Heard Rev. Ramsey preach to night.

May 27—Monday

Rec^d no letters from home to night, and no news from anywhere. Cowin, Jack, Mc, and Dedman¹⁰⁸ are here, they will return to Ft Pickens in a few days. C. C. Ellis & I walked out to speak this evening to yard.

May 28—Tuesday

Of course we had a pleasant time to-night when Bart & I were with Miss Bettie Seay.¹⁰⁹ Heard that a battle was fought at Harpers Ferry, and that 600 yankees were killed.

May 29—Wednesday

Walked two miles and a half this evening with Densler & Bart to Waltons¹¹⁰ fish pond. Besides the good wash we had, a nice orchard of plums was not far distant, of which we partook freely.

May 30—Thursday

Rec^d three letters to-night. viz from J.W. Story,¹¹¹ Mother, &

¹⁰⁷Rev. Richard H. Rivers was president of Tennessee Conference Female Institute at Athens, Alabama, in 1843 and in 1854 became president of La Grange College. West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 617.

¹⁰⁸Officers of the Greensboro Guards included M. L. Dedman, Second Lieutenant; Samuel Cowin, Third Sergeant; and W. J. McDonald, Fourth Corporal. J. H. Cowin and James M. Jack were privates. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 43-44.

¹⁰⁹The Census for 1860 lists Reuben Seay, a Georgia-born planter and his wife Ann Green McGee Seay and their children Sarah, aged 25; Bettie, aged 18, Fannie, aged 15, and Thomas, aged 14. Thomas entered Southern University in 1863 and joined the Confederate Army in 1863 or 1864. He was governor of Alabama in 1886 and 1888.

¹¹⁰John W. Walton, a North Carolinian aged forty-three in 1860, was a planter and large landowner of Greene County. He was one of the trustees of Southern University.

¹¹¹John Wesley Story was born March 25, 1845. He died June 14, 1863 in the Confederate Hospital in Petersburg, Virginia.

Eneas Masters. All contained valuable information. Have a very severe headache to-night. No very important.

May 31—Friday

I have had a very severe headache to day, which lasted till near 12 o'clock. Wrote letter Ae Masters. S.U. Cadets drilled in town to day. Baut goods of Col Kerr¹¹² to the amt of \$1400. [Editor's note: If the purchase was personal and by the Cadets, the entry is doubtless in need of a decimal point.]

June 1—Saturday

Took another trip to Walton's fish pond with a crowd, but found that it had been dreaned off; but we got a bait of plums, which paid us for our trip.

June 2—Sunday

Heard Dr. Wightman preach at 11 o'clock. Ramsey & Ormond¹¹³ arrived here this morning. Went to class meeting. Walked up to grave yard with Bart Perry.

June 3—Monday

Perry & Gragg¹¹⁴ left us to night. I was very sorry to see them leave, especially the former, who has always been one of my dearest friends. I feel almost lost without being with him.

June 4—Tuesday

Felt rather unwell today, though not confined to my bed. Got four letters for Bart, put them all in one envelope, and sent them to him at Cotton Valley.

June 5—Wednesday

Visited the Misses Seay to-night with Mr. Rencher. Got acquainted with Miss Sallie. Had a dry time with her though not with Miss Bettie. Wrote to Mother.

¹¹²William M. Kerr, born in Scotland and aged forty-seven in 1860, was a Greensboro merchant. He was Worshipful Master of the Lafayette Masonic Lodge of Greensboro at least three different times and in 1860-1865 was High Priest of the Royal Arch Masons there. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 112.

¹¹³This may be L. F. Ormond, a student aged twenty-two according to the 1860 Census. J. J. Ormond was located in Tuscaloosa.

¹¹⁴James A. Gragg of Somerset, Kentucky, was a student in 1860.

June 6—Thursday

Prof Casey had a cold this morning and could not hear our Greek. Came home this evening and wrote in John Duncan's "Autographs." Sent two letters to Bart from [sic] out of the post office. Went to prayer meeting.

June 7—Friday

Wrote letter to H. H. Kavanaugh, Falmouth, Ky. Sent Beacon¹¹⁵ to Bart. Quit Military Company on account of causing headache. Speaking in C. Chapel this evening. Had light shower this evening. Rec^d letter from Rev. E.B. Norton, Oak Bowery, Ala.

June 8—Saturday

Had a very good rain to day. Debated this question in Society. Is it right for Ky to assume an armed neutrality.¹¹⁶ Had a very interesting time. Wrote to E.B. Norton & sent Beacon to him.

June 9—Sunday

Attended class meeting at the College this evening after hearing Mr. Ramsey preach at 11 o'clock. No preaching at night on account of rain. Rec^d letter from Dr. Hamilton.

June 10—Monday

From the nice rain yesterday the weather is very pleasant today. Took tea at Dr. DuBois' with J.B. Littlejohn. As usual I had a very pleasant time. Creagh¹¹⁷ & Portis left to night. Several more will leave shortly.

June 11—Tuesday

Glass, Goodloe, Rencher, & Randle¹¹⁸ leave to night. McCaskey

¹¹⁵John G. Harvey was owner and publisher of the *Alabama Beacon* in 1861. For a sketch of the Beacon see Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 38-39.

¹¹⁶The Legislature of Kentucky, a strong Whig state, met January 17, 1861. Union men opposed a convention and called on the South to stay the work of secession and warned the North against coercion. The State Convention, which met on March 20, had a stormy two-week session which resulted in the adoption of a policy of neutrality. E. Merton Coulter, *The Civil War and Readjustment in Kentucky*, 25-56.

¹¹⁷Gerald Walthall Creagh of Suggsville was a student in 1860.

¹¹⁸William R. Randle of Crawfordsville, Mississippi, enrolled as a student in 1859. He was the first librarian of the Clariosophic Society. Perry, *History of Birmingham-Southern College*, 16.

left this morning. Rec^d letter for Bart to night, from Cosiesco [sic] Miss. No interesting news to night.

June 12—Wednesday

This evening I went over in the woods with Messrs Burpo¹¹⁰ and Ellis to hear them deliver their speeches prepared for the debate at the Commencement.

June 13—Thursday

Thanksgiving day.¹²⁰ No eating today. Rev. T.Y. Ramsey preached an excellent Sermon at 11 o'clock in M.E. Church. Prof. C. E. Brame preached in Baptist church to night. Rec^d no news as no papers were printed. Rec^d letter from Bart Perry.

June 14—Friday

Declamation in the chapel this evening was slow. As it was the last time for this, none of them spoke. The military company has no drilling now. Wrote letter to Bart Perry.

June 15—Saturday

Wrote letter to Father this evening. Warmest day this year, mixed with abundance of dust makes it very unpleasant. Hon. Hale¹²¹ spoke in Town Hall. He is a very logical and

¹¹⁰William A. Burpo, son of Rev. Thomas Burpo (1804-1856), was a student in 1860. He died in 1862. F. S. Moseley to Friend, June 13, 1856.

¹²⁰A proclamation by President Jefferson Davis on May 28, 1861, recommended June 13 as a day of fasting and prayer when the people of the Confederacy might, with one accord, "join in humble and reverential approach to Him in whose hands we are." James D. Richardson (ed.), *A Compilation of the Messages and Papers of the Confederacy*, I, 103-104.

¹²¹Stephen Fowler Hale, from whom Hale County was named when it was created out of Greene County in 1867, was born in 1816. Owen, *Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, III, 725.

His speech at Greensboro, made just before he left for military service, was a plea for financial assistance for the government of the Confederate States. Direct taxation he considered impractical. His proposal was for the planter to lend to the government a portion of his crop in cotton or in money. He would receive in return twenty-year government bonds drawing 8 per cent interest payable semi-annually. Security would be provided in a tax bill to be passed by the next session of the Confederate Congress. At the close of the speech some fifteen hundred bales of cotton were subscribed. "Aid to the Government," *Alabama Beacon*, June 21, 1861.

interesting speaker his subject was The Confederate Loan. He had subscribed 1400 bales cotton.

June 16—Sunday

Heard T.Y. Ramsey preach at 11 o'clock. Attended negro church in the evening. Heard C. C. Calloway preach to night. Had an introduction to Mr. Heins of Pickens County who is just from East Ala. College.¹²²

June 17—Monday

Prof Casey neglected hearing our Greek lesson. The Eutaw, or "Greene Greys" passed through here on their way to Virginia. No interesting news came to day.

June 18—Tuesday

The Clinton Blues passed through here to day on their way to Va. Rev. J.J. Hutchinson made them a speech. Called on the Misses Seay to night. Received letter from Aeneas Masters.

June 19—Wednesday

The first day of our examinations. I was not examined in Greek, intending to go over it again next year. Howard and I went to see Miss Eliza Smaw,¹²³ but she was not at home.

June 20—Thursday

No news of much interest has come to us lately. Wrote a letter to Aeneas Masters of Auburn.

June 21—Friday

The examination is still going on. Weather very warm. Heard C.C. Ellis speak his address for debate.

June 22—Saturday

Had no Society to day as there were not enough to make a

¹²²East Alabama Male College was established at Auburn, Alabama, in 1857 with W. J. Sassnet as the first president and E. J. Hamill the financial agent. The college buildings were used as a hospital during the war. Owen, *History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, I, 504.

¹²³Miss Eliza was probably of the family of Isaiah Buxton Smaw, who married Janie Tignor McAlpine of Greensboro.

quorum. Received from post office Tuskegee Republican & Southern Teacher.¹²⁴

June 23—Sunday

Went to Sunday school, but feeling rather unwell left and did not go to preaching. Had a little shower of rain this evening, consequently had no preaching. Heard Mr. Wilson¹²⁵ preach to the negroes this eve.

June 24—Monday

The day of my examination in Bourdon. I was not examined because I had not studied it enough. But few (3) of class was examined. Finished writing off Ellis' speech for Com. He gave me his manuscript. Heard that Md¹²⁶ had seceded.

June 25—Tuesday

Times rather dull, as we get no news of any importance. My health is extremely good as it has always been.

June 26—Wednesday

I am having a very good time as the Examination is going on.

¹²⁴*The Southern Teacher*, "a journal of school and home education," was established at Montgomery, Alabama by W. S. Barton on July 1, 1859. It lived to see its second volume. Volume I, No. 5, for May 1860, carried seventeen pages of advertising and included Literary, Teachers, Youth, Home, and Editorial departments as well as a "Book Table." Among the editorials was a notice of the death of Samuel G. Goodrich, better known to pupils of the day as Peter Parley. The issue for March, 1861, discussed editorially the new Confederate postal law which raised letter postage to five cents for five hundred miles and ten cents for greater distances. "Southern Patronage to Northern Schools" came in for attention as well as the need to encourage Southern authorship and the investment of capital in publishing in the South so that Southern authors would not be driven North to publish or submit to double expense at home.

¹²⁵This may be "preacher training" of William P. Wilson, listed as a student in 1860. William N. Wilson was elected to Hanover Mission in Talladega District by the Conference of 1860.

¹²⁶The Maryland General Assembly which met on May 10, 1861, adopted resolutions which stated that Maryland would have no part in prosecution of the war. The legislature was dominated by conservatives, and by May 24, Maryland was a Federal garrison. Clement A. Evans (ed.), *Confederate Military History*, II, 30.

Made the acquaintance of the Misses May,¹²⁷ Talbert & Richards¹²⁸ to night and was much pleased with the chat we had especially with that of Miss Ann Talbert.

June 27—Thursday

The Concert at Town Hall¹²⁹ to-night closes the exercises of Mr. C.E. Brame's School at Female Academy. I pleasantly escorted Miss Laura May to it. The audience was pleased with all but Mrs. Pond's singing.

June 28—Friday

Hon. Jos. W. Taylor arrived in town this evening. He speaks as though he was ready to speak Tuesday. As the Board of Trustees¹³⁰ of S.U. Meets tomorrow, several distinguished characters have come in town.

June 29—Saturday

Rev. Thos. O. Summers¹³¹ is in town. He was elected Honorary

¹²⁷John M. May was listed in the 1860 Census as a broker. His daughters Laura and Mary were aged seventeen and fourteen.

¹²⁸Ann A. Talbert, aged nineteen, and her fourteen-year old sister Pamela, both from South Carolina were listed as students in the Female Institute in 1860. So was Miss Mary F. Richards, aged thirteen.

¹²⁹Town Hall was a building constructed by Amasas M. Dorman, a Greensboro merchant, and considered in its time the finest public hall in its section of Alabama. It was the scene of debates over secession and the drilling of the Greensboro Guards as well as the site of lectures and amateur performances by local talent. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 197.

¹³⁰The original Board of Trustees appointed by the Alabama Conference included Rev. Robert Paine, Rev. James O. Andrew, Rev. Edward Wadsworth, Rev. Jefferson Hamilton, Rev. T. O. Summers, Rev. Archelaus H. Mitchell, Rev. Thomas J. Koger, Rev. Christopher C. Callaway, Rev. Joseph J. Hutchinson, Rev. Joshua Thomas Heard, Rev. Philip P. Neely, Rev. Lucius Q. C. deYampert, Rev. Henry W. Hilliard, Rev. Thomas Yancey Ramsey, Col. John Erwin, Mr. Gideon E. Nelson, Mr. Robert A. Baker, Mr. Thomas M. Johnston, Dr. Gaston Drake, Dr. William T. Webb, Judge A. A. Coleman, Mr. Duke W. Goodman, and Mr. John W. Walton.

¹³¹For a biography of Thomas Osmond Summers (1812-1882) see O. P. Fitzgerald, *Dr. Summers: A Life Study* (Nashville, 1885). English born, Summers came to the United States in 1830, joined the Methodist Church in 1832, began his ministry in 1835, and was a missionary to Texas between 1839 and 1844. Rutgersville College in Texas conferred on

member of B.L. Society and accepted. Our Society assembled today for their last time during the Session of 1860 & 61.

June 30—Sunday

Dr Summers preached Com sermon on account of Rev. Walker's¹³² non-arrival. His text was Cor XVI-XIII. A large attendance was there. His advice was good, especially on the "conjugal."¹³³

him an honorary D. D. degree. He was pastor at Mobile before he joined Dr. W. M. Wightman in editing the *Southern Christian Advocate* in Charleston. In 1844 he represented the Alabama Conference in the General Conference in New York which saw the division of the Methodist Church. He continued work with the *Advocate* when the Methodist Publishing House was moved to Nashville and was also Professor of Systematic Theology and Dean of the Theological Faculty at Vanderbilt University until his death in May, 1882.

¹³²The intended Commencement speaker may possibly have been Rev. Francis Walker who was sent to DeKalb in Macon District by the Alabama Conference in 1861. He died May 27, 1879, in Texas.

¹³³The text: "For they have refreshed my spirit and yours: therefore acknowledge ye them that are such," with the emphasis on the "conjugal" doubtless had special appeal for Summer's youthful male audience.

This was not the first time that Rev. Summers had appeared in the capacity of a substitute speaker for a Greene County congregation. In the fall of 1843 a camp-meeting was in progress at deYampert's campground midway between Greensboro and Marion. The great event was to be the Sunday sermon by Mobile's widely-heralded Dr. Lovic Pierce. Pierce arrived but was too ill to preach. Completely unheralded was one T. O. Summers, in Alabama on a visit from Texas for a two-fold purpose—to hunt a wife and to solicit funds for his Texas mission field. He preached one sermon that was unacceptable to the congregation generally and to L. Q. C. deYampert particularly. A brusque manner and a stormy and fidgety pulpit performance were bad enough, but Summers had displayed at the camp-meeting some horned frogs brought from Texas and preserved in alcohol. When Sunday arrived, Dr. Pierce continued ill, and all the other ministers followed the presiding elder in not daring to be his substitute. Summers heard deYampert refuse to consider his name. The congregation gathered and the presiding elder, in desperation, led Summers to the platform. He began with a prayer "characterized by devotion, unction, propriety of utterance, variety of petition, and heartiness of thanksgiving." The sermon that followed set the tone and pace for an especially fruitful meeting. DeYampert reversed his position and became a contributor to the Texas mission and one of Summers' admirers and warmest friends. The visiting minister won a wife in Tuscaloosa and in 1844 transferred to the Alabama Conference. West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 561ff.

July 1—Monday

No exercises in college to-day except that of the Board of Trustees. Meeting before and after noon.

July 2—Tuesday

A debate of the members of Belles Lettres Society to-night composed the exercises of the day. Dr Summers was present and amused the audience very much. J. W. Taylor spoke to BLS & CS.¹³⁴

July 3—Wednesday

Commencement Day. Spillman & Atkinson graduated. The exercises were carried through well. Prepared to start home. Had the well wishes of several young ladies. May God bless their souls.

July 4—Thursday

Started home before day, with other students. I came to Newbern with Prof Gatch & Densler, Dr Summers and other dignitaries. I am now in Selma, waiting for the boat. A steady rain is falling.

July 5—Friday

Started from Selma this morning at 10 o'clock on the Duke for Montgomery. Parted with Messrs Sampey here. They went down on the Taney.

July 6—Saturday

Arrived in Montg this morning at 1 o'clock A.M. Slept till day. Went to Exchange, thence to railroad, where I came to Cowles Station, thence Home in La Place arrived 12 o'clock.¹³⁵

¹³⁴*Taylor's* address to the societies was entitled "The Southern University: Its Origin, Present Condition, Wants and Claims." He stressed the point that the separate nationality or political independence of the South must be followed by intellectual and literary emancipation as well, an emancipation which would demand for its achievement the support of such institutions as Southern University. *Christian Advocate* (Nashville), August 29, 1861.

¹³⁵The trip from Greensboro to La Place, a distance of some 120 miles, serves to illustrate ante-bellum travel in Alabama. The trip took over two and a half days by "public conveyance," boat, train, and "private conveyance." From Greensboro to Newbern, Story travelled by Aber-

I with the family rejoiced at meeting. All things moving on smoothly here.

July 7—Sunday

Went to preaching at La Place with Mr. John Motley. Gave Mrs. Nicholson a letter from her sister Mrs. DuBois. Dined at Mr. Nicholson's. Sister Mat & John U. Hoffman are here.

July 8—Monday

As I have no business for my three months vacation I went to Cotton Valley¹³⁶ to try to get a school but failed. Dined at Dr. Perry's¹³⁷ and spent the night there. M.B. Perry is there writing for H.H. Freeman.¹³⁸

July 9—Tuesday

Arrived home this morning from Cotton Valley, where I saw the friends and viewed many of the scenes of my youth. It looks rather desolated as most all the boys have gone to the wars in Virginia.¹³⁹

deen State Coach. The Selma and Meridian Railroad was completed from Newbern to Selma, where he caught the east-bound boat for Montgomery. The Montgomery and West Point Railroad then conveyed him to Cowles Station, where some of the family met him for the journey out to La Place.

¹³⁶A Colton map of Alabama for 1855 shows roads leading from La Place to Tuskegee and from Tuskegee some ten miles due south to Cotton Valley. La Place and Cotton Valley are about twelve miles apart, and young Story probably knew how to ride across the farm land without having to go the longer distance by road.

¹³⁷Members of the *Perry* family remained in the locality after Rev. Dow Perry had moved to Mississippi. The Census of the Southern Division of Macon County in 1860 listed Dr. Joseph William Perry, aged thirty. The oldest of the Dow Perry Sons, Turner Hunt Perry, was also a doctor. Dow Perry's brother Samuel, with seven children, had a farm in the area.

¹³⁸*Hugh H. Freeman*, a Georgian aged forty-five in 1860, was a farmer with real and personal property each valued at \$3,000. The census listed his wife and eight children. The "writing" which Bart was doing probably had to do with property estimates for tax purposes.

¹³⁹Macon County contributed heavily to both the Third Alabama Infantry, organized at Montgomery in April, 1861, and the Fourth Alabama Infantry, organized at Dalton, Georgia, May 2, 1861. W. Brewer, *Alabama*, 591-596.

July 10—Wednesday

I never was as much pleased with a residence and farm as this. It is the prettiest country I ever saw. We have a nice orchard of apples, peaches, & pears. Walked up to the post office to night.

July 11—Thursday

My occupation now is teaching my brother and three little sisters.¹⁴⁰ Such business is very pleasant.

July 12—Friday

I am doing tolerably well in the "teaching business." Besides giving instruction I have an excellent chance to study. Went to Mr. Wheat¹⁴¹ to night to see him about going to Montgomery.

July 13—Saturday

Went by public conveyance to Montg to day after some medicine for Mr. Wheat as he has several negroes sick; got back to night. The trip was a pleasant one.

July 14—Sunday

Went to La Place & heard Wilson¹⁴² preach. Bro Elias¹⁴³ went with me. Dined at Mr. Trimble's had a good time with Miss Mollie & Miss Mat Peters.¹⁴⁴ Had there some nice watermelons and peaches.

July 15—Monday

We have some very nice apples & pears. Walked about this

¹⁴⁰These would be *John Wesley Story* and three of the four younger sisters: Frances Elizabeth, Mary Taylor, Emily Catherine, and Julia Owen. Julia was only three years old, so may have been considered a trifle young for school.

¹⁴¹The Macon County Census for 1860 lists *M. M. Wheat*, a farmer aged forty-eight, with post office at Auburn.

¹⁴²*Lawrence M. Wilson* was assigned to Tuskegee Circuit by the Conference of 1860.

¹⁴³*Elias Wells Story, II*, second son of E. W. and Ann (Hill) Story, was born April 18, 1835. He married Mrs. Betty Jane (Hooks) Harris December 8, 1868.

¹⁴⁴The Census for 1860 lists *Moses Trimble*, born in Georgia, aged forty three, and his wife, Susan. Mathias Peters, aged sixty, also born in Georgia, had daughters Mary Ann aged twenty and Martha A. aged nineteen.

evening after I dismissed my school to look at the crop, it looks more flourishing every day.

July 16—Tuesday

Capt Bradford¹⁴⁵ of Va is here raising recruits for his army at Richmond. No news of much importance has come today, though I hear that we have been defeated.

July 17—Wednesday

After I dismissed my school rode to the post office through a light-but steady rain, purchased a pair of shoes from Griffin.

July 18—Thursday

Had some company to day, that of Mrs. Trimble & Miss Mat Peters. Mrs. & Mrs. John Patterson. We are having a steady and good rain. Walked over the corn crop with John.

July 19—Friday

Heard that a battle had occurred near Winchester¹⁴⁶ in which we were victorious. No other news of much importance has come.

July 20—Saturday

Went to Cotton Valley this morning. On the way got some watermelon at G.T. Menefees.¹⁴⁷ Spent the day mostly with

¹⁴⁵I have no positive identification for this recruiting officer. The Twelfth Alabama was organized at Richmond in July, 1861, and the captain of the Coosa company was Joseph H. Bradford. W. Brewer, *Alabama*, 610.

¹⁴⁶Winchester, Virginia, the county seat of Frederick County, was located about sixty-five miles northwest of Washington, D. C. and was an important strategic point during the war. In July, 1861, some nine thousand men under J. E. Johnston, including the Ninth Alabama Infantry, were at Winchester when he was ordered to join P. T. Beauregard at Manassas. Johnston made a feint against federal troops in the northern Shenandoah valley until they moved within twenty-two miles of Winchester when Johnston joined Beauregard on July 20. Local authority has it that Winchester was occupied or abandoned sixty-eight times by troops of both armies. On March 11, 1862, Johnston withdrew from the site and retired up the Shenandoah. *Encyclopedia Americana*, XXIX (1940).

¹⁴⁷G. T. Menefee seems to be the name in the diary. The Census for the Southern Division of Macon County, lists F. T. Menefee, a lawyer, aged twenty-eight in 1860.

Bart, as he will start home to Miss next Tuesday. Had a fine rain P.M.

July 21—Sunday

Attended Sunday School & class meeting at Union Church to day. As a hard rain came after dinner, of course I took a fine nap.

July 22—Monday

Aunt Catherine & Sister Lou came this morning. I was proud to see them both, hadn't see Lou in 12 months. She has a fine looking 11 months old boy.

July 23—Tuesday

Mr Noston arrived to-day. Elias went to town-Tuskegee and brooght the news that a terrible battle at Manassas¹⁴⁸ had occurred. The loss not known. Bro George was in it.

July 24—Wednesday

In the battle that occurred at Manassas on 21st is confirmed. Of the Zouaves that left Tuskegee one (1) was killed and 15 or 16 wounded. The one killed was from Society Hill.

July 25—Thursday

Went to Cotton Valley this morning after Tax Book to write in. After noon, attended the examination of Mr. Granberry. At night attended exhibition. Saw my loved friend Aeneas Masters. We supped at Mr. Nicholson's.

* * * * *

July 29—Monday

Having taken sick last Friday morning, have been unable to be up. Billious fever was the kind. This is the first spell of sickness I ever had. I am just able to be up.

* * * * *

July 31—Wednesday

I am able to be up to day. Made me a desk to write "The Tax Book," and wrote a little.

¹⁴⁸Federal troops at Manassas seemed to have won the field on July 21, 1861, until reinforcements under Kirby Smith renewed force and moral and the Union troops retreated.

August 1—Thursday

Very warm to day.

August 2—Friday

I have been engaged writing to day. The work is very tedious. Had a very great storm of wind and hail.

August 3—Saturday

Rode up in La Place late this evening.

August 4—Sunday

Attended church at Union (Church), and heard Rev. John W. Rush¹⁴⁹ preach.

* * * * *

August 11—Sunday

For the week past I have been very unwell, though able to be about only at times. My work is very tiresome (writing). Attended church today at Union. Heard—Wilson preach, which was very good. Rained every day last week.

* * * * *

August 16—Friday

To day is the only day this week that we have not had rain. Went to meeting tonight and heard Mr. J Green¹⁵⁰ preach.

August 17—Saturday

I have been writing the tax book two weeks and have just finished, wrote upwards of thirty pages. My health has been very good all the week. Wrote a letter to Mr. Callaway.

August 18—Sunday

Attended meeting at Union Church. Heard Cooper Zachry¹⁵¹ preach. The revival closed tonight.

¹⁴⁹John Wesley Rush (1833-1905), was the son of George Charles and Sarah (Norman) Walton Rush, early tenters at Tuskegee Camp-ground. The Conference of 1860 assigned John W. Rush to Tuskegee Female College. He married Octavia Osgood Andrew in Mobile in 1870. Rush wrote the obituary of Elias W. Story for the *Minutes of the Alabama Conference*, 1889. Owen, *History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography*, IV, 1576; West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 500.

¹⁵⁰The Macon County Census for 1860 list Rev. John A. Green, a Georgia-born farmer, aged thirty-five.

¹⁵¹The Alabama Conference in 1861 assigned Erwin Cooper Zachary to Cerro Gordo.

August 19—Monday

As my work is finished, I have nothing to do but take vacation.

August 20—Tuesday

I have suffered some from the headache. Father went to town.

* * * * *

August 24—Saturday

We have had more fair weather this week than in the three last. Much sickness is in our family, and has been ever since the rain. My diary seems rather blank, caused by illness. Worked on Tax book to day, but didn't finish.

* * * * *

August 26—Monday

Bro Elias & I went to Tuskegee to day, carried Tax book of personal Property, it being unfinished, the court adjourned, we brought it back to complete it. Dined at Mr. T Smith. had the pleasure of seeing Miss Nellie.

August 27—Tuesday

Heard that J Newton Roberts was dead, who left last Spring in Swanson's¹⁵² Company. He is to be brought home soon as possible and buried. He died of typhoid Fever.

August 28—Wednesday

John U. Hoffman & family will spend the night with us.

August 29—Thursday

J U Hoffman & family, after spending last night with us and part of the day, left this evening. A large shower of rain fell this evening.

August 30—Friday

After having been engaged the three days past writing for Freeman, carried his book back to day. We are having some very pretty weather.

¹⁵²W. G. Swanson was captain of the Macon County company of the Third Alabama Regiment of Infantry organized at Montgomery in April, 1861. He became colonel of the Sixty-first Alabama Infantry, organized at Pollard in September, 1863. Brewer, *Alabama*, 593, 673. The Census of 1860 lists Dr. W. F. Swanson, a Georgia-born farmer aged forty-four with real property valued at \$35,000 and personal property worth \$50,000.

August 31—Saturday

Newton Roberts was buried at home to day. Went to town again to day to attend to some little matters. There will be no Circuit Court there this year. Heard that Ft Hatteras¹⁵³ in N.C. was taken with all of our men but ten.

September 1—Sunday

I have been in the bed most all day, occasioned by a fever which came on yesterday evening. No preaching in the community to day—on account of the Warrior Stand Camp Meeting.

September 1—Monday

Feel much better today, though very weak. Bro E.W. has a very high fever this evening.

September 3—Tuesday

We have very pretty weather. Cotton opens pretty, but crops very poor on account of so much rain. Corn crops best we ever had.

September 4—Wednesday

I am recruiting considerably though Bro Elias is very sick indeed with Billious fever. Dr. Ted Williams¹⁵⁴ is his physician, who is a very good one.

September 5—Thursday

Went to Cowles Station this morning after some ice for Mrs Wheat, who is very sick. 3 or 4 of our family are now sick. Bro E is better. I am sitting up with him to-night.

¹⁵³Defenses at Hatteras inlet and on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, about three-fourths of a mile apart were called Fort Hatteras and Fort Clark. A combined army and navy expedition under B. F. Butler and S. H. Stringham reached the inlet on August 26, 1861. The next day the Union troops were landed and a bombardment was begun. The forts and guns were battered to pieces on August 28. The Confederacy lost 670 men, 1,000 stand of arms, 35 cannon, 2 forts, and the best sea entrance to the inland waters of North Carolina. C. A. Evans (ed.), *Confederate Military History*, IV, 25-28.

¹⁵⁴Dr. Ted W. Williams was born in South Carolina. In 1860 he was twenty-eight years of age, with real property valued at \$5,000 and personal property worth \$12,000.

September 6—Friday

Drs. Williams & Haden¹⁵⁵ called by to see Elias to day, he is much better. A hard shower of rain visited us to day.

September 7—Saturday

I have kept myself closed up to day from the rain, as I have not been perfectly well in a week. Mrs Wilson (preachers wife) dined with us to day.

September 8—Sunday

Rec^d letter from Bro George (Penciled at top of entry). Went to La Place to church, heard Mr Wilson preach. dined at Mr. Nicholson's was entertained most all the evening by one of my best friends Mrs R.A. Nicholson, the principal topic of our conversation was religion.

September 8—Monday

Wrote a letter to Bro George at Manassas Junction, Va. 4th Regt. Ala. Volunteers.¹⁵⁶

September 10—Tuesday

Been engaged writing little to day & doing nothing. Sun's tolerably warm, cotton opening fine.

September 11—Wednesday

Went to town (Tuskegee) with Bro Elias to day, came back late in the evening.

September 12—Thursday

Went to John U Hoffman's principally to see Sister Fannie, who is there with the fever. She is better.

¹⁵⁵I have not been able to identify *Dr. Haden*. Joseph Thomas Haden (1818-1877) was a planter and pioneer of La Place. He married in 1846. G. W. Haden, a farmer, was also listed for Marion County in 1860.

¹⁵⁶The Fourth Alabama Infantry was organized at Dalton, Georgia on May 2, 1861 and was mustered into service for twelve months at Lynchburg on May 7. It was at Harper's Ferry and Winchester before serving in B. E. Bee's Brigade at Manassas, where it lost 38 killed and 208 wounded. T. B. Dryer was the first captain of the Macon company. Brewer, *Alabama*, 594-595.

September 13—Friday

Felt rather unwell to day, and took some calomel.

September 14—Saturday

Feel better since my medicine operated, though not well.

September 15—Sunday

Stayed at home, and read the Newspapers & my Bible, as I was too unwell to leave.

* * * * *

September 24—Tuesday

I am just able to be up to day. I have [had] four hard chills, one each day, for the last four days. I am more debilitated than ever before. I have not been well in two weeks.

September 25—Wednesday

To day was my time set apart to start to College, but money is so scarce that I could not procure any. It grieves me very much now, for I will get behind my class. Went to Cotton Valley.

September 26—Thursday

Stayed in my room close today, being unable to stir about. I have purchased a box of Gallagan's Pill to sure the chills & fever.

September 27—Friday

Employed myself mostly to day reading Plutarch Lives. The wind blows very hard.

September 28—Saturday

No news of any importance has arrived during the last few days.

September 29—Sunday

Feeling little unwell and effected smartly by the Blues. Stayed home all day. Mrs Nicholson & Miss Mollie Trimble were at our house this evening.

September 30—Monday

Nothing of importance occurred to day.

October 1—Tuesday

As I have been sick off and on for three months, I am now getting well, having been taking a box of Gallagans Pills. They are the best I have tried.

October 2—Wednesday

Went to Tuskegee with Brother Elias and made preparations to start to Greensboro.

October 3—Thursday

Started to Greensboro this morning. Having been carried to depot by Bro John, took 11 o'clock train to Montg. Took the Taney at Montg traveled all night.

October 4—Friday

Arrived in Selma this morning 7-2 o'clock, took train to Newbern at 4, but with much difficulty arrived late. Staged to Greensboro, arrived at 12 P.M. lodged at Christians Hotel.

October 5—Saturday

Rose early this morning and breakfasted at Mr. Ramsey's. Went to Mr Callaway's and obtained board, found Bart here, and 26 other students Everything looks natural about here.

October 6—Sunday

Joined Prof Casey's Greek Testament Class in Sunday School. Heard Dr Wightman preach at 11 o'clock. Rain this evening.

October 7—Monday

Went up to University to day and entered the Junior & Intermediate classes. There are 28 students. Very good for these war times.

October 8—Tuesday

Schedule of my Recitations Junior Greek. Mon, Wednes. Friday 11 o'clock A.M. Junior Mathematics, Mon, Tues. Wed-Thurs. Friday 2½ P.M. Intermediate Latin, Mon, Wednes-Friday 9 A.M. Intermediate Moral Philosophy, Tues, Thurs, Sat 8 A.M.

October 10—Thursday

Since I have regularly entered College, I am doing tolerably well. My determination is to try to study much more than last session. My health is very good now.

October 11—Friday

A regular Military Company has been organized at the College. Prof Gatch instructor. the uniform has not yet been adopted. He is sick to day, De Yampert¹⁵⁷ of Mobile came to day to college.

October 12—Saturday

Recited our lessons, and went to our Society Hall, & had a very interesting meeting. Avery & Starr¹⁵⁸ joined to day.

October 13—Sunday

Heard Mr. Ramsey preach at 11 A.M. & 7 P.M. This evening 8 young men of the Univ formed a class meeting in the College Chapel to meet every Sabbath evening. Crews is to conduct it.

October 14—Monday

The Southern University has now 33 students, since Messrs Densler & Harland¹⁵⁹ have come since Friday night last.

October 15—Tuesday

After the regular exercises of the College were over this evening, went out chestnut hunting and obtained a nice supply.

October 16—Wednesday

Feeling rather unwell this morning, came home from College, went to bed but my case came to be at last that of a fever.

¹⁵⁷John Marshall deYampert of Marion enrolled in 1861. This may be a slip of Story's pen, or young deYampert may have been located for a time in Mobile.

¹⁵⁸Robert W. Avery of Greensboro and E. S. Starr from Six Mile enrolled as students in 1861. Wilbur Fisk Starr had been a student from Summerfield in 1860.

¹⁵⁹T. A. Densler seems to be back in school. John H. Harland was a new student from Macon, Mississippi.

October 18—Friday

The ——— above was caused by sickness. Though I am up, but feel weak. Walked out to the College with C.C. Ellis, who is now with us for a short while.

October 19—Saturday

Feel much better to day. Was able to go up to Society meeting this morning. Mr. Oaks¹⁰⁰ joined Society to day.

October 20—Sunday

Heard Rev. C.C. Calloway preach a very good sermon at 11 A.M. Did not go to night to church on account of its being to wet for me, caused by the rain to day.

October 21—Monday

Nothing of much importance has occurred to day, only I had a few hrs chat with Miss Sallie Walton¹⁰¹ to night.

October 22—Tuesday

I am improving very much, ann think that I shall be restored to my usual state of health. Had no chill this week.

October 23—Wednesday

The 2^d anniversary of the Clariosophic Society took place to day. H.B. Magruder spoke, the attendance was very small.

October 24—Thursday

According to a new Rule, the Faculty have decided to have prayer every evening in the Chapel. This is a very good plan.

October 25—Friday

Speaking in the College Chapel this evening. Our set of speakers are poor this year compared with that of last.

October 26—Saturday

Had a very interesting meeting in Society to day. Made preparations for building new rostrum and other things.

¹⁰⁰Jonas Oaks, son of Jason Oaks, a gunmaker of Greensboro, matriculated in 1861. The Census of 1860 had listed Jonas Oaks as a printer, aged sixteen.

¹⁰¹Sally Walton, aged fourteen in 1860, was the daughter of John W. Walton.

October 27—Sunday

Mr. Ramsey preached at 11 o'clock. On account of Kerosine Oil¹⁶² being scarce, we have preaching at 4 P.M. Prof Wills preached this evening.

* * * * *

October 29—Tuesday

Had some frost this morning. Weather very pleasant. Went off to my pleasant grove this evening to practice my speech.

* * * * *

November 1—Friday

Having been chosen last Friday as a speaker for to day, I spoke this evening the Eulogy on H. Clay by Presley Ewing¹⁶³ of Ky.

November 2—Saturday

Had no Society meeting to day in consequence of the Rostrum not being done.

November 3—Sunday

Dr. Wightman preached at 11 o'clock A.M. Sacrament was administered of which I pertook. Dr. Wadsworth this evening.

* * * * *

November 15—Friday

By the proclamation of Pres. Davis we are fasting to day.¹⁶⁴ Rec^d letter from Father containing the very lamentable news

¹⁶²Kerosene was not the only shortage. The school was without funds. Professors' salaries, originally fixed at \$2,500, were cut in half and they were permitted to seek other work. During the session of 1861/62 only \$1,150 was paid the entire faculty, "and they were praised for standing by the University under the circumstances." Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 86.

¹⁶³Presley Underwood Ewing (1822-1854) was born in Russellville, Kentucky, on September 1, 1822. He graduated from Centre College at Danville in 1840 and from the Law School of Transylvania University in 1843. In 1851 he was elected as a Whig representative to the United States Congress and served until his death in the town of Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, September 27, 1854. *Biographical Encyclopedia of Kentucky* (1878), 377.

¹⁶⁴By proclamation of October 31, 1861, President Davis set November 15, 1861, as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer that "He may give us victory over our enemies, preserve our homes and altars from pollution, and secure to us the restoration of peace and prosperity." Richardson, *Messages and Papers of the Confederacy*, I, 135.

of my Sister Lou's Death. I am sad—worn down, to think I shall never behold her again. But she has a happy home in Heaven. She was the wife of Rev. E.B. Norton.

* * * * *

November 21—Thursday

A runaway couple visited us to day,—they were married by Mr. Calloway. Mr. May¹⁰⁵ of Tuscaloosa & Miss Tindell were the match. They were on their way to Tuscaloosa.

* * * * *

November 24—Sunday

As I had a chill yesterday, staid home to day, and missed hearing Dr Wightman preach. Received a letter from Aeneas Masters—a friend.

* * * * *

November 27—Wednesday

Had a very hard chill Monday, and felt too bad yesterday to get out of the bed. My health is not very good.

November 28—Thursday

On account of the bad health of me and Charley Ellis, we got a buggy in the afternoon and went out in the country 6 miles from here, to Mr. W.G. Sadler. I was much pleased with Mr. & Mrs. Sadler.

November 29—Friday

Left Mr. Sadler's at 2 o'clock P.M. Got caught in the rain but arrived here before dark. I am very much pleased with the Trip; it helped me much. Ellis will remain there a week.

November 30—Saturday

At the meeting of the Belles Lettres Society, I was elected as Speaker on the 22^d of Feb.

¹⁰⁵Lou Story and her sister Sarah married Rev. Ethelbert B. Norton and Wilbur F. Perry in a double wedding performed by Rev. F. G. Ferguson in August, 1859. Mrs. Norton left two sons, John and William.

¹⁰⁶One of the founders of Belles Lettres was a "Mr. May." Mr. Callaway's performance of the marriage services causes speculation as to whether this was a return of one of the "old boys."

December 1—Sunday

Heard Rev Jos J. Hutchinson preach from 3 ver 42 Psalm. Buried at the graveyard north of town, by the citizens this evening, Mr. Witherspoon.¹⁶⁷

* * * * *

December 6—Friday

Two preachers arrived to night. Messrs Dennis¹⁶⁸ & E.B. Norton. I went to Mr. N's room tonight and sat a while. His health is very good.

December 7—Saturday

This [evening] Mr Norton, Bart and I walked up to College, Graveyard &c. I went with him to his room at Mr. John Kennedy's and supped with him. He read me his sermon for Conference. Several preachers came in to night.

December 8—Sunday

Heard Rev Mr Moore¹⁶⁹ of Memphis Tenn preach at 11 o'clock Rev Mr Ross¹⁷⁰ of Mobile District at night. Mr. Norton went out with Rev Mr DuBois¹⁷¹ to preach to day.

December 9—Monday

The Conference has not convened yet but several preachers have arrived. Mr Barker¹⁷² preached to night.

¹⁶⁷This may have been *Rev. Sydenham Witherspoon*, early settler, or *Rev. T. R. Witherspoon*, Presbyterian Minister at Greensboro, 1837-1843. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 104, 186.

¹⁶⁸*Wesley B. Dennis* was sent by the Conference to Spring Hill in Demopolis District.

¹⁶⁹I cannot locate any Rev. Moore at Memphis. The Memphis Conference of November, 1861, had assigned Smith W. Moore to Hernando Station.

¹⁷⁰*Rev. B. B. Ross* was presiding elder of the Mobile District.

¹⁷¹*Rev. John Dubois*, identified by Yerby as the first manufacturer of cotton gins, was a working member of the Methodist Church in Alabama for sixty years. The Conference of 1860 assigned him to Greensboro Colored Mission. He died January 21, 1884, at the age of eighty-seven. Yerby, *History of Greensboro*, 186; West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 559.

¹⁷²*Rev. Josiah Barker* was presiding elder of the Demopolis District.

December 10—Tuesday

Drs Sassnett,¹⁷³ Ellison¹⁷⁴ and several others arrived to night. Bishop Early¹⁷⁵ came to day.

December 11—Wednesday

The Conference opened this morning though I was not present at the time but soon after. The Trustees of the College have given us holliday during Conference. Mr. Lynch¹⁷⁶ preached to night.

December 12—Thursday

Attended Conference to day. Heard Rev. Mr Cooper¹⁷⁷ preach this evening at 3 o'clock P.M. Rev J. Mathews¹⁷⁸ at night. Accompanied Miss Sallie Kennedy to church to night.

* * * * *

December 14—Saturday

I had a chill to day.

¹⁷³William Jeremiah Sassnet, born April 29, 1820, was a member of the first graduating class of Oglethorpe University. He was admitted on trial to the Georgia Conference in 1841. His book called *Progress* was published at Nashville in 1855. Sassnet was professor at Emory University and president of LaGrange (Georgia) Female College before he became president of East Alabama Male College, where he served until his death on November 3, 1865. Tankersley, *College Life at Old Oglethorpe*, 65; West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 738.

¹⁷⁴William Holmes Ellison (born 1805), was sent by the Conference to Glenville in Eufaula District.

¹⁷⁵John Early was born in Bedford County, Virginia, on January 1, 1786. He joined the Methodist Church in 1804 and served as president of a colonization society or transporting Negroes back to Africa. After an active part in the General Methodist Conference in 1844, he served as president of the first Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was head of the Book Agency until he was made bishop in 1854. He was superannuated in 1866 and died in 1873. *Dictionary of American Biography*, V(1943).

¹⁷⁶Rev. Thomas M. Lynch was assigned by the Conference to Prattville in Summerfield District.

¹⁷⁷Rev. Napoleon Bonaparte Cooper was located at Autauga in 1860 and was assigned by the Conference of 1861 to Perryville in Summerfield District.

¹⁷⁸This may be Rev. John Mathews, listed in the Macon County Census for 1860 as a native of Pennsylvania, aged thirty-six.

December 15—Sunday

Heard P.P. Neely¹⁷⁰ preach at 11, and part of Bishop Earley's sermon. Heard Dr Lovic Pierce¹⁸⁰ at 3, and Dr. Sasnett at night. Saw the Deacons ordained at 11, and Elders at 3 o'clock.

* * * * *

December 19—Thursday

My health for the last few days has been bad. The appointments of the preachers were read out this evening and most all of them left to night.

* * * * *

December 24—Tuesday

As my health is bad, I have not been to College since conference, nor will not, until next week.

December 25—Wednesday

Christmas Day. [In heavy black script, much larger than his usual writing]

Poorest Christmas I ever saw, only with the negroes. I haven't heard a gun fire. I spent it strolling about town.

December 26—Thursday

Received a letter from Father to night, containing \$25 from Mr. Freeman. I was mighty glad to get it.

* * * * *

December 29—Sunday

Heard Dr Wadsworth preach at 11 o'clock & Prof Wills at 3.

¹⁷⁰*Philip Phillips Neeley*, minister at Columbus in 1860, was a member of the Book and Tract Society of the Alabama Conference and one of the Trustees of Southern University. At the 1860 Conference held at Montgomery he attended political meetings and made speeches in favor of secession. According to one of his contemporaries he "had the soul of a poet and a voice melodious as a flute." West, *History of Methodism in Alabama*, 707; Fitzgerald, *Dr. Summers*, 179.

¹⁸⁰*Dr. Lovic Pierce*, son of Philip and Lydia Pierce and born in North Carolina in 1785, was famous for the eloquence of his sermons. He was the father of Bishop George F. Pierce. See George G. Smith, *The Life and Times of George Foster Pierce* (1888).

MISCELLANEOUS¹⁸¹

This diary commences Friday Jan 11th 1861. A regret of not recording the many incidents which happened beforehand, has to some extent caused regret on my part. My health is very good, which has always been my good fortune.

CASH ACCOUNT

January	Paid	Recd
15 Pelligrany	.20	
15 Palmer	.50	
15 Hatch	2.14	
16 Hamilton	1.00	
8 Stollenwerck	1.35	
23 Stollenwerck	.10	
22 Pelligrany	.10	

BILLS PAYABLE—JANUARY

Name	Due
Indebtedness	
Lawson	.50
Hatch	1.25
Hamilton	2.00
Russell	2.50

BILLS PAYABLE—FEBRUARY

Hamilton	6.00
Hatch	1.75
Shackleford	1.85
Russell	2.50
Lawson	.75
Kohner	1.50

¹⁸¹These statistics would not mark Story as a "heavy spender." William M. Palmer was the Greensboro postmaster in 1861, and Jimmy certainly bought stamps. Jack Shackelford and Herman Kohner are identified in the census as "merchants." James M. Hatch and Alphonse Stollenwerck were both druggists. Russell dealt in books, and Louis Lawson, born in Sweden, was the local candy merchant.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN M. MARTIN is Chairman of the Division of Social Sciences at West Georgia College, Carrollton, Georgia.

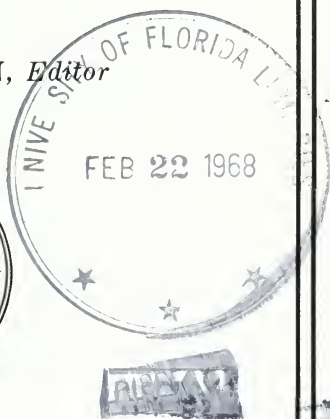
RICHARD P. WEINERT is an historian with the Office of the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army.

TOMMY W. ROGERS is a research assistant, Department of Sociology and Anthropology, at Mississippi State University.

DR. LLERENA FRIEND is the librarian at Barker Texas History Center, University of Texas Library in Austin, Texas.

THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

PETER A. BRANNON, *Editor*



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Nos. 3 and 4

FALL and WINTER

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CONTENTS

Editorial	127
Prefatory Letter	128
Chapter 1 Leaving Montgomery	131
2 Last of the United States	133
3 The Amazon	136
4 Rio — by daylight	138
5 The Emperor	140
6 Shopping	142
7 Learning the language	145
8 Going to the Doce	148
9 Once more embarked	150
10 Victoria	152
11 First Picture of Life in the Wilderness	153
12 Poling up the river	156
13 Camping out	158
14 Almost there	160
15 First day in Linhares	162
16 Visitors	164
17 Society	167
18 The Indians	169
19 The first dance	171
20 Burying the dead	174
21 Washing clothes	177
22 Arrival of the freight	178
23 New Trials & evening pleasures	181
24 Leaving the Village	182
25 Lake Juparana	184
26 Our Parlor	186
27 Our Hill-top	188
28 The Roupa House	190
29 Visit to Dr Dunn. — Novelties	193
30 Breaking the Palha	198
31 Our neighbors, across the Lake	200
32 The rising waters	202
33 Janella du Matte	204
34 Hours after night fall	205
35 Washing little breeches	207
36 The Rice-Story	209
37 Daily avocations	210
38 Baking a Monkey	213
39 The Monkey's Council	217

40	Moving the Roupa House	220
41	Search for Picnic grounds	222
42	Christmas dinner at Mr Miller's	225
43	The Tournament	227
44	Dark days — The fever	229
45	The Watch	233
46	Going into the new-house	235
47	House daubing & new privations	236
48	Returning health	239
49	New terrors	241
50	Suspense	243
51	The Return	246
52	Last visit to Mrs Miller	247
53	Breaking up the Colony	250
54	Leaving the Doce	252
55	Crossing the bar	254
56	Return to Rio de Janeiro	257
57	Dixie Island	259
58	The Spring-houses	262
59	The Tamarind trees	263
60	Tide-bound	265
61	Ipihibi	268
62	Letters to the States, from Dixie Island	270
63	Leaving Dixie	279
64	Pao Grande —	280
65	The Carnival, at Rio	284
66	Visit to Petropolis	287
67	Disappointments	288
68	Engenho Cafe	294
69	Mao do Inga	297
70	Friends departing	300
71	Weatherbound	303
72	Tidal Wave	305
73	The Passeo Publico	307
74	Lines to Lizzie	310
75	Letters to the U.S. from San Domingos	313
76	Fazenda Bangu	326
77	Bamboo Avenue & the Festival	328
78	Out on the Ocean	331
79	An Alarm	334
80	<i>"Home — sweet Home."</i>	337

EDITORIAL

Before his illness and death the former editor of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, Dr. Peter A. Brannon, had planned to publish as the last issue Julia Keyes' "Our Life in Brazil." The copy was in the process of being prepared at the time of Dr. Brannon's death.

In the first volume of the *Quarterly* Dr. Brannon contributed articles under the title "Southern Emigration to Brazil," embodying the diary of Jennie R. Keyes. These appear in volume 1 on pages 79-94, 280-305, and 467-488. While the third installment does not complete Jennie's diary, Dr. Brannon had come to the conclusion that after the hiatus of 36 years it would be more reasonable to print the complete story as it was written by Julia Keyes.

With the publication of Julia's diary as a double issue, Nos. 3 & 4, Volume 28 the editorship of Dr. Brannon is regrettably concluded. It seems altogether fitting that the subject material of this issue of the *Quarterly* is so closely related to Dr. Brannon's first contribution to the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*.

Copy of a letter, from Ex Gov. Watts

Mrs. J. L. Keyes.

Dear Madam.

I have read, with much pleasure, the manuscript sent me by Dr. Keyes. To explain how much its reading absorbed my attention, I need only say that I scarcely ceased until I finished its entire perusal.

There is much attraction in the simplicity of its style and, in the beauty and elegance of its composition. I cannot permit myself to doubt that others will feel the same interest in its details of Brazilian life and will pore over its pages with profit.

I have admired much the several beautiful pieces of poetry scattered through the volume, not only those by yourself but those of the daughter — the *first trials of the Eaglets wing*. I have found much to please in the descriptions of *home* in the wilderness and the surroundings of pioneer life.

I think you ought to publish and feel confident the Book will sell; and to *sell*, you know, is the test of popularity with the public.

With the highest regard, permit me to subscribe myself.

Your humble servant & Friend

T. H. Watts.

Feb. 17, 1874

Montgomery, Ala.

Our Life, in Brazil

by

Julia L. Keyes

—

Montgomery, Ala.

Preface —

Our greatest difficulty in preparing these pages for the public, has been in the arrangement of extracts from the Journals. Curtailing as we have done, to avoid the repetition of family names and minutiae of domestic incidents, we may have destroyed much of the interest which our immediate friends might feel in being taken into the midst of our home and pursuits. Yet — trusting to the leniency and sympathy of our readers, we timidly offer our first Book for their perusal.

Chapter 1

Leaving Montgomery

"Our life in Brazil" has been written at the earnest solicitation of friends, in the intervals of pressing duties incident to a large family. Our home trials and pleasures are unveiled. Only in this way could we give an idea of what was endured and enjoyed, in our effort to build a home, around which others might gather, who, like ourselves, were willing to forsake the land of our birth.

Let us suggest to those who may have pondered on this step of emigration that only thus could restless spirits be made quiet, after the sad termination of the war. Some, who bore, with fortitude all that could try the strength of soul, through years of suffering and privation could not meet a blow like this. Others who were, it may be, wiser, quietly met their fate and did not move at this time of "running to and fro". We, who could not judge, were left to conclude that a higher will than ours must rule, and yielded to what seemed the better way.

Very well! After a year's meditation, deliberation and preparation we embarked for Brazil.

On the evening of the 6th of April 1867, we left Montgomery, taking passage for New Orleans, on the Steamer Doubloon.

Some of our friends, who went down to see us off, believed that ours was a fearful undertaking and thought we would have cause to regret the move. How grateful we now feel that such has not been the case — that a large and unbroken family, have been permitted to return, in perfect health, after an absence of more than three years — bringing back the most pleasant remembrances of their lives.

A few dark episodes marked the histories of all our band of emigrants, but even those are recalled by us, with pleasure, as they left no lasting injury and brought with them many valuable lessons.

One of our friends, when bidding us farewell, said — quite feelingly — "I do not know who most to pity — we that remain or you who undertake such a journey." But he added — "I think I would like to go with you."

The great sorrow of separation which did not overwhelm us until we were gone, was mitigated by the belief that those most dear would soon follow us.

Perhaps the insensibility of the fatalist took possession of us — though we convinced ourselves it was a statement of unquestionable faith. At any rate, we were willing to go, believing if any thing was ahead of us to prevent our embarkation, the event would occur in time to return. If not and Providence permitted us to sail, all would be well.

After remaining a week at a Hotel in New Orleans, meeting friends, who lived in the city and having an agreeable time generally, we went on board the *Marmion* and found that several gentlemen from Montgomery were going, besides those who were accompanying us.

Two young men, who it seems, had never thought of emigrating until our party arrived at the Hotel, were seized with a desire to go to Brazil and they too engaged passage.

A good many families from the Southern States were embarking — we there learned — and the prospect of the voyage was already brightened.

We were fortunate in being permitted to go on board the day previous to sailing for we found that our Ship was unfurnished and we would be compelled to provide ourselves with many articles of comfort.

We unpacked some of our bedding, sent to the city for chairs and other conveniences. Canned fruits, crackers, wine and porter. The latter as a remedy for sea-sickness. We afterward found that these additions to our plain fare were really needful and we would have suffered without them.

Our quarters were between decks, near the forward hatch — the decks eight feet apart. The convassed stretchers, for beds, were in two rows, clean and new — three in a tier.

The number of emigrants not being complete we had several additional berths apportioned to us. By taking down two rows of stretchers we made a snug little dressing-room.

After we had enclosed our beds in flowing curtains and settled ourselves to housekeeping, we were far more comfortable

than we expected to be. Had plenty of space to walk between our rows of beds — shelves on which to put our satchels, shawls, books, &c. Our apartment being nearest the hatch we enjoyed a constant breeze.

Our Steamer was chartered by the Brazilian Government to carry Southern Emigrants to the Empire. She was a steam-propeller of 1300 tons, was built three years before, for the transportation of Federal troops. The charter cost \$40,000 in specie. The price for each emigrant being \$60. in gold, to be paid, by each at the expiration of four years in biennial installments.

On the 16th of April one of the loveliest of Spring mornings we left the Crescent City — so quietly, we were moving some time before we were aware of our departure. We went up, on deck, to assure ourselves we were really off. Watched the receding city, while the broad Mississippi bore us gently along.

We passed out of the Gulf that night. The Moon was shining brightly and the water was smooth as a mirror, crossed the bar safely, between two vessels that were stuck on the sand.

Chap. 2

Last of the U. States.

On rounding Florida point we had some clouds and rough water, in consequence of a little blow. The next novelty was the sea-sickness among the passengers. We looked at the light-house with some interest, saw the faint outline of a home of "Wreckers" who were, doubtless, watching the red-lights on our masts.

The dark line and glowing spot, which marked the last remnant of Florida, finally disappeared. In that lovely clime we had once had a happy home. Near and dear relatives were there, dreaming perhaps at that moment, of the Ship on the Sea, in which we were borne — and of the wide separation which is to come.

In the solemn silce of night — in the stillness of the heart's communion, the reality of what we were doing came cruelly upon us. A life-time of pleasant joys crowded up with loved homes and cherished friends. What availed it then? Whether rashly or not — we were forsaking our Native land. Some one sang — from Childe Harold

“With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine —
Nor carest what land thou bearest me to
So not again to mine.”

Others were lost in a flood of home-sickness, even at that early season. Ah! but then too late.

It was very pleasant sitting on the deck in the evening. When the little ones were all asleep, it was certainly the most favorable hour for the grown people. There were many kind eyes upon them all day among passengers & Sailors & as the guards or railings were high there was no danger of their getting overboard. Our Captain was kind and attentive — very stern in his command but no more so, than necessary.

On the 18th we passed the Tortugas —

On the 20th passed Great Isaacs — Saw a few rocks and a Light-house, about breakfast hour. Sunday — entered the Atlantic. The rolling waves brought more sea-sickness amongst the passengers. Our Captain had service on deck — our two Ministers being sick. He distributed a number of prayer-books and all the passengers that were able, participated in the service.

For several days the sea remained rough, thought not enough so to prevent our daily pleasures. Ladies generally occupied themselves with reading & sewing — and time did not hang heavily.

We were much startled, one morning, by the appearance, on board, of a case of Varioloid — very light — but a cause of uneasiness.

Passed Puerto Rico by night — Those who were up said the streets, lighted by gas, could be readily distinguished, & the scenery beautiful. Thursday 25th Passed St. Thomas. We

were disappointed in not being able to stop, but our cautious Captain thought best to thwart our wishes, on account of Cholera, Yellow-fever, mosquitoes & flies which were said to prevail to some extent. We saw the City, lying between the hills. The tiled roofing was something new and interesting, seen through Col Censor's elegant Opera-glasses. On Friday morning, 26th we passed Plymouth — Was not on deck in time to see the beautiful picture, as described by those who witnessed it, but in the afternoon, had the rare pleasure of beholding mountain scenery, in the perfection of beauty — on the island of Guadaloupe.

The top of the highest peak was cut off by a fleecy cloud — making the picture more complete. The city was lying below. The walls & streets, with long rows of palmetto trees, could be seen by the aid of the "true" glasses always at our service. Some large and imposing dwellings on the left — on the right a neat looking cemetery.

Lying outside, were several Vessels — one of them a large Steam ship, with a French Flag. A French sloop, in full sail, with three little jibs, one above the other — quite unique.

After leaving this city, "Basse-terra", which lies below a volcanic mountain, we could see beyond a wide strait, another chain of mountains, said to be a continuation of Guadaloupe. An extensive fortification appeared on its broadest and highest summit.

We saw no more land until we reached the South American Coast, except the Barbadoes, an English Island, which we passed in the night. We were disappointed at not seeing this scenery, which we learned is beautiful.

We had service, on deck, every Sunday. The Sabbath was generally marked respectfully, by passengers & crew, but one morning, just after breakfast we had an interruption to the usual quiet, by two small fights, which occurred among some men of a low class. Our trip would have been entirely delightful but for disagreeable incidents like these. However — they did not disturb us much & afforded variety to some. For a time the most earnest endeavors of the Steward were unavailing in preserving order, below, and at meal time general confusion

prevailed. He complained to the Captain and a regulation was at once made, restoring peace and satisfaction. The tables were divided putting certain classes together — giving permission to families to gather around them those they preferred and from that time our meals were eaten more pleasantly.

It was not encouraging to appetites to see our dinner served up in large tin pans — one containing boiled Irish potatoes — another, bean-soup. A third, pickled beef. This dish alternated from day to day with canned fresh-beef. We had light bread & butter — excellent cucumber pickles, in plenty — dried apples — also — but the oat-meal Coffee was certainly not good. The passengers generally preferred Tea. If the same food could have been properly prepared & placed on the table in dishes — with order and neatness we would have thought the fare palatable. Our Captain was very kind to the ladies and often sent delicacies from the upper Cabin permitting us to have a breakfast every day, from above, by paying an extra price. He tried to be just & did the best he could, we believe. If our discomforts had been greater, we were willing to bear them for only *one month* — as our traveling companions were so agreeable — and some of our acquaintances were, by a closer knowledge, fast & true friends.

Occasionally the young people danced on deck, in the moonlight, to the music of the Accordion & triangle. The evenings always passed off pleasantly & quietly — watching the stars above and the phosphorescent water below.

When our voyage was half over we found it easier to look ahead. The time of its ending seemed nearer & we were quite reconciled to our hardships, which were not many, compared with the delight of beautiful weather, health & hopeful hearts.

Chap. 3.

The Amazon.

When we neared the mouth of the Amazon — at a distance of sixty miles — while looking overboard, we observed the singular color of the Sea. The water had a reddish cast. The sailors drew up buckets-full and found leaves and sprigs of trees that had been washed from the mouth of this great

stream. This was a real and tangible proof that we were nearer another soil than our own. We handled these little evidences with feelings of great pleasure, believing that we were steering along to a port we would reach before many days. We were hopeful, also grateful that our voyage had, thus far, been so prosperous. It continued thus — but clouds darkened on the 15th of May. The wind came out stiffly from the South West, with a heavier sea than any time previous. Children romped on deck, while grown people found it difficult to keep their footing. Porpoises & black fish were seen in multitudes, leaping from the water. The vessel pitched a great deal. Passengers were not so smiling as usual — faces were paler, but a spirit of joyful hope inspired all hearts, nevertheless. Our voyage was nearly over. A little sea-sickness now, was easily borne — with such a delight in store for us.

On Thursday — the 16th, we passed the light-house, at Cape Frio. A telegraph runs from here to Rio de Janeiro, a distance of fifty six miles. A light house was first built upon one of the tallest peaks of this rock, but it was so high the clouds often obscured it. It was abandoned & another erected much lower down, on the side of the mountain. We passed close enough to see persons at the house.

From this point, our course was west & we steamed close by the bold, broken beach, until 8 P.M. when we entered the Bay of Rio. We passed near the fort, on the right. The signal lights burned. The engine ceased. The anchor was cast out and our heaven reached.

Our propeller, with only a half an hours rest, had made two million four hundred and twelve thousand six hundred and forty revolutions — making from N. Orleans 5,606 miles.

Our Captain said we were highly favored in having such a delightful season and charming weather. He was an old seaman, but had never made such a beautiful voyage.

The dark clouds, which had hung so drearily above us, were breaking away. We had the glimpse of a rich sunset. Our prayers were answered. We were permitted to behold this picture of wondrous beauty in its softest light. When in full

view of Sugar-loaf mountain, the clouds rolled away & the full moon came out. Enthusiasm was then excusable, with hearts so full of thanksgiving.

We have seen the Gulf of Mexico by moonlight — its breakers washing the snowy beach, on the Florida coast. Again — in the sullen light of a cloudy morning — its dark green waves, covered with foaming crests, breaking against the shore — The remembrance is like a cold and shadowy scene of dreaming — but it was real & we did not hope to behold anything more grandly beautiful — but — here lay before us something far exceeding all this in majestic beauty. The great waves of the broad Atlantic rolling slowly up, against the base of these grand mountains. Moonlight tinging the dark forest on their heights. The lesser hills dotted with rows of gas-light — making the blackness of the back-ground blacker — bringing out, in full relief, the whole beauty of the Bay & the rich scenery around. Oh! land of the Palms!! Poetry & history have not exaggerated thy charms.

The moon had attended us kindly, lighting us through the Gulf, as we left our Native Shore & again lent us her cheerful rays, on entering a foreign land.

“The whole air whitened, with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance” — and
“The heart ran o’er with a silent worship.”

Chap. 4.

Rio by daylight

Rio in the light of morning presented another picture. We raised anchor and steamed up to the city at sunrise. Went on deck — took a hurried view from each side. There was but little time to gaze at scenery, as preparations for going ashore were to be made. We saw the tiled-roofed buildings, again & the beautiful Palm trees. The green mountain sides were so near that all irregularities were discernable, but these craggy rocks and tropical trees had, for us, a peculiar beauty. The buildings are not tasteful like those in our country — though

mostly elaborately ornamented & painted of many colors — dust hue, red-brown, pink and blue. The Brazilians are fond of bright colors. Small iron-railed balconies hang on the outside of the houses, in place of the graceful Piazzas & verandahs, so necessary to comfort, in America. The tiles being of red-clay — the glare of the Sun upon them, would suggest the idea of great heat, within — but they are the coolest houses in the world, as we often had occasion to remark.

After the necessary & fatiguing labors attendant on leaving Ship, with a large family, we found ourselves transported to the land, by a few steps on the wharf. Once more upon the ground! How delightful, after being just one month on Ship board. We made no observations, for we had no time — the main object being to keep together. "The Father" attended to the baggage. Our same kind friends assisted "the Mother" in guarding the little flock. We walked up a broad road, covered with great white stones, making a curve on the mountain side. After being a little fatigued from the first walk we had taken in so long, we reached an immense iron gate & within were the grounds of our Palace — The Government House in which we were to be sheltered. Rows of Imperial Palms stood on each side of the walk which led from the gate to the steps of the building. We saw, on each side, large marble basins, where fountains had once played — marble benches, beneath vine-covered arbors. Gay and beautiful flowers, growing in tasteful beds. We passed up the marble steps of the building — this edifice had a Piazza and met the landlord Col Broome, who greeted us warmly. He had been a Confederate Officer. He showed us our apartments, which contained neat furniture—light iron-bedsteads & wash-stands — all painted green. There were tables & chairs sufficient — We soon unpacked & made ourselves comfortable. The rooms were beautifully papered, some with frescoed and gilded ceilings.

We could hear exclamations of delight from the young people, who roamed about the grounds. They were in ecxtacies [sic] — rolled on the grass & dashed about, through the arbors and among the flowers. How strange it seemed to us to observe a grey horse, on the mountain side — eating grass — looking just like our horses. Also a natural looking sheep & dog. How comfortable this was. We were a happy band of emigrants — felt

we had reached a place of rest, among kind, generous people, who gave us a welcome we did not expect — food much better than on our ship, — not really better, but prepared in a way to make it more palatable. At a trifling cost, we had plenty of fruit, which we enjoyed very much. Oranges and bananas were procured in profusion & they were much more delicious, in their state of freshness. The Tanjarine orange has a peculiar flavor & can be peeled with no trouble & the sections broken apart without dropping any juice. One of these oranges could be eaten with gloves on.

We gathered white-jasmine, just like our own, which grew on the arbors, and its fragrance made us feel almost at home. Other flowers, not resembling ours, gay and rich in their colors ornamented the beds.

Two days after our revival, the Steamship North America came in, from N. York, with a large number of Emigrants and our Hotel then entertained nearly three hundred. Several families from our own State & county were among the number.

We received many visits from Brazilians & Brazilianized Americans.

Chap. 5.

The Emperor.

We were told the Emperor would visit us. All were anxious to see this important personage, and awaited, with pleasure, his coming. About four O'clock he came and after the manner of all distinguished people, who are, likewise, good, his appearance was modest and unostentatious.

He passed around the grounds — visited the kitchen; examined and tested the bread, pronouncing it well made. Walked through all the rooms of the building, then paused in the front Piazza. Some of the American gentlemen were then introduced, with whom he held short conversation. He placed his hand upon the head of a little boy, who stood near, saying some kind words. The young hero felt himself immortalized by this unexpected notice & will probably never forget the incident.

The Emperor's age was about forty-six. His hair and heavy beard somewhat gray — eyes blue and nose slightly aquiline. His countenance expressed gentleness and he made the few remarks, he deemed necessary, with pleasant dignity and was gone before the crowd had fully realized they were in his august presence. We afterwards heard that he expressed himself as being much pleased with the appearance of the Americans. We had some curiosity to see the Empress but did not have this pleasure until a later period.

The Imperial family, at that time, consisted of two daughters — The Crown Princess Isabel — whose husband is the Count De Eu. Duchess Leopolda, whose husband is the Duke of Saxe. The Empress was large & rather fleshy — A pleasant, good looking lady — generally dressed in heavy black silk, handsomely made; wearing few ornaments. When riding through the city she always recognizes, by bows, the salutations of her subjects, which are given, on all sides. This would be enough to weary her, one might suppose, for the citizens generally leave their occupation and stand in the doors, while the Imperial family passes.

Since our return to America the Princess Leopoldine has died.

In the Paraguayan War, which closed just before we left Brazil, the Count De Eu was quite distinguished. Was Gen. in Chief of the Allied forces — and afterwards made Marshal of the Empire.

It proved to be impossible to obtain enough washerwomen for so many travellers, so after putting out a large numbers of our clothes, there were still a good many that we would need, as our stay in the City would be short. Some of the ladies concluded to be laundresses for themselves. Our girls joined the party, taking some of the smaller childrens apparel. Quite a long row of ladies and children stood under the trees, getting clear water from Springs, that gushed from rock-houses, near by. Sentinels stood round, in their flashing uniforms, making observations. One asked, on seeing a pot boiling "If they were making soup?" adding — "It was of no use, as there would be soup for dinner." One of the ladies, who heard the remark

had travelled in Mexico — understanding Spanish, & the languages being similar, she interpreted for the others.

Boiling linen was something new to them as Brazilians whiten their clothes by soaping & then spreading them on the ground, sprinkling water frequently on them.

Some of the girls found, almost hidden by weeds and foliage an elegant marble bath-house. Our kind landlord had it put in order and a path cut for our entrance. We then enjoyed a real luxury. At every step we found evidences of former wealth and luxuriance of comforts.

A Chapel adjoining the building to which we had access, was of strange interest. Americans visited it & in a respectful manner, entered & retired, making observations all the time. In large clusters were seen, suspended, waxen images of various limbs, representing the diseased portions of afflicted people. Prayers to the Saints, bringing, as they supposed, effectual cure for all ailments. These wax models were carried to the Chapel, & hung up for exhibition & as the speediest way for restoration. A large marble slab, with an inscription on it, lay upon the floor, right in the centre. This was said to be the tomb of the first owner of the Palace.

Chap. 6

Shopping.

Water, for drinking, was kept in large tanks or *talhas*, made of earth, resembling urns, in shape. It has a cool & refreshing taste but is never very cold. It is brought to the City in pipes, from the Mountains.

From Henderson's travels, published in London in 1821, we find a description of the Aqueduct, which, at that period supplied the City with water — although not quite finished.

“An Aqueduct, for furnishing water to the Cidade Nova, is nearly completed; in which quarter some new fountains are to be observed, especially the Lagarto, and another in the Campo St Anna; large, built of stone, and discharging the water by

numerous spouts. The fountains in the eastern district of the City, consist of one in the Palace Square, in the shape of a Tower, the Marrecas; one in the Moura Place; & the Carisca with twelve spouts; all of which are supplied by the Aqueduct already mentioned.

At the head of the valley the origin of the aqueduct is marked by an inscription, to have taken place in the year 1744. Its source is adorned with a fine cascade &c "

The Campo St Anna, here mentioned, is the general washing ground, a large square covered with grass — where the women wash & bleach their clothes. Perhaps, nothing excited greater interest to the Emigrants than this scene.

Another great attraction, is the Equestrian Statue of Don Pedro — the first, which stands in the centre of the Praca da Constitucai — In this square are also, two reservoirs of water, jetting out from spouts. These beautiful grounds are enclosed by a neat iron fence.

We obtained an interpreter and went out, shopping, after we found we were going to the wilderness. In order to begin pioneer life it was necessary to provide ourselves with many articles for housekeeping, which would require careful selection. Some of our gentlemen friends accompanied us. A lady from Texas who was to be of our colony joined us also. We went in open carriages, like our laundeaues [landaus]. The heavy wheels made a great noise over the rocky streets. The vehicles are all very heavily made.

We found it uninteresting to listen to words we could not understand, often addressed to us — but we did not attempt to reply, except through our interpreter. After making only a part of our purchases we went to the Hotel de — kept by Madame de Frizzlechica or something much like it — called on an old friend & schoolmate from Tuscaloosa — Mrs Dr Gaston. Was very glad to meet with her & her interesting family, but disappointed on learning they were not going to our colony, but to San Paulo.

The emigrants made a great mistake in separating as they did. If all had united and gone to one locality it is probable they would have succeeded better.

The streets of Rio, excepting Rua de Derieta & Rua de Ouvidor are very narrow, with side walks only a few feet wide. Rua de Derieta, with its fine shade-trees, broad, flag-stone, side-walks — and comfortable arrangement of benches — ice-cream saloons, restaurants & gay stores, reminded us of Canal Street in N. Orleans. By the fascinating light of gas, the great beauties showed resplendantly. Brazilians have great taste in displaying their goods & people shop mostly after nightfall. Ladies are always under the escort of gentlemen — are never seen on the streets alone, at any time.

On some of the narrow streets, are stores of the finest kind & every thing can be procured that you wish. Much business is carried on and the noise of vehicles is heard unintermittingly. Waggon and carriages are often drawn up to the very doors of the buildings, to make room for others & pedestrians must hastily jump into a store, until the vehicle passes. The houses are tall & consequently the city is always cool, along these narrow streets. In upper stories, persons can see the occupants of opposite houses, passing from room to room and could hear conversations if it were not for the din of carriages and clatter of horses feet on the rock-paved streets. An orange could easily be thrown from one window to another on the opposite side.

The muscular strength of the negroes is wonderful — We saw men trotting along, at a brisk rate, with large goods boxes, sacks of coffee & barrels of flour on their heads, bearing these weights, as easily, apparently, as if they were handboxes. Goods of all kinds, are transported through the city in this way. Two men will carry a Piano with ease. Women bear trays of fruit — cakes or doces, also vegetables, on their heads, at all times. Rio has a fine market. Every thing we have in the United States can be found there, in addition to the fruits of the climate. Meats vegetables fish — oysters — shrimps & fowls of all kinds. The streets are paved, so as to slope towards the center, making a trench, and are thus thoroughly cleansed by a heavy rain. The sewerage is also very good.

Chapt. 7.

Learning the language.

Next day, Mr. Steele, a wholesale merchant, accompanied us, taking us to the finest stores in the City. Was very kind and attentive. Went with us to an English Hardware establishment, where we purchased an excellent cooking-stove, and other useful housekeeping articles. He afterwards took us to an elegant restaurant, where we enjoyed a fine repast. Then begged permission to accompany our daughters to the Opera.

We much regretted that we had only a hasty glimpse of the beautiful feather flowers — stuffed birds &c which we could see, through the glass fronts of the shops devoted to the sale of such things. Wreaths and bouquets of every imagined flower, with every shade & color, are arranged with most perfect taste. Nothing could surpass them in beauty and one could hardly tire in spending a day to examine them. No dyes are used but all these rich colors are from the birds, as Nature made them. Snowy white-green, of all shades — and every hue of the rain-bow.

The young people enjoyed the few days left to us very much — had rowing & sailing excursions on the Bay, also, attended the Theatre. Every hour of the day was brightened by something new and of exciting interest.

The attempts to learn the language brought some amusing scenes. One morning a young friend of ours was endeavoring to find his way back to the "Government House," having lost his way. He saw a gentleman leaning idly against a door-post. He attracted his attention by signs and a few words of broken portuguese he had, just learned from a little grammer he had in his hand. The gentleman smiled & he returned the smile & then tried, in the lamest manner possible, to obtain the directions he desired. "Faz favor, senhor", he said — with violent gesticulations, pointing towards that portion of the city he supposed the building to be. The stranger still smiled, permitting our perplexed young friend to proceed with his gestures, and to manufacture words — which he at length did, not wishing to refer to his little book.

After a while the stranger opened his lips saying, in the most quiet manner, in English —

"Gentlemen — If there is any language you know better than this, please speak." He told us his chagrin and mortification was so great he did not ask the question he so desired to know. But, he found his way back, nevertheless and next time, used his own language first.

The multitudinous cares of "The Father and Mother" rendered it impossible to write a continued Diary — so, in order to keep the thread of our movements we take from the Journals of some of the younger members of the family, here and there, a few extracts.

May 18th "Yesterday we landed in Rio, having been just one month on the voyage. It is too late, now, for me to write of all our enjoyments — suffice it to say, we are very happy — More another time.

19th This morning Mr. Charles Nathan paid us a visit — invited our family to spend the day with him. Our Mother could not leave, and he asked for some of the daughters. It was agreeable to us — so we accompanied him to his home, in Bota-fogo. We had a visit, also from Mr. Malone, and a good many others came to see us. When we passed through the city we were much astonished to find the stores open and everybody at work. We felt really grieved to see this. And yet, in New Orleans it is not much better. After walking, for a while, on the paved streets, we reached a long line of Omnibuses, which were waiting for passengers for Bota-fogo. We took our seats and were soon on the way. Passed many elegant houses — gardens filled with rare flowers and brilliantly colored leaves. Saw shrubbery with large crimson leaves and without flowers. We rode, I think, for about a half hour, along this street, before we reached Mr. Nathan's house. We were glad when it was time to stop. We entered his elegantly furnished parlor and were introduced to his wife — niece & children. Miss Louise Merton was very kind & carried us over the grounds, showing us all the beauties of the place.

20th During dinner yesterday, Mr. Nathan made a remark which puzzled us, in reference to the "Doce". He spoke of the wild life we would lead on the Doce, saying we would soon forget small forms of etiquette, or something of that kind. We did not ask his meaning — but on our return we very soon learned the

definition of that singular word. The *Doce*, or *Docie*, as it is pronounced is a country about three hundred miles I think, North of Rio — mostly wild and uncultivated and there is where we are going to live. Father is going to build us a home and then return to Rio, to practice his profession and we will divide our time between the country and city. Think we will like this very much. The Americans seem all in high spirits about going — How strange! how delightful it will be to go to the wilderness and see a beautiful little town growing up around us; feeling free and independent! We are happy and full of hope.

25th We are to leave Rio — to-morrow, for the Doce. I have parted with a very dear friend Lizzie F., who is from Memphis, Tenn. Her Mother is going to San Paulo to Rev. Ballard Dunn's Colony. The prospect of pioneer life is not quite so delightful without her. I am very much disappointed, as I thought they were to go with us. Our friend Dr Tobin and Mr Carson are going up on the Amazon A good many families besides ours are going to the Doce. Cap't's B. & D Yancey — Col Cencir Dr J. A. Dunn of Alabama and several others.

Dr. Coachman is going to remain in Rio — try to get into a practice & when our Father has his new home in the country, arranged he will bring us back & join him here, again. This will be another sad parting.

We spent a very pleasant day in Bota-foga, again, visiting Mr. Steele's family. He lives much in the same style as Mr Nathan. We were astonished to see Coffee trees growing in the garden. Their read berries looking like plums.

We have enjoyed a great deal, since we landed. Have been to the Theatre two or three times, had several sails on the Bay — have seen a great deal of the City and feasted on all kinds of delicious fruit — ice cream — ice doces &c And now — we are to leave all this for the wilderness."

Two Steamships were provided by the Government to take our Colony off. The Diligence — & Juparana. Some who were our travelling companions also, others, who came in on the Steamer, just arrived from New York, composed the number. Twenty families and more in all.

Hurried preparations — More packing and great fatigue followed, before we were rested from the preceding excitement.

This seemed a rash step — Going to the Doce — But, we were persuaded by all our advisers it was the best thing for us to do. Feelings of despondency, mingled with hope, came over us, as we weighed in our minds the propriety of such a move. Hope predominated. Sadder feelings were lost in dreaming. While drowsiness pressed our eye-lids & we grew gradually unconscious, the soft air of this delicious climate entered the open casement. We were indeed in the land of the Bread-fruit and palm — had been fanned by the celestial trees — and the memory will be ever pleasant, of the music they made, at night-fall, while dropping to sleep beneath tropical stars.

Chap. 8.

Going to the Doce

Another picture of emigrants, and their baggage, is presented. They stand on the wharf; while an elegant Steamer is anchored, ready to take them to their new home.

Doce, in portuguese, means *sweet*. The word is used by Brazilians for candies — cakes or anything prepared with sugar. The Rio Doce is the country to which our band of emigrants was going, lying on the Doce river — in the Province of Espiritu Santee — about three hundred miles above Rio de Janeiro. We were told that its advantages for Americans, were greater than any other portion of the country — lands being obtained from the Government, at small prices — payable in the future, productions of all kind easily raised — region healthy. Every thing desirable. A steamboat would be placed on the Doce river, in two weeks, which would put us in direct communication with Rio de Janeiro.

We will give some of the stipulated “Favors to Emigrants”.

“The Government will sell lands in any of its colonies, or in the localities that the emigrants prefer; & will give them gratuitous transport from Rio de Janeiro to the seaport to which they wish to proceed.

On the choice of the lands and the respective measurement being made, the definite title-deeds to the property shall be delivered to them upon payment of the price of the sale of 1 to 2 Reis each *square braca* (52.5 feet english.)

The owners of the lands purchased from the State are subject to the following onus. 1st To cede the land necessary for roads. 2d To give free transit to their neighbors to the public road, town, or port of embarkation. 3d To allow the taking away of unneeded water. 4th To subject the discovery of any mines to the legislation governing the case.

Of Naturalization. — Emigrants who purchase lands and establish themselves in Brazil can become Brazilian citizens, after two years of residence. On application however, to the Legislature they can obtain dispensation from this lapse of time & may be naturalized soon after their arrival.

A declaration made before the Municipal Chamber, or the Justice of Peace, mentioning the native country, the age and condition are the formalities required to enable the applicants to obtain, gratuitously, the naturalization paper, after making oath of fidelity to the Constitution and the laws of the Empire.

Naturalized citizens are exempt from Military service, but are subject to that of the national guard of the Municipality to which they belong. They enjoy all the rights and privileges conferred by the Constitution, except those of being a Deputy, a Minister of State, or the Regent of the Empire.

Foreigners enjoy in Brazil all the civil rights granted to natives. They have also full liberty in the exercise of any industry not prejudicing another party; inviolable asylum in their houses; guarantee of their property, whether material or intellectual; complete toleration in religious matters; inviolability of their postal correspondence; and gratuitous primary education.

The government of Brazil is stable. Its laws and authorities protect all, without distinction of classes; and the distribution of civil and criminal justice is made with equality."

By Steamer, the trip to the Doce (as our settlement was called) is a short one. On a direct line, Victoria is about 260 two

hundred & sixty miles from Rio de Janeiro; the mouth of the Rio Doce about seventy 70 miles farther. By route of the Steamer the distance would be about three hundred & twenty miles to Victoria. 80 Eighty to the mouth of the river. The Steamboat, which the Government intended to give us, but which never was given, would take us up the river (a distance of thirty 30 miles, and land us at the village of Linhares, where Col Gunter had located. This promise was made by the Emperor to Col G. and, but for the Paraguain War, we suppose we would have had the desired Steamer.

Unto that Brazilian Village we were bound — and there we gained such experience as we could never have learned in any other way. A friend, who still writes to us from Brazil, has said, to a member of our family, "I dont think you ought to complain of having to renew, occasionally, your Rio Doce experience. That the character may be well developed we must see more than one side of life. Joys, sorrows, hardships and ease must all be blended; vicissitudes must be numerous & varied — otherwise the mind will be loaded with prejudices & unable to appreciate anything outside of a very narrow circle.["]

Chap. 9.

Once more embarked.

We learned that in order to reach our destination we were to travel up the Rio Doce river in canoes — after being landed from the Steamer on the bar. We did not then know what canoe travel would be — But — we did, before very long!

We once more embarked — on the 26th of May. This time on a Brazilian Steamer "The Juparana" — pronounced Juparanah, which was bound for St. Mathews, a sea-port town several hundred miles above Rio de Janeiro & beyond the Province to which we were bound. The Steamer would put us off at the mouth of the Doce river. We were not elated at this move, as the hurry and excitement had given us sad headaches, but we were glad to be seated on deck, at last, and listen to the noise of Steam and clanking of chains, preparatory to leaving the City. We were surrounded by friends, some from the home we

had left in Alabama — some from different parts of the Southern States, who had been pleasant travelling companions on the voyage out. Novelty was around us. Novelty ahead of us — need I say, misgivings darkened our thoughts when we knew we would attempt, for the first time, the experience of pioneer life?

Our time was fully occupied as children must be watched — meals must be eaten — & we wished fully to enjoy the delicious sea breeze — so we remained on deck as long as possible. Seasickness was apprehended — it came — and when night closed in and the Stars were out, we could not enjoy the serenity of an evening at sea; for we were suffering far more than on the *Marmion*. The Steamer being smaller, the motion was more precipitous and our Cabin being in the Stern of the boat, the pitching was more sensibly felt. Everything was neat. The State rooms were comfortable and prettily arranged and a black steward attended to our commands. The smell of oil from the machinery mixed with the odor of food seemed to penetrate the whole ship; aggravating sickness, so it was difficult to remain below any length of time.

After the horrors of the night, morning came & we all dressed hurriedly to go up on deck. The air was fresh and delicious and though it had rained and the atmosphere was heavy with moisture we enjoyed this change, exceedingly. We were pleased that the dining saloon was entirely distinct from our Cabin, — being placed beyond the machinery, midway the Ship. The Cabin for the Captain & Officers was in the forward part of the Vessel. There were two long tables in the dining saloon, well filled & the food properly cooked & neatly served. There was dried-beef called *Carna-Secca* prepared in various ways — broiled and stewed. Fresh beef roasted & steaked — *Feijaos*, which are black beans, resembling our corn field peas, in taste. This is a very palatable dish & must be eaten with the *farinha* or rice. They cook rice, not as we do, but with seasoning and sometimes flavor and color with a leaf, which gives it a pink tinge. The leaves are, likewise, laid upon the top of the dish. The *farinha* resembles our corn-meal, in looks, but the process of toasting makes it always ready for use. It is placed on the table, cold — in dishes and the Brazilians use it, mostly as a substitute for bread. They buy bread — as we afterwards, learned — but never make it at their homes.

Fanciful stands, made of China, containing tooth-picks, ornamented the tables and we, at once, adopted the custom of taking one from its receptacle, on retiring from our meals. They call their desserts *Doces* — sweetmeat generally made of the fruits of the country.

CHAP. 10th

‘Victoria’

Second night reached the Bay of Victoria — anchored in the entrance of the harbor. In the morning, just before day, steamed up and approached this ancient town, so remarkable for the grandeur of its situation. This rich and peculiar scenery was lost to us, at this early hour and we would yet have regrets had we not, a year later, beheld it by moonlight & sunrise, in all its wonderful beauty. We have never ceased to feel grateful for the privilege of seeing this picture.

On our arrival, we were still in our berths but soon dressed and went on deck to view the town, which, apart from the beautiful back-ground of mountain scenery, was plain to ugliness. Old houses, built of rock and mud — with dinged, tiled-roofs, gave it an air of desolation. The streets, which were paved with stone, more than a hundred years before, were not cleanly nor was there anything very attractive in their shops. Many of us went on shore and walked about, staring from side to side, in a very rude manner. — dont know why we felt so privileged but suppose it was because everything appeared so very different from an American town we could not refrain from gratifying our curiosity. Had we known the Brazilians better, then, we would have felt conscious of pleasing rather than offending, as it is considered a mark of good breeding with them to examine, with scrutiny, your appearance and your surroundings — making satisfactory or complimentary remarks when suitable to their feelings — as otherwise if the opinion differed.

Some were attracted by seeing females making lace, on pillows — which they did with dexterity — using numberless pins & bobbins. This edging and insertion was really beautiful & the ladies use much of it in trimming their dresses. Their pillows-

cases are made, open at each end, with lace on the edge of the hem. Little girls of all sizes have a knowledge of this art & use the pins & bobbins as nimbly as their mothers & the poorest classes make it & use it in quantities. We found industry a characteristic of the gentler sex and were often surprised at the beauty of their needle work, in homes entirely devoid of luxury & even scarce of comforts.

When we reached the mouth of the river Doce we were held in agitating suspense, until the bar was passed. The tramping on deck of the Officers & sailors — the clanking of chains — issuing loud commands &c made such unusual noise, we were anxious to learn the cause of apprehension. The Captain ordered all deadlights to be closed & passengers were sent below. Our suspense was of short duration for we went safely over, with a few plunges over rough waves and again the anchor was dropped.

We were taken to shore in small boats & when landed they returned for the baggage. After all things had been put down, we turned our eyes upon our very handsome Steamer — admired (as all must do) the exceeding grace of a Vessel with sails, upon the Ocean. How very much alone it seemed — like a bird poising upon the sea — ready for flight. Her gilded prow which “rode tilting on the waves” now glittered in sunlight and seemed to bid us a smiling adieu, as she gracefully swung a gentle motion around.

Our next thoughts were of the joy of being on land and now we will give to our readers (of our life in the Wilderness) the

Chap.11

First Picture

A sand-bar, in its great strength of loneliness, lay before us — with nothing to break the monotony of its sameness, but the breaking waves, that rolled methodically up, making a dismal, booming sound. And yet, we felt gratified — dreary as it was. Very soon our tent was stretched — Iron bed-steads, which open

& close with hinges, were set up, for our use and mattresses thrown upon them. They were painted green & were really quite pretty. Chairs and camp-stools were placed around.

Gentlemen wandered off & brought sticks, which they gathered from the ground & built fires. Iron pots were brought into requisition, to cook the black beans, which we had brought in abundance. The beans are very hard & are so easily kept as coffee or rice. We had a quantity of rice, also, and each family had a large tin-trunk, filled with crackers, cheese & a boiled ham. Our first lunch was much relished, and we enjoyed the scene as a grand pic-nic. Among those who were with us, were parties who had pioneered before & their experience was beneficial to others.

When night drew near it was deemed advisable for our band to separate — some to obtain lodgings at a house, a half mile distant — having learned we could be sheltered there. Some went on foot — others in canoes. Our family took the water route. A residence, at length, came in view — the trip was short. We again landed. Saw one of the first thatched roofs. The house had no fencing around it & goats stood familiarly near the door under the hanging eaves. We passed through the herd and entered, by request of Madame Oliveira — the lady of the house. She had an amiable and pretty face & seemed to wish us to feel that we were welcomed. Her complexion had the dark Brazilian hue, her hair was black, smooth and glossy & her dress was clean and neat. This was agreeable, as we did not expect cleanliness within while goats stood so thickly without. Some of the rooms had plank floors, but most of them were of earth. The best apartment contained a handsome French bedstead & two bureaus — One of an antique & clumsy style, the other of a more modern make. Our kind hostess did all in her power to make us comfortable and never for a moment seemed to lose her patience and she was serving us from kindness of heart, alone. We had learned they would not take any money for their hospitalities to Americans. The lady accepted small presents of jewelry & articles of clothing for her children. American goods and fashions being indeed valuable to her, for their newness. We all felt much better satisfied after having returned, in some way, this genuine kindness. Here was a true woman — gentle, retiring and benevolent & we were, at once, warmed, in

heart, towards these strangers. Her husband was Captain of a Schooner, that carried Jacaranda (Rose-wood) to Rio. We saw other men coming and going — some who seemed educated — Relatives and visitors came in — three or four at a time — attracted by the Americans we supposed. They regarded us with great curiosity but with deference & politeness. Examining our attire — all the while making pleasing comments.

There was a large coffee grove, not far from the dwelling, or *Casa*, as a house is called, and we walked amid its shade, in the evenings; feeling that we were, indeed, in a new country. It seemed strange to us to see no fruit trees around them, in a land where it grows so plentifully — but, it is the way, often — in our own country that such luxuries as are easily reached and raised with no trouble are never planted.

The great question of canoes, in which to make our passage up the river, was the all engrossing subject. Men gathered together, making arrangements & ladies wondered how they would bear the journey in this novel way. A party of gentlemen took a land route, most of them on foot — in company with Col Gunter — Mr Roussell had a number of negroes who were going at the same time — One number gone — the rest were in readiness and eager waiting.

Early, next morning — when the light was just coming in, through the interstices of the palmetto-roof, we heard loud voices, outside. The comaradoes had arranved, with canoes. We had slept soundly, though not luxuriously, as many of us used our own mattresses, thrown side by side, on the floor. We went out doors, at this refreshing hour, to hear what the loud talking was about. We observed great gesticulations from the men, who were pointing up to the clouds — heard "*muinta chuna*" — amongst other words we did not understand and gathered from this they apprehended rain and the journey must be postponed till clear weather. How this made our hearts sink! Another day! perhaps another. Yes — We were compelled to wait for fair weather.

Chap 12

Poling up the river.

Scene on the river bank — Americans stood in clusters, with Umbrellas in hands — trunks all around. *Comaradoes*, (or laborers) were there — ready to stow the baggage and people away in canoes. Chairs were placed here and there for the benefit of the weaker and elder ones — children bunched together on mats, in the bottom of the boat. A nest of tubs with a wash-board across, made a seat for one accommodating lady, who assured us it would be very comfortable but we knew it was quite the contrary. She held an umbrella over the head of her aged Mtoher, who was seated in a chair in front of her. Dear Miss Margaret, she was all goodness — Did not mind her own inconveniences, if those she loved were spared them. Friends made in this way became very near to us — At first, a tie was made, because they came, not only from our State, but our own country. On a closer acquaintance we found them true & good — Southerners in every sense — Maj McIntyre had an interesting family — Their devotion to each other & the kind and deferential attention of the boys, not only to their Aunt — Mother & little Sister, but to our family quite won our hearts.

In pioneer life the true character is shown and quite a variety of natures come under our observation. We were fortunate in being thrown with those we are still pleased to call friends — and though the seas divide us, our intercourse is continued and we class amongst the happiest days of our life, those spent in the new home, in their society. Other families from different Southern States grew to be pleasant acquaintances & sharing with us the joys and hardships of a rough life the bond of friendship will be ever binding.

But, we must return to our situation. Imagine a person seated in a rocking chair — in a canoe — with an infant in her arms — an umbrella in one hand — her feet crowded in an immovable position — Such was our condition. However, having a chair back to lean against, was something luxurious; even, if the Sun did pour its hot rays through the white linen umbrella & no hand was free, to use a fan. Owing to our peculiarly crowded condition and the unavoidable arrangement of the passengers we could not assist each other. No one was near enough

to relieve us, occasionally of the care of the baby & we were compelled to keep our seats or run the risk of being capsized. The Comaradoes sang and used their poles, with regular & uniform earnestness — taking us sometimes near one bank and then close to the other. Occasionally running upon a sand bar — then, with renewed energy pushing off. This was all the variety we had, except a few moments rest, at mid-day, when we went ashore, a little while, to rest our wearied limbs, from this constrained posture, and to eat our lunch.

The afternoon dragged along in the same monotonous manner. The dullness was changed, for a moment, when one of the children lost a hat, which the comaradoes would not stop to rescue. The lament for a little while was great as this was the seventh hat which the wind had carried to the water, for us, since we left Montgomery. We bought, at Victoria, some large ones with immensely broad brims — which were equal to an umbrella in shading their faces. These, when well tied, were not easily jerked off. The one last gone was a light straw & it floated backwards & was soon forgotten. We conversed with each other — sometimes gaily and sometimes sadly, wondering if on another day we could not arrange ourselves with more comfort, some of the emigrants, who went up, a day ahead of us, camped on a sand-bar, when night overtook them. They stretched shawls over oars and made themselves tents. Mosquitoes gave them such a greeting they could not rest. The same party lodged, the second night, in an Indian hut.

Their passage was a slow one & they had to take shelter in this humble domicile. They told us, when we compared notes, of our experience, that the kind natives showed them the accustomed hospitalities, in their diminutive quarters. A dog slept in one corner of their room. A hen was setting in another and the range, (on which they had once cooked) was given, as a bed, to a young lady, who was sick with the headache. Imagine the luxury of lying on such a bedstead — with a bag of farinha for a pillow & such inmates to the household. But — they were sheltered from the night air. The young lady with the head-ache was quite feeble in the morning. A lady of the party had a sick child — but — on the next day — early in the afternoon they arrived, in the village. Our canoe, though behind in starting, made better speed & we reached Linhares the second night

— but before we speak, in joyful terms of our arrival in the village, let us give, of our own experience in the land of the Doce the next scene.

Chap 13

Camping out Dusk on the river-bank.

The broad stream looked ashen, in this lonely hour. We were wearied and had seated ourselves in chairs, which had been placed in the tall grass, growing near the steep and rough — edged shore. Mosquitoes were irritating us. We were tired and heartsick.

The dingy little mud-hut, which reared itself amid the long, rank grass looked uninhabited, but not so.

A man and woman appeared — The only unhappy looking natives we had seen. We noticed their sober faces and did not expect the usual courtesy but were mistaken. They offered to us the shelter of their little hut. Mrs. McIn—— being an invalid accepted the offer, as we all knew she could not sleep in the night air, without injury. For the rest of us, who were well and only tired, we stretched a tent — made of sheets, spread over the boatsmans oars, which were stuck in the ground in a row of inverted V's. Our canvas-tent was left behind, for our Irish gardner, who kept it to shelter not only himself, but the baggage, which was necessarily left on the sand bar. He faithfully remained there, guarding, to his best abilities, our boxes of stores & bedding & most of our trunks — but, with his utmost care, he could not prevent them from getting wet on the sand, which was always soaked with the tide, and continued rains, which were falling during the time of their detention.

But — to return to our Camp — The mosquitoes were biting the baby and we could not fan them away. One of our little girls ran down to the canoes to get his long cloak that we might wrap up his feet.

A frightened cry, in the next moment, reached our ears. What was it that came, so painfully, to our hearts? "Papa — papa" in so wild and mournful a tone!

In attempting to reach the cloak from the outside canoe, while standing in the one nearest the shore, they separated and while holding on to the side of the boat, it pushed rapidly off, dragging the poor child down in the river. The water was twenty feet deep, at the banks, but she held firmly to the canoe until her Father, hearing her cry, rushed down and lifted her out. She was dropping wet, as the water came up to her neck - - - and pale with fright! How uncomfortable in her chilling garments! But — what joy to us, that she did not fall in, as she came so near letting the boat slip from her hands.

What a beginning! What sinking of hearts, with this distressing fright as an opening scene!

Our fire burned in a dim, disagreeable manner — giving no cheerful blaze and though we tried, all night, to dry the wet clothing, they were only well smoked and partially dry in the morning. All the trees and low bushes around us were wet with dew. The sheets, which were spread over head, were in the same dripping condition and we felt assured we were in a clime of heavy moisture. This however, was favorable, though uncomfortable, in the extreme — as we were refreshed for our journey.

The children were glad to be up and on their feet again, as their sleep had been much disturbed by mosquitoes and by the falling of one of the oars across their bed. Fortunately — none were hurt.

We saw — not far from the door of the hut, a primitive machine, or mill, for grinding cane — The juice of which they used to sweeten their coffee — None would have supposed it to be a machine — but it was evidently a very useful one to this family. Two posts were driven into the ground, with rollers attached — one of which was turned by a lever, that passed through the end. The cane was placed between these rollers and the juice caught in a *Calabash* below.

A few Coffee trees grew in the rear of the hut and near the river bank, in front, was a row of bearing orange trees. The only enjoyment we had was in eating some of this delicious

fruit, after pushing off in the canoes. We tasted sweet-lemons for the first time — found them cooling and pleasant but not so good as oranges.

Our white umbrellas were not a sufficient protection from the Sun's rays and we pinned shawls over them, making them so heavy it was painful to hold them over our heads, but it would have been more painful to do without them. The second day was only endured and when night drew near & we could close our umbrellas a feeling of real joy and unspeakable comfort was experienced.

Chap 14

Almost there

Delight again pervaded the party, when we were told, by the Comaradoes, that we were very near Linhares. As yet, we saw no signs to indicate the nearness of a town. Frequently we struck sand-bars, but as this had been done dozens of times, each day, it would be no evidence that our journey was nearly over. Snatches of songs from those dusky natives went up on the night air & though not so melodious as the notes of the mocking-bird the strains rang cheerfully on our ears. Several miles more were passed, in the same monotonous manner. The forests looked black in the distance, as the shores were, at times, three miles apart. The stars shone brighter. Night was closing more heavily upon us. We felt the dews descending. Cloaks and shawls were brought in requisition to cover the little ones who were sleeping.

Several more miles — with no variation in mode of travel, in scenery or position and no *Linhares* yet in view. We were too tired to complain. Our heads ached and we gave ourselves up to complete resignation, until a swarm of mosquitoes attacked us, as the canoes passed under the hanging boughs of bending trees. Our feelings then, were sad, beyond powers of expression. No lights yet in view. Nothing, on either side, but the forest trees — Nothing to be heard but the splash of the oars and the myriad voices of crickets and an occasional shriek from a night-bird. We were in a benumbed state of fortitude — too

earnest to be productive of sleep and our eyes were kept in a strained gaze toward the right side of the river. At length, the "glad tidings" was uttered. The fragments of song, which the Comaradoes had continued to send forth — each time in a more dismal and nasal strain, were suddenly cut short & they exclaimed — in a joyful tone — "Linhares esta ahi."

How delightful it was to hear voices, from a high bank, which we were nearing. Still more pleasant to hear directions, distinctly given in portuguese. It was a ladies voice, which we detected at once to be an Americans. Miss Anna G - - - who had been there long enough to acquire the language, spoke in a clear and fluent manner & was answered by the Comaradoes. She was directing them to another landing, a little higher up. -

We will never forget the warm welcome given by Col. Gunter's family. They had prepared supper for the weary travellers ' before nine Oclock we were resting in our new home, which he had secured for us. A walk of about a half mile, by starlight, brought us to our abode. The *Casa*, which was divided between Dr. McDade's family & ours, was one of the best houses in the village. It was perfectly new — with a tiled roof & mahogany floors. The houses were lent to us by those generous people, until we could make other arrangements. Some of them vacated their dwellings. Ours had never been occupied, as it was not quite finished & the owner had another comfortable home.

We were compelled to close the shutters (there were no window-sash) to keep out mosquitoes. We expected to feel smothered, but found it otherwise. The air was cool and pleasant. The ventilation, through the tiled roof kept such a currant of air as almost put out our candles. We slept soundly the first night and in the light of a morning sun on the 6th of June, we will present to your view — The village.

Chap 15

First day in Linhares.

A Brazilian village — unique and picturesque — Exceeding, in simplicity anything in the semblance of a town we had ever seen. The forest beyond the river, with distant mountains, in

their blue robes, only a few shades darked than the sky, marked the horizon and we gazed admiringly around, as the tree tops received the bright tinge cast upon them by the early Sun. The houses, many of them, thatched-roof, were placed in rows, forming a square around a large, green common. There were a few *adobe* dwellings, prettily finished & covered with tiles, belonging to the wealthiest class. There was a very homely building, containing a cracked bell — which rang for mass & all meetings. A few stores — a post-office & school-house, for the boys of the village — also, a moss-covered unfinished church, of all things the most conspicuous.

There were other streets — beyond this row, but the largest number of houses were seen from the Common. Suburban homes, beyond the village on the North side, dotted the borders of Lake Deavis and canoes were flitting across the smooth surface, at all hours — others tied with the Sepoy to its banks. The scenery around this little sheet of water was very pretty with thatched-roofed huts, nestled among Palms and Bananas. A walk of more than a mile brought us to this scene.

Washer-women stood in the water, beating their clothes upon boards or smooth rocks. Other linen was bleaching around them, upon the ground. Along the river banks, at the various points of landing, women also stood, engaged in the same occupation, making the clothes they spread on the beach dazzlingly white.

But we must turn from our picture of the village & its environs to see how the emigrants were engaged at that hour. Let us begin at our own domicile. There was much to be done — but the most important was the preparation of the first meal. Our breakfast was cooked at the back door, outside the house. A Coffee grove was growing behind the Casa but not near enough to furnish shade for us in our new employment and we determined to have a shelter made, covered with Palmetto. Our stove had not yet arrived but some stew-pans & an oven had been lent to us. We put up our Coffee Mill by the back door of the dining-room.

Mrs McDade having arrived only a day in advance was but little ahead of us. She too was making every effort to launch cheerfully into our new sea of troubles and perplexities. Some of our most necessary articles were boxed up at the

mouth of the river & would reach us by installments — as the canoes returned for them. In the mean time we camped — in real, pioneer style. There was no use to feel regrets at the slowness of matters. We had settled among slow people and we required patience.

We had mahogany floors — but do not suppose, for a moment that they were polished or varnished. Clean, pine planks beneath our feet would have been more beautiful to our eyes. These boards were sawed of great thickness and not smoothly planed. Stains from the plastering were all over them & one of our first efforts was to find some one to scour. We found it impossible to obtain a person willing to do so heavy a job. They were exceedingly neat in their appearance & their homes in order but did not think it necessary to scour. Most of them had earthen floors & they were always well swept. Our only alternative was to try and wash the floors ourselves.

As our boxes arrived, each one after being emptied, was converted into some article of furniture. Safes, toilet tables &c. We had neat little washstands made of iron — very light & graceful, painted green — like our bedsteads, and we soon had our home looking cheerful.

Ladies were all busily engaged and much interested in arranging their houses & visited constantly, comparing notes and obtaining new ideas from each other.

Showers fell, each day and we found the temperature of the air delightful — but, one night, during the first week, a heavy rain came pelting on our roof. The tiles had not yet been cemented — some having slipped from their places the water poured in, as though through a gutter. Our bedstead, luckily, stood out of the way of the flood. We gathered, in great haste, all the tubs & buckets and in a short while they were filled to overflowing. In the morning we dried and aired everything & had the tiles rearranged. The palmetto roofs of our neighbors were impenetrable to rain. They were cool and certainly very pretty — with deep, fringed eaves.

Each day brought with it some new trial and our pioneer experience was becoming a life of endurance rather than joy. Hope saved us from utter despair, for we could not but believe there was something better ahead of us. We had already grown

tired of the effort to make a temporary home an agreeable one and were anxious for this probationary life to come to an end.

Most of the gentlemen were searching for homes on the beautiful Lake Juparana, just above us, united to the village by a narrow, winding river, on which they travelled, in canoes. Every day brought glowing reports from some one returned, who was full of enthusiasm. Such wondrously beautiful scenery — Such rich & variegated forests — Such delicious breezes — myriads of fish — So lovely and snowy the sandy beach — so picturesque the red, clay- bluffs — & the steep, rocky sides of the glorious hills — So musical the sound of the flowing waves!! The gentlemen, just returned, from the land of promise, were eloquent and as we listened, hope bore us aloft on outspread wings & animation was restored to our hearts.

Our stove arrived, at length, and with joyful hearts we went to work and cooked, in a more agreeable style. We found that it baked elegantly — so with renewed life and energy we purpared our daily meals. Showers often interrupted us, it is true — but we would laughingly exclaim — “The *chuva* is coming down — We must rush into the *Casa*.”

Crowds of Brazilians came daily to visit us. The accustomed salutations were sometimes answered by us blunderingly & we told them “Good-bye — until another time.” When we should have said “Good morning — how is your health?” They took no offense at our seeming rudeness and still continued to come; showing the same deep interest in our affairs, each time.

Females could not walk, even to visit a near neighbor, without a servant in attendance and it was often difficult to tell which was the mistress — their complexions being the same. Among them, however were some negroes as black as Ethiopians.

Chap 16

Visitors.

They generally came, in throngs & the Americans were compelled to receive their visitors in this way. Sometimes more than a dozen would come in at one time and in a short while a dozen more from some other quarter, filling the house, so that every chair, trunk and box was brought in use, for seats.

These people had shown us great kindness and we did not wish to be uncivil but it was quite a trial to endure all this display of cordiality, mingled with curiosity. We were undoubtedly a pleasing study to those partly civilized beings. They were polite as possible, but their ideas of civility were different from ours. It was an evidence of great respect and admiration to examine our articles of dress and they begged us to show them the contents of our trunks. Examined our cooking stoves and all articles of food. Were charmed with the biscuits and light-bread — spoke smilingly to each other, with wondering expression on their faces. The younger Americans soon learned enough of the language to converse with them and this encouraged their sociability — so they continued to pour in, at all hours of the day and also after supper.

Directly opposite to our door, across the square, stood the village Chapel. The unmelodious bell rang its daily peals and every other day seemed devoted to some great Saint. Women, dressed in their best, went to the services and then walked about the village, making these days of rest and recreation & the sabbath was unnoticed, except as a holiday and on this day they usually sewed industriously, as this occupation was a favorite pastime. They were rigid in the observance of all their customs.

Occasionally the Priest was seen — with a doleful countenance — wearing a black calico robe; just long enough behind and short enough in front to expose his feet, in ragged & dusty Sandals. At each step the wooden-soles dropped, making a clattering sound on the ground. He sometimes wore a tri-pointed cap. On other occasions the smooth, shaven spot on the top of his head was visibly glaring in the sunshine. We learned that, at a future period, this priest went crazy — retired to the woods; living on roots. The Booga-Indians, (part of a cannibal race) said they would have eaten him, but he was too lean.

Our house was arranged so that it was quite convenient for two families and as the time for getting permanently settled was indefinitely postponed we tried to make better arrangements for housekeeping. Our kind gentlemen friends assisted us in making a shelter at the back of our Casa to use as a kitchen. We were screened from the Sun but not from the rain, as the

thin layer of Palm leaves, not put on artistically, was an insufficient roof. The preparation of the palka as the Natives call it is slow and tedious and many thicknesses are required in covering a house properly. It was pleasant enough to cook in good weather; but a heavy shower readily fell through & drove us within.

Hogs, goats, ducks & chickens came, from all parts of the village, making themselves quite familiar with our culinary matters. This was a severe annoyance. If we left a pan of batter on our shelf, for a moment, to turn towards the stove, a chicken would sometimes fly up & light in the midst of it. There were very few fences and none in the front of their dwellings.

Coffee was dried, in primitive style, by spreading it on the ground, previously swept very clean — afterwards, husked for their use. We could not at once adopt their manner of making coffee, which was a delightful beverage, as they prepared it. The grains are first toasted and when nearly done, sugar is stirred in and not taken off until its color is perfectly black. It is then beaten to a powder, in a wooden mortar & dripped through a coarse, thick bag. When milk is used it is boiled & added before bring to the table. This is called "*Cafe com leite*" — Coffee with milk.

Our boxes, most of them, were too large to go in an ordinary sized canoe & they remained on the sand-beach — where the tide moistened them underneath & the rain fell, frequently upon them, as the tent could not effectually keep it off. Our best bedding & our books & most valued possessions were in them. Our faithful old gardener remained, with others, guarding the property, biding their time for the largest canoes to go down, in which they could be sent up.

Our next door neighbor was the village School-master — his pupils were only boys; as girls seldom received any education in that province. After the arrival of the Americans the Brazilians seemed anxious to make a reform & began thinking about bringing their women more on an equality with men. Their position, at that time, was very far below their lords & masters & we presume they had been hither to contended with

the lot apportioned to them. But, when they saw our ladies visiting each other alone & sharing the pleasures of social life with our neighbors, unrestrained — they seemed puzzled & not unnaturally, were a little jealous. Still, their kind attentions were unabating.

The Paroquets are caught easily & the gentlemen frequently brought them to the girls and in a few hours they were perfectly tame — would light on their shoulders while washing dishes or engaged in any household work. They are of a rich & beautiful green color, resembling the Parrots, only much smaller.

Large birds are readily tamed, also. There was a great Macaw, which belonged to the Professor that walked quietly before our doors whenever he felt disposed. Its colors were red & blue. It made a very disagreeable screeching noise. This pet was killed one day by a Cow who was enraged by its bright colors. Its death created quite an excitement.

Chap 17

Society

The Professor — as we called the School-Master was very kind and offered Mrs McDade the use of his kitchen, which was so conveniently near — her stove not having arrived. The cooking range — was something quite new — having a broad iron-top, on a high oven-made of brick with open places, for the pots and kettles just like those on our stoves. There was one of these Ranges in this kitchen, quite large enough for the use of two families.

An English black-smith, named Meagher, acted as our interpreter & he passed about from house to house, giving assistance, until we became somewhat independent of him. The younger children learned the language with astonishing rapidity. Elder people were very slow. Some of them scarcely made an effort, as it was so easy to converse through a second person. And, indeed it saved us labor, as the matters of making oneself entertaining, to so many was a very serious undertaking. We

amused ourselves, when alone with ourselves by mixing the two languages, making use of prominent words in the portuguese.

The Natives were very kind, in not laughing at our mistakes and we must have made many very ludicrous ones. Every day we had occasion to remark, that they were the most polite and hospitable people we had ever seen.

The religious ceremonies are the same with the upper class here, as in the Cities & we believe all over the Empire.

It is customary, as soon as lamps or candles are lighted to close doors — Then the head of the family wishes a “Good night” to the household & to guests. The salutation is extended from one to the other. The children kiss the hand of their parents & the servants, that are around the house, bend the knee & hold out their hand, with the palm upward, for the blessing — saying, “*A bencao Senhor or Senhora*”.

All the water used by the inhabitants was brought from the river. We had it poured in *Talhas* or *meringas* — where it grew cooler after standing. We found it easy to get our washing done, as laundresses were plentiful, but it was impossible to hire a servant by the month or even by the day. We could not understand this, as there were a number of free negroes. But when we larded the reason were much amazed. They feared it would be a draw-back to their standing in *society* — They would be considered servants & had no idea of being classed as such. Owners of slaves could not spare them. So we did all the work ourselves, putting out most of the washing. Sometimes the young ladies, & children & some of the older ones who were strong & well went down to the river bank where the Natives washed & bleached their clothing. The Americans stood in Canoes or washed in the tubs on the edge of the water. The Indian women & negroes stand in the river and beat the clothes upon smoothe rocks or boards — beat awhile — bleach awhile and rinse awhile. They seem to enjoy this labor and as they do not dread the sunshine on their complexions, they live much of their time in the water — have very few clothes & almost every day they change their garments. We never saw them with a soiled dress. The commoner class wear a prettily trimmed chemise or bodice with a colored skirt. They use a great deal of the beautiful lace they make themselves in trimmings. Some-

times a lady of the higher class wears a cambric skirt with dozens of rows of rich insertion, each row being of a different pattern. They were pleased to have us admire their work & we really did — as they were very skilful with their needle.

Chap 18

The Indians

Villagers in commotion. Americans in agitation. Some in trepidation. The Booga-Indians were in the town. Ladies — some at the river bank, washing — others outside of their dwellings, engaged in cooking, dropped their employment, rushed into their houses and closed doors and shutters. These beings were entirely without clothing — wearing only a knife, suspended from a string around their neck — this implement swinging behind. Their heads perfectly bald and their skins the color of a young mouse. Their bodies large & their limbs small. The ugliest objects imaginable.

These closed dwellings contained sad hearts. Who could be contented to live where they were liable to such scenes as this. Such interruptions to their daily avocations? Hope had no entrance now. Visions of the beautiful home and its surroundings faded entirely away. The present picture was indeed horrible! We gave ourselves up to despondency, in the lowest degree. "The Father" was up on the Lake — we could not turn to him appealingly — "The Mother" was in no mood to encourage the drooping spirits of the dear ones around. We were seated, together — in imprisonment when a knock at the door sent a thrill of terror to all. We dared not move until a cheering voice, we knew quite well, asked admittance. We opened the door and a hearty laugh greeted our ears.

Dr Dunn, with eyes full of sunshine and the merriest mirth, came in; dispelling, in a moment, our intense gloom. His laugh was contagious — although the palor had not left our cheeks.

"Will they do us any harm?" was asked, at once, by despondent voices.

"None in the world," he answered. "They have no sense — No malice & only obey their Chief — like automatons or so many dogs."

"But — may not the Chief wish to injure us?" we asked.

Again he laughed — saying, "One American gun could scatter the whole race. Make yourselves easy."

In a little while the children had piled themselves in his lap — for he was never satisfied unless his arms were full & at least one on the back of his chair.

The house was cheerful once more. The window shutters & doors thrown open — as the Indians had passed through and were making a camp, on the outskirts of the village.

We continued our preparations for Supper and the afternoon wore off more pleasantly, but soon after dark, an unnatural sound reached our ears. We held our breath, to listen. Howls; screeches — yells — in a manner representing a savage song, rose on the air — discordantly — painfully — horridly — Again our spirits went down rapidly. These drunken savages were dancing through the streets, bearing, high above them, their distinguished Chief — he was not one of the tribe — but of a higher race and could speak the portuguese language. This did not give us any comfort. It would have been more agreeable to believe there was no wisdom among them. Our cheerful friend would not permit us to indulge in gloomy thoughts, assuring us, again, they could not possibly harm us. But we did not feel satisfied until we heard they would leave the Village, on the following day, after making their purchases of farinha — tobacco and Rum, which drink is called *Cashasha*.

After supper, a few evenings later, we had another terror; on a more moderate scale. We had gone in our pantry, for sugar & found that an army of large ants had taken possession of both barrels, one containing brown the other crushed sugar. They had so completely covered the barrels inside and out, there was no such a thing as attempting to dip it. We returned to the dining room and seated ourselves — dejectedly — exclaiming in fullness of heart "*Such* a country!" One of our little boys, whom we afterwards called "the philosopher" — said —

in a quiet, but half reproachful tone "Mama, God put us here." This reproof, from a child of four years was quite effective. "The Mother" must here after be more hopful & less disturbed by small annoyances. We had vexations & unexpected trials but many pleasures, withal and Charlie's admonition in those few, short words, came often to mind and we tried to keep our hearts in a state of ceaseless prayer. A great High Will, that ruled our destinies, had put us there and for some good purpose. We could only regard it as a sad mistake, in moments of gloom, accompanying privations and losses — but when a spirit of resignation came we believed it was best & we would yet be able to say, of the land of the Doce — which signifies every thing that is sweet, "Thou art not all bitterness."

Holy Palms waved around our doors, tropical breezes fanned our brows & streams around us were pleasant & cooling to the taste — but we felt that the "waters of Marah" had been handed to our lips "and they were bitter." Could we not "cast into them the tree of trust?" Would we not wait, to find them thus made sweet?

Chap 19

The first Dance

When the labors of the day were over, the gentlemen rearranged their toilets — not elaborately and the girls quite as simply adjusted theirs — exchanging one calico dress for another — braiding again their hair, wearing blue or pink ribbons in place of black. Then, selecting some large room and engaging a musician, they would have a dance. It required only a little time to gather together all the young people in the village. The first party was at our Casa in the front room on the left, which Mrs McDade used for a dining and general reception hall. Trunks, chairs and tables were placed against the wall. The Musician selected was a Brazilian woman. Her instrument was a wire stringed Guitar — called the *Viola* & the quadrilles she played were really beautiful. The effect was all that could be desired. Inspiration seized the dancers and soon the floor vibrated to elastic steps — hearts beat gaily — eyes sparkled with pleasure and merry voices, exchanging pretty sayings,

betokened happiness among the youthful emigrants. Elder ones who sat in the corners, looking on, enjoyed the scene; feeling thankful that all was so bright & cheerful. Neither Indians nor Ants could throw a shadow across this scene.

Some of the most artistocratic among the Brazilians participated and though they did not know a single figure when they began, they learned rapidly & before the evening was over, they understood the changes as well as the Americans; keeping the same measured time. They all have a soul for music but their style of dancing was very different from ours.

One of the Novices who wore a black coat & white linen pantaloons became quite inspired by the pleasant company & charming music. He shot across the floor backwards & forwards as though it were polished & as he darted by us, we heard a little girl say, in a low tone, to some one near, "Dont he look like a lump of lard on a hot griddle?" It was whispered from one to the other & the company grew gayer and faces were more smiling than ever, as the floor grew warmer under the sliding feet & the glimmer of the white pantaloons was seen through the merry, moving crowd.

In that room was assembled together representatives of many different countries, & four different languages were spoken. English, portuguese, french and german. An educated Frenchman, who was of a surveying party then in the Village, entertained us with his fine voice, while Terese the musician, accompanied him on her Viola. She was partly German and possessed the talent peculiar to her nation. Monsieur Pralontt (pronounced Prolon) the Frenchman, was very handsome & quite elegant in his manners & could speak the English & portuguese languages. The English brokenly — but very pleasantly, so he was agreeable to all. One of the girls asked him if he spoke our language — he replied "a leetle." He then asked her in his own tongue "Parley vois Francois" — she answered "Non — Monsieur." He then turned to a little boy, near — saying, in portuguese — "She says she does not speak the French language & yet she replies in it."

Manly Gunter was a pride of the Americans, spoke the portuguese beautifully, making it much more pleasant to our

ears than the Natives did. He & Monsieur Pralontt had no difficulty in entertaining each other, in the conversation that ensued.

We had representatives from any Southern States around us. Three young men, in the room were from Montgomery, Ala. — Two from Louisiana — one from Texas — one from Florida, one from Virginia, one from Tennessee. All of the gentlemen in our community were not present, as some were exploring, for homes. Georgians & Carolinians were among our settlers, — some from all parts of the country we had left and a common interest made us feel near to each other. Some lines were necessarily drawn in our little society. This came naturally enough, and our social gatherings were such as they should be. .

Whenever the explorers returned to the Village all houses were thrown open to receive them & they seemed to enjoy the meals cooked by fair hands, very much. They always brought with them some addition of wild meats — Brazilian sugar and farintha & the most pleasant kind of sociabilities were exchanged. Life in Linhares had grown much brighter but the heads of families were still restless to have a home. The younger people were satisfied with their sojourn among such hospitable people.

A mile or two from the village Senhor Calmon lived. One of the wealthiest men — & he invited a crowd of Americans to his home — sending escorts and horses for them. A few married & a good many young people went — returning with delightful accounts of the kind attentions they received. The excellent dinner — The hot sugar, fresh from the boilers. The new farinha — doces & ground-pea candy which they had, in quantities. Also Wine and lemonade. The latter beverage made from fresh lemons, growing so plentifully there. The air in all directions was so fragrant with this delicious fruit as to be at times almost oppressive.

The only partially educated young lady in the place, was Rapheilla, niece, of Senhor Calmon, who lived with her Uncle. She was very polite, pretty, and entertaining & soon won the hearts of all the girls, by her childlike manner in expressing her admiration of everything American. She visited us - often — always attended by several servants.

Chap.20

Burying the dead.

Each day some new feature in the characters of these natives and in their customs, presented itself. The most singular and barbarous was their manner of burial. The grave-yard, lay very near our door, with no stones to mark the resting place of the departed. Whole families were buried in one grave and sometimes, when a new body was deposited the gravedigger would throw out old bones or skulls, in adjusting the place for the new. One morning such a scene as this occurred — so near us, we could hear a little boy exclaim — “That is my old Aunt’s head,” giving it a kick, which made it roll over.

Funerals were passing, nearly every day — Sometimes two or three, during the 12 hours. Bodies from all the country being brought there to be placed in what is deemed “holy-ground.” The wealthy inhabitants are buried within the moss covered walls of the Church, which was never finished, but which looked as though it had been built a century before and was ruined by decay & neglect. This ground is consecrated and a certain sum must be paid if a body is interred within the walls. A number of the inhabitants always follow in attendance with long, wax-candles, lighted; which they extinguish when the earth is thrown on the body. When a child is buried, four little boys, dressed in their best clothing, bear the little coffin between them. The infants are generally laid in a pasteboard box, with artificial flowers placed around their faces and no covers to these flimsy caskets.

The appearance of the Natives was not healthy. They did not look strong and seemed to have much sickness for the population. There were several cases of fever of a typhoid form, also pneumonia. The women worked harder than the men — brought water on their heads in earthen *Talhas*, sometimes containing several gallons, while their husbands sat, smoking their *Cigarros* on the door steps, but this was the custom & their wives seemed to think it was all right.

Light rains continued to fall and as the ground under our cooking shelter was of a disagreeable consistency, like the black prairie-mud, we did not find it agreeable to walk around our stove as often as we were obliged. We had just borne a heavy

annoyance in seeing a pig of the village drag out, from under the stove our light-bread dough, we had put to rise. Our patience gave way at this, for "the Father" was to be treated with hot rolls for breakfast. He had returned from the Lake, having, at last nearly completed a bargain with old Seraphim — for his place — but as some time might elapse before our departure we thought best to try to make ourselves more comfortable in our quarters there. We determined to ask Senhor Calmon, the owner of our Casa, if we could not use one of the back rooms, for a kitchen. We saw him that day & he gave his permission for us to bring our stove inside. We were much pleased but the last rains brought their farewell scenes not be forgotten. A few extracts from one of the journals will give a correct idea of our vexations in the culinary department.

June 28th "To-day we had many trials. We are growing tired of so much rain — tired of cooking under a shelter, that only keeps out part of the sunshine & very little of the rain. I begin to think it will be delightful to have a home of our own on the beautiful Lake & see "that town" grow up around us. Papa thinks he can soon have a house built — perhaps in a few weeks. We had something to amuse us which I must not leave out of my journal. Mama called me *clumsy* to-day, because I fell in the mud by the stove. I assured her I was careful but she thought I did not step cautiously on the boards which were laid for us to walk on. One of my Sisters came out, a little while after & gave a long slide, falling on her back, getting up, with black smears on her dress. "There Mama" I said, "Some body else is clumsy" She agreed with me but I saw she could not help smiling as she turned her face away. Not long after this, she had to walk to the stove, to look after some meat, that was stewing in a boiler — and though she stepped firmly — *not* carelessly, she fell, also in the same unexpected style. On seeing *her* dress, streaked with this jet black mud I could not help exclaiming — "First person I slid — second person you slid — third person she slid."

29th This morning Pa swung the sugar barrels to the rafters & tarred the ropes. The ants will turn back, to-night & look for sugar some where else — I expect. He has also fixed our stove up, so nicely, in the little backroom and *now* we will cook, with some pleasure. It is well for us that the climate is

so delightfully cool we do not mind the heat of the fire, and we always sleep under cover. A heavy comfort is pleasant. What would our friends in the States think of this This afternoon we paid visits to some of the Brazilians — were much amused with some pet Monkeys. Those of a small size are called *Marmozettes*.

30th I could not write in my Journal, last night, because it was late when we returned from the dance at Sehor Raphaell's. We had a delightful evening, although our *band* was only a hand-organ. The music was good, however.

Captain B Yancey went over with our crowd. He came from the Lake to-day, bringing with him some fresh meat, which Ma cooked, seasoning the gravy with sage which we brought from our garden in Montgomery. This meat is much like fresh pig — is called the Pacha — has no wild taste. We have been making sausages of real fresh pork, using the valuable sage — this reminds us of old days, in the States. We like this kind of life and do not trouble ourselves about fashions.

July 21st I have not been as faithful to my Diary as I thought I would be & there is much I might have written that would be pleasant to recall in after years. We are sorry the Americans do not determine to have their plantations or fazendas on the Lake & their homes in the village. We are so well satisfied here & I fear another new-life in a mud-hut will be a hard one. Still, we are soon to try it. I hope we will be pleased. Mrs. McDade & Mama have been visiting some of Dr McD's patients, carrying them food & medicine. Sometimes we go with them & interpret, as we are learning the language faster than they. It seems strange for these Natives to have Pneumonia — but they do not take any care of themselves — trusting too much to the mildness of the climate. They sleep on mats which they spread on their bedsteads & cover with a sheet, only. The women in the lower class mostly wear low-necked dresses.

Chap 21

Washing Clothes.

25th We have been practising the Brazilian style of washing our clothes. How the girls in the States would laugh if they could see us on the river bank — beating and bleaching. We had a sudden breaking up to-day, when we saw a canoe coming, with some Americans in it. After they passed on to the next landing we returned & finished our work. We did not like the ludicrous picture we must have made & although it was very foolish to run, we hid among the trees, for a while. We really enjoy this — look upon it as a frolic — but if we were compelled to do it always I know we would object seriously.

Aug 19th Some of the girls took a ride on horseback — to-day. The Brazilians lent them horses. They are very kind to us. They seem to delight in showing us favors. Several families have moved up to their new homes on the Lake. Mr & Mrs Miller are living, temporarily, in palmetto tents. Mrs M says she is perfectly happy — Miss Anna staid with us awhile & now she has gone home. I expect we will go up in a few days.

We had a great fright one morning, last week — when Miss Anna was here. An angry Bull came roaring along just before day & startled us from our sleep — we had just composed ourselves for another nap — when we heard voices talking portuguese outside the house. It was then scarcely light — They began to bang at the door — We were afraid to get up and see what they wanted & they continued to bang. It was some time before we ventured to get up and peep out — when we did, we found it was no so early as we thought & our disturbers were the man & woman, who came every morning at that hour, to fill up our earthen vessels with water. They had on their heads the wooden keelers already filled & were much provoked that we did not open the door, for their admittance. We were all ashamed of ourselves for being so silly, but girls will do that way sometimes. ”

20th To-day, one of the screeching ox-carts came by loaded with sugar-cane and every one ran out, as much excited as if the Cars were coming. These waggons are drawn by two four or six oxen. This loud, squeeking noise, which we hear, long before they are in sight, is necessary, (we learn) to make them travel.

If the Natives oil the wheels and the noise stops the oxen will not move.

We have made some pleasant acquaintances. There are two young gentlemen, from La. one who has suffered much from getting a Cat-fish fin in his foot & is very lame. Some of the gentlemen are only exploring. Others expect to go up on the Lake. When all these and the families are settled, we will have that little town.

Chap 22

The arrival of the freight

The distant mountains were more than usually blue and the forests, rising in denseness, on the river bank seemed of a darker green. In the junction of those two streams, one broad & shallow — the other deep & narrow, was seen two colors — one of a rosy hue — from the clay in its bed — the other a dark green — from its depth and the nearness of its banks. By the sloping sand beach canoes were tied. Over the rosy river a shadow was cast. A cloud overhead came rapidly forward, rolling quite gently, as Brazilians clouds generally do, and the big drops began to fall. Half of the people that were standing there looked up — astonished at the sudden shower. These were the Americans and were seen hurrying back & forth, endeavoring to guard a quantity of dry goods from the heavy rain. Comaradoes elevated their poles, throwing over them a Carpet, under which ladies and children crowded for shelter.

The Sun disappeared, for a short time, only — and the big drops changed to a small sprinkle. The water dropped from the edges of the Canopy but the ladies ventured out, to look once more after the contents of the long expected boxes, which had just been opened. Being too heavy for farther transport and no waggons in the village, the articles had to be carried in baskets or packages to the house.

Kind hands were there to assist, among our friends — Comasadoes, also bore large bundles on their heads. Many things were badly damaged. The bedding was mostly dry and

fresh as when packed — but sad, indeed were our hearts when the array of mildewed muslins & other articles of dress — choice books &c were spread over the house. Our family Bible — the treasured gift of a dear friend, fell to pieces in our hands — the gilded edges blackened with mould; the Morocco binding thoroughly wet and ruined. Gloomy thoughts over the doom of this loved volume, gave place to some darken still, when we beheld our sewing machine, broken in several pieces — laid by, as useless. It was not strange, at that moment. The waters of the *Doce* seemed only bitter. A smell of mildew, reminding us of the grave, pervaded every nook and corner. The sensation to our olfactories was suggestive of typhoid fever and we actually felt sick. I can smell it yet & Vaults were opened to me in my dreams, that night — I travelled with friends, long since journeyed away, never to return and with them passed through marshes — breathing the aroma of mouldy clothes, meeting at every step some well known figure, wearing sepulchral garments, just distinguishable in the dim, submundane light.

Sunshine, in the morning, dispelled in a measure, our very dark & troubled feelings. We spread everything damp on the grass in front of the house — opened the windows and doors to admit all the fresh air. By degrees the smell of mildewed clothes & books disappeared. Before 11 o'clock, one of those unheralded clouds came rolling over the village, and the heavy rain-drops began to fall. Out rushed all members of the family to gather in the books and clothing. Again the mouldy smell was brought into the house and our hearts grew sick, once more.

Day after day the same thing was repeated. Spreading the damaged goods on the grass & bringing them in, out of the showers. Then — came on the process of separating the best from the worst — throwing away the ruined & bringing our ingenuity to the test in turning to some good use those things not entirely destroyed, such as making napkins for dinner and tea from the remnants of tableclothes — but nothing brought such great satisfaction as the joyous knowledge that our sewing-machine was not broken beyond remedy. Our dearly loved "Florence" was again put in order, by the skill of "the Father" who had never doubted, from the first that he could mend the machinery, which was only broken below the table.

He and Dr McDade went together to the Blacksmith shop & with the addition of zinc and considerable iron-wire, they united the rod to the wheel and mended other breaks, quite securely. All this from having a genius in the family. With great delight we took our seats and found it stitching as beautifully as ever. We had friends, soon around us, offering their congratulations, which they did most heartily, as we were not the only sufferers from the detention of boxes on the Sand-bar. Our griefs were only shortlived, for the restoration of *one* treasure, supposed to be lost, brought such real joy, our losses soon became a subject scarcely to be remembered.

Such was our life on the Doce; quite as variable in light and shadow as the landscape around, of village, forest, river and mountains. One hour merging from the mists of rain and the next flooded with the glorious sunshine.

One charming afternoon, while enjoying a walk around the Village we turned our steps towards the general washing ground, on the river banks. We watched, with our usual interest the movements of the women, battling their clothes. In this pleasant state of mind we were suddenly shocked by the presence near us, of a little girl with a hare-lip. Two long tucks protruding from her mouth, between the gash in her lip which extended into her nose. This was the most painfully disagreeable deformity we had seen. An idiot girl, who wandered about the streets & a boy & girl with the rickets were often seen, near our doors. How many more such cases would be seen in this town of scarce two-hundred inhabitants? Surely, Constantinople with its maimed & deformed mendicants, has not more such objects for its population.

We found that the bite of the mosquitoes was becoming poisonous to the flesh. The little ones, who went barefooted escaped but the elder people were beginning to suffer much. The faces & hands showed none of the effects of this poison but from the knees to the feet the places bitten became inflamed and painful. This unpleasant experience lasted, only through the season of acclimation and though one among the new trials, hard to bear, we felt assured that this too was only temporary and endeavored to be patient. All the various lotions the numerous doctors could produce were tried. Six

American physicians were in the village and one Brazilian, perhaps too many remedies were applied for the infirmity was slow to cure.

Chap. 23

New Trials and evening pleasures

Then came the experience of the horrid *biche* — pronounced *beehse* this very minute insect, resembling a flea, which enters the skin, on the feet, forming a sack of eggs. In spite of constant watchfulness they would often annoy the children & it became a matter of study & science to extract them without pain or after effects. This was a great annoyance & we thought we never could become reconciled to anything so very disagreeable & we never did — but there was so much we were learning to enjoy in the delicious climate we tried to endure with patience our small crosses. The prospect was delightful of having, all the year round, Spring and Autumn weather — comforting ourselves that we would never shiver around a fire-place, with bleak winds forcing their way through crevices and open doors. The temperature of the air was so pleasant it seemed to give energy for our labors. We covered with blankets and comforts — slept soundly & waked in the morning always refreshed — enjoyed the cool air, which changed about mid-day to the warmth of Spring-time.

Frequent showers often upset our arrangements but we were even becoming accustomed to this. We were busy all the morning, cleaning & straightening — making — each day, some new changes. Then we enjoyed sewing in a sociable way. Mrs. McDade had a Wheeler's & Wilson's Machine that made its journey without the slightest damage — Hers was not boxed but only wrapped in quilts, & tied together. It was thus carefully handled while boxes were trumbled about, without regard to contents. This was a fact to be remembered & would be useful experience, for another voyage.

The Brazilian ladies were in ecstasies at our mode of needlework & often brought their dresses to be stitched up. They looked upon the Americans as wonderful people.

We received our company in the front bed rooms — laid out some of our choice books — containing engravings, which were undamaged — placed on a table near the window a large Stereoscope with a number of views from all parts of the world. To this new curiosity the natives flocked, in numbers, & we were thankful we had a way of entertaining them, without making the great effort of conversing, in broken portuguese.

We generally used our dining-room for the common sitting-room, after supper — and it looked quite comfortable. We had brought with us a large, worsted piano-cover with green ground and wreaths of roses, which we spread over the table and placed our largest lamp in the centre. We drew our chairs around — some sewed — others read & many laughed and talked. Reminiscences of Montgomery were recalled, as we had come from the same place and were thrown together in the same house — there was a bond of interest between us, & those pleasant evenings will be delightful to recall all the rest of our lives. "*Haec olem meminisse juvabit.*" Not unfrequently, our social-hall was filled with visitors, and the Brazilian Musicians would bring their wire-stringed instruments & entertain us with music which never tired us. It was indeed very sweet. The Frenchman & Senhor Joan Calmon sang well together, both having fine voices & the select audience was always wrapt in grateful attention. They were very obliging and seemed not to weary as long as we desired them to continue.

Chap 24 —

Leaving the Village

Scene at the upper-landing — early in the morning. Slowly pushing from shore were two canoes — containing passengers for the Lake. They moved along under the shadow of the trees — while behind them, broad, smoothe and sunny, flowed the rosy Rio Doce into which emptied the narrow stream "*Juparana.*" The last house in the village was no longer visible, for a bend in this very crooked river made the farewell an abrupt one.

The Cocoa-nut-trees & thatched roof of Senhor Carlos had disappeared from view a half an hour ago, and again we were

directly in front of it. At the end of three miles our canoes brought us once more, by these singular windings, in view of the same house, seemingly, almost in stone's throw.

We passed the cleared portion of the land — the plantation and residence of Joachim Calmon — then the scene changed. On each side rose picturesque banks, surmounted by dense and tangled forests. Wild beats — gay and beautiful birds — Monkeys and venomous insects inhabited those shades; unmindful of the stranger band, in canoes below them. Quietly sat the stranger band, in those primitive boats, regardless of the denizens of the forests, so dreaded in the distance.

Step by step we were going into that new life — farther and farther from civilization — and for what? To be free from irksome dominion but slaves to hard and untried circumstances. We had not yet begun to realize our position.

This was the little stream, deep enough to carry a steamboat, which united Linhares to Lake Juparanah. This was the monotonous variety, if we can be so paradoxical, that marked our passage along its course.

At noon-day we found the Sun very hot, but did not know how very strong was this heat until we opened the tin trunk containing our dinner & found its contents as warm as if just taken from the stove. In the afternoon we submitted ourselves to fate — expecting no change, except in turning one bend, just to go down another — occasionally we straightened up a little, to catch a glimpse of a hut, with palmetto roof, on the high edges of the hill tops.

Our patience was tried by the slowness of travel, as we were poling up the current. The day was nearly gone when we reached the mouth of the river and entered the Lake — All unprepared — like a flood of silvery light, it glimmered before us, as our canoes darted out of the little river, of the deep green water. The Sun had gone down and only faint hues of its setting were left on the polished surface.

Chap 25

Lake Juparana

Beauties no art could imitate were unfolded. Its loveliness had been a theme of praise so long, we were fully prepared to meet it & none were in raptures. Some thought it was tame, in comparison with what they expected. There was not enough irregularity in the scenery. The hills were all too much alike — rising one beside the other with too much sameness. A rugged and rocky mountain, like those in the Bay of Rio — a Lijuca or Corcovado would have made the landscape complete. But it was very beautiful. Peacefully, gloriously beautiful.

Twilight is of short duration, in Brazil and the pretty, little homes on the hills, imbedded in orange trees, could not be distinguished from the forests, at the distance we were from shore but as we turned our course, from the middle of the Lake, the beach began to be discernable, even by starlight.

A little after the rising of the Moon we found ourselves at the landing of Mr. Miller who was camping on the beach, on that side of the Lake. We were warmly greeted by friends who came out to welcome us. They wished us to stop and take Coffee but as we were anxious to get home we would not leave the canoes, so our boatmen pushed right across, towards the opposite shore. Three miles of rowing brought us to *our* landing which was called by the Natives *Estaca*.

The beach was very broad and white — the hills looked high and dark and the full moon showed the whole beauty of the "Seraphim place." We could not see at that hour, the ugliness of the dwelling which we were to enter. We could only feel joy that we had landed and exclaim, with delight — "How very beautiful!" When we stepped upon the dazzling sand. The flowing waves beat the shore, just as they do on the Sea-coast — only in a mimic way & the sound was musical — the air soft & fresh.

If we had pitched tents, like the Arabs & remained right there, we might have enjoyed a pleasant delusion — out, under the shield of Heaven, in the "felt presence of the Deity" we should have gone to rest. It was then near the "noon of the night" — only a few more hours would have brought the

morning's Sun & shown us beauties magnified by a greater light, but, we did not sleep on the beach. We followed the path leading up the bank, to the door of the little hut. It stood open and we entered. A flickering light, made by a fire of sticks, on the mud floor, showed us the four, dirt-daubed walls of the apartment, and the low roof of palmetto, much blackened by smoke. One small window, opposite the door of entrance, a door on the right, leading into the next room. We had never seen anything more uninviting than the aspect around us, but we sat down, when some chairs were brought in. After a few moments silence, one of the girls exclaimed "What *will* we do — How *can* we live in such a place?" It was difficult to reply to this appeal. We only suggested that we could have the walls swept and whitewashed. At that time we only needed rest — the morrow we might think about improvements. Our light, iron bed-stead were set up — mattresses thrown upon them but as the adjoining apartment still contained some of Seraphims goods we put two or three of these couches out doors under a shelter close by the house, finding the air without more pleasant than within & we had learned by experience it did not give colds. We did not discover until next morning that the shelter had previously been a chicken roost — & the *mites* which had taken possession of it proved disturbers of repose. Fleas inside the house were tormenting also.

Our first duty in the morning was to get the whole-place swept and all the trash burned, thus destroying the mites. After old Seraphim & his wife Senorena — & his daughters Josephine & Sophie came & removed a few articles, remaining in the house, which belonged to them, old Mr Fahay, our gardner, (who had been there some time ahead of us) swept the walls — watered the earthen floors & white-washed the rooms, with some clay found on the banks, the color & consistence of Chalk. In order to cleanse & harden the floors water is thrown all over them & and when it dries it is smoothe like rock; fleas & bicho are thus destroyed.

Before evening our home was really brightened. We began to arrange our furniture, which luckily for the size of the rooms was very limited. Beds — chairs — trunks, wash-stands & sewing machine. This was all. On the right wall, as you entered the house was a little wooden cross and other Catholic symbols

which we removed and substituted a looking-glass. We tilted it forward, with a cord; placed around it some beautiful flowers, resembling water-lilies and fragrant as tube-roses. These gave a touch of freshness to all things & we thanked God for these flowers — which sprang up all around us in such rare beauty — filling the air with delicate perfume.

We will again draw extracts from the Journals. Now, "the Mothers."

Chap 26

Our Parlor

Aug 24th "Yesterday we arrived at our new home — We have at last seen the beautiful lake. Its loveliness has not been exaggerated but there is not a beginning to our new house, yet & we expect[sic] to be very uncomfortable in this crowded hut. We will have to be patient. The little Lake, behind the house, nestled in trees, is quite lovely — and the forest with its many colors is mirrored in its smooth surface. Surely, Lake Como is not prettier. If the Americans could only build their homes by magic, how happy we would be in such a place as this! Nature has done everything.

This morning Mrs Miller & Miss Anna came over in a canoe — rowed by Hunter M. It was pleasant to see them as they pushed into shore and cheerful to hear their kind voices. Mrs M brought us some fresh rolls baked in her stove. She was thoughtful — knowing we would all be tired. They told us they had never been so happy as they now are, living under thatched tents.

30th "We have been too tired, at night, to write in our journals and it is inconvenient, besides. We close the doors and window-shutters, to keep out mosquitoes and after we put the child to bed we sit out doors, around a great blazing fire and it is really so delightful, we do not care for a parlor. Some of our neighbors have visited us — after we have given them a supper in our dining room — which is also our kitchen & only a shelter, at the back of the house, we ask them into the parlor and we sit on chairs or logs. What beautiful curtains are drawn

around us! only the starry firmament. These fires are glorious. They light up the forest and the broad Lake in front and on the hill-tops and along the beach we can see the cheering lights of other homes.

We will make a practise of taking our journals every evening to write on the beach — after sundown. This new life is growing very pleasant and the work is not so hard as we thought it would be. There is so much water it is easy to wash and bleach the clothes. Old Seraphim's wife and daughters hire themselves to us, to wash the heavy pieces and they use, in addition to Soap, a weed called by Americans the Balsam apple, which they rub on the clothes, to bleach them. They dash water over them constantly & the Sun makes them very white. So we, had no use for a thirty-gallon wash pot, which we bought in Rio & brought here with much trouble.

Would not our friends be surprised to know we are wearing rough, dry dresses? But, really, they look as if they had been ironed. The strong breeze, which rises after nine every day, whips out all the wrinkles. Then — we fold & press them down putting them away, fully satisfied. When we get a table made, we expect to iron them, at present we are quite in the fashion, as every one else is doing the same way, waiting for better arrangements in the laundry department.

32d To-day we made some nice rolls. The daughters take it turn about, in cooking. "The Mother" assists in all departments. We must describe our dining table. It is made of one of our largest goods-boxes—fastened together, with strips-underneath and placed upon poles rested on forks which are driven into the ground. Our stove is at one corner of the dining hall or shelter and we take the food only a few steps — which is quite convenient. Our gentlemen friends are very kind, when they visit us — bring water or grind coffee & we prepare suppers which all seem to relish. Afterwards we sit around our parlor fire which old Mr Fahay usually makes, at dusk — so by the time we are ready to enjoy it the logs are blazing brightly & our illumination is splendid. Last night we listened to the splashing of oars as our friends started homeward — looked over the top of our highest hill and saw the Moon, all bright and beautiful, sheltering the great, bright planet, which hung below it. We looked upon the myriad twinkling stars, feeling

nearer Heaven in this outdoor life. We then entered the little hut to go to bed — forgot, in dreaming as soon as possible, the ugliness & dolefulness of our apartments — dismal indeed, by the light of a single candle. And — horrible to relate! Spiders and roaches race up and down the walls, in spite of the cleaning & white-washing — Where do they come from? They are not visible in the day. Perhaps they live in the roof between the palmetto leaves or in the woods, paying nightly visit to us — with their native curiosity.”

Sep 4th Families are getting settled all around our Lake & we hear they are much delighted with their choice of homes. We have two Physicians, as neighbors from Ala & Va. One on each side of us — one & two miles distant by water-& much shorter by land, through the forest. At the head of the Lake Senhor Raphael has a home, with great comforts & very near to him Dr Farley from Ala has settled — Mr. Davis, from La this side & Mrs Cogburn of Ala near to them, & other families, also. All the young of our Colony are hard at work making their clearings, in choice spots, of their selections & everything points towards prosperity in a thriving little town, which is to be.

Chapter 27

Our Hill-top

9th Sept — To-day we walked up on our hill, which rises like a wall, against the Lake. After visiting the location where our house is to be built, we took the path, which winds up the side of the hill. It is very steep & in some places we were compelled to hold to the bushes to help us along. We were tired when we reached the top, but were fully repaid when we looked down. How high we seemed & how very pretty the prospect was below! We did not remain long near the front edge as the side is so abrupt and steep it made us dizzy to look down. So, we turned from that view, which takes in a great wide stretch of water and ever so many hills — looked around us, to search for land beauties alone. We all agreed that our house should be built there. We selected a spot, marked out some of the finest trees to reserve for shade. But how would we get water up such a hill? or ever get wells dug? This was an obstacle which could

not be overcome. We then agreed our home should be on the spot already prepared, in the valley, which lay in such peaceful beauty, beneath us. Even the little huts look picturesque. Just beyond old Seraphim's house, rises another hill — covered with mandisca — our dwelling half way between the two — & lying behind, with the forests partially cut away in front, & all undisturbed, beyond, lies the lovely little Lake — we call "Janella da matte", which means *window of the woods*. We gave it this name, at the suggestion of one of the children.

No picture could be more beautiful than this blue, gleaming water, overhung by variegated forest trees. We saw, in it, the reflection of the landscape around and the white clouds overhead. How I wish we could paint it just as it is, and send it to our friends for it seems a pity they should not know we are surrounded by such beauties.

On the hill-top we are to have our garden. Mr Fahay and Mr Spencer have already made a clearing and are burning out the stumps. We will have vegetables & fruit, before very long, as in this country they will soon grow.

10th We have enjoyed ourselves to-day drawing plans of our house, which is to be built very rapidly, now we are told. Oh! for Fairies — instead of slow Brazilians. We want the house, we need it — we feel that we must have it. — Antone, old Seraphim's son is going to build it. He has employed other men & they are busy, getting out the timber & sepo. We are glad at the prospect. We have all kinds of fruit trees set out & we can see, in imagination, a neat, looking, thatched roofed building, surrounded by every thing pleasant & home-looking. These pictures of the future, which we keep constantly in our mind, save us from any moments of impatience. It is really a pleasure to think how comfortable we will be when we have a home, of our own planning, with so many new beauties around us. Antone promised we should have the house in two weeks. He would have many to help him & it would be an easy matter to build. But their movements are so slow, it will be months yet, we fear.

We are making improvements and becoming more settled, though we cannot feel comfortable in such a house. Still — "there is no place like Home — be it ever so humble." This is

what we thought on our return, this evening, when we neared the shore & saw our own landing — our own beach & bluff & our own lowly hut, with palm roof & clay-daubed walls. The Earthen Water-vessels standing outside the door — under the drooping eaves. The low bushes on each side & high hills right & left — reminded us of pictures we had seen of the homes of Swiss-Cottagers. With cheerful hearts we returned to our labors. We have visited our neighbors across the Lake and find them happy & industrious, although they are yet in tents, on the beach. Mr Miller is going to build, on the top of his high hill. They say they would rather have the water carried up than live below. They have four Sons — only one too small to help — three daughters — only one grown. How energetic, cheerful & hopeful they all are. Every one we meet seems happy.

Chap 28

The Roupa House

12th We really enjoyed washing clothes to-day. Our Shelter so nicely covered with palmetto, is a great comfort, quite as pleasant as an arbor, to sit under — for it keeps off the heat of the Sun & admits the cool breeze. Our tubs — wringer & wash-board are opposite to me while I sit on a little bench — taking these few notes. *Roupa*, in portuguese, means clothes — so we call this the “Roupa House” & consider it an elegant establishment. We intend having a set of swinging shelves suspended from the top rafter & keeping some of our books on them. This will then be the library, also. This is, really a delightful place to sit.

When we come down to wash the clothes, the little boys help us by washing in the Lake, bringing us water to fill up our tubs. This is great pleasure to them. Every evening, after Sunset all the children go down & each one carries up a pitcher full to pour into the Meringoes or Coolers, and in the morning it is delightful. We are compelled to have enough brought up to last all day, as we cannot drink it until it has been standing all night.

14. When the Moon is bright we do not have our bon-fires made — but place our chairs around the front door — and

imagine it is a Piazza. The ground is hard and smoothe. T'is only a few yards from the house to our little bluff, down which the path leads to the beach. Sometimes we vary our custom, by spreading rush-mats for seats, on the sand, by the waters edge. The breeze is so cool and refreshing. We know it is from the Sea. We can almost smell th healthful odor, and we love to listen to the waves as they beat, in measures, against the shore. The music is very pleasant to us — though sad & monotonous. Of what does it remind us? Of sounds we must have heard in some other world, before our minds opened in this. Of a calm pure life — undarkened by sorrow or care. They may have been our infant days, when songs of our Mother's hushed us to sleep. This is, perhaps, a foretaste of what Heaven is to be; or the memory of what it was, when our spirits, fresh and untarnished, first fluttered into this world.

These moments came to us, when sounds of day are stilled. The voice of God seems, always, to speak in the gentle flow of waters. It was thus we felt, after dreaming in a feverish sleep, some years ago, — far away — across a wider sweep of waves than this.

Like a flash — like a gleam
Of long banished sunshine,
Upon a dark stream,
Like a cadence — a strain —
Of long-forgot music —
Awakened again.
It came to my heart —
Like a peeping of light
When the grey of the morning
Stole in, from the night.

And it seemed that I heard
The low murmur of waves —
Whose regular beating
The sandy beach laves.
And it entered my soul
As a soft-falling strain —
Which, when once we have heard
We await it again.

And dearer, by far,
Is that melody soft;
That echo — like music
Which comes to me oft.

What is it? That ray —
Which flashes a moment —
Then flickers away.
What is it I've heard —
When all Nature was still —
And each leaflet unstirr'd?
That ray — ? T'is the blush
Of childhood's bright morn —
The faintest recalling
Of life's early dawn.
And, when shadows or sorrows
My spirit O'ercast —
T'is then that it shineth
That gleam of the past.

And that music, which falls
Like ripples, at play —
Mid the hush of the night.
And the hum of the day,
Is the voice that once sooth'd
My young spirit to rest —
When near to the heart
That my infancy prest.
Where is it — that heart? —
Whose sorrows & joys
Were of mine once a part?
Tis glowing with love.
Where stars are adorning
The arching above.

15th — We have had a visit from Dr Berney — of Montgomery — this week. He brought a letter from our relatives. He was accompanied by Mr. Rast. We had our bon-fire made on the front side — on the beach. Took our supper out there — Mats

were spread around, for seats. Chairs for those who preferred them. I think all enjoyed eating in that way, for our dining room was very dismal looking, at night. The cool, fresh air from the Lake came pleasantly & healthfully to us and we had no fears of its influence. These breezes are right from the Sea. Thankful, indeed are we to have them and most grateful, too, for appetites which enable us to relish our plain food.

We had breakfast, in the usual way, under the shelter & soon after, Dr B & his friend left. They are going, in company with a number of American gentlemen, on an exploring expedition, up the Doce river. They promised to visit us on their return.

There are a good many families settled around the Lake — some have remained in the village, while they are having their clearings made. And this is a wise arrangement. Mr Gunter has his home in Linhares — and his plantation on the river — not far off. Maj. McIntyre lives there also & has his land on the Lake. Some of the wealthiest among the Brazilians have homes on these hills & spend their summer months here & the rest of the time in the village. They have plenty of fruit & are generous in giving it & will also sell it to us at a moderate price, if we send for it. They will let us have a corn sack full of oranges, for 20 cts and a large bunch of Bananas — more than we could lift, for 16 cts. We have them swung up to a post, when green & they ripen in a few days, and are very delicious. The plantains make a delightful breakfast dish — baked with or without sugar. There are a great variety of bananas — some of them are perfectly green, when ripe. This variety is of a large size. Then there is a kind, a reddish color, called the "Spanish", but the sweetest & best of all is the golden Banana.

Chap 29

Visit to Dr Dunn

Sept 16th A few nights since while Miss Anna M was with us some one suggested we should surprise Dr Dunn with a visit. The proposition was accepted and we had supper about sundown — put some warm light bread — broiled birds and some sugar candy, we had just made, into a milk-pan — turned another one over it & had it put in one of the canoes. I should here say,

our pans are serviceable for almost everything but milk — as we never see a Cow. Do not know when we ever will. The children were much surprised when they found "The Mother" was going "Something is sure to happen" they said. Well — all determined not to go without her. "The Father" rowed one canoe — Mr. Spencer the other. Old Mr Fahay staid by the big fire, guarding the blaze and watching everything. We felt sure the flock at home would be well protected with his faithful care.

Our canoes kept close to shore & we know we made a pretty picture in the moonlight. A bright, silvery path lay across the Lake and a slight ripple on the water brought a myriad sparkling gems to the surface. We are not romantic, but thought of Venice and her gondaliers and felt it would be pleasant to ride on streets of water and visit, always, at that hour. Dr Dunn lived only a mile from us and the trip was soon over, but before we landed we had a consultation, as to how we should go up to his house — whether quietly or by storm? We thought of stealing up, noiselessly and entering with a shout. We remembered his fright about the Tiger & concluded this would not do. Everything was still, around the hut. We could see a small fire glowing under the shelter, where we supposed he was sitting. The Tiger or "Onca" which had been a cause of terror, came down, one night to the shelter while Dr Dunn was quite unprepared for his reception — having no gun, he placed his axe in reaching distance, barred his door with a trunk & jumped up on the rafters, above his bed, taking with him a stick of wood & tin pan upon which he beat with great force until he frightened the Tiger away. This is the way it was told to us. We had heard a singular beating noise at our house & this helped to verify the account.

A slight, crushing sound, made by our footsteps on the sand was all that could be heard. We said nothing to each other but walked right up to where he was seated, as by that time we could see the outline of his figure, before the flickering blaze. He suddenly became conscious of our presence — turned round, looking surprised and laughed outright. He was delighted to see us and he brightened his fire — putting on more sticks. We could then see the beauties of his lonely hut. A high hill rose up directly behind, on which he was planting Mandioca. "John the Baptist" is the name of the man who is working for

him. He is a real Indian — not of the Booga race, but of the American type. There are a number of his kind on the Doce. We thought the place very beautiful & the beach prettier than ours.

We gave Dr Dunn the pan full of supper we had brought, received his thanks, strolled around a little while ' then started home.

The children *said* something would happen if "the Mother" went from home & their prophecy was true — for we discovered a singular change in the landscape as we went down to the beach. There were no clouds, & yet the light was dim. The Lake and hills looked solemn & lonely. The moon was in eclipse. We sang, as we went along, and the hills echoed our voices, but the shadowed moonlight made even these sounds come back to us mournfully. When we reached home all was well — So we watched the moon awhile & then went to bed.

Sep 19th Yesterday Josephine brought us some salad or greens, seasoned with small peppers — we thought they were very nice & she told us she would show us where it grows. We walked with her, through the Mandioca, & after awhile she stopped & pointed to the ground — showing us some purslane! Nothing but purslane! the hog weed — and *that* is what we had been eating. Well! it was very nice, at any rate — So, we gathered some — washed it nicely & cooked it with a piece of bacon adding the green peppers. To make the dish better we boiled with it some dumplings, made of farinha. Josephine had also told us the polk-weed makes a good salad — so we have eaten that also — using only the tender leaves — adding the peppers. Perhaps our good appetites made these dishes seem good, for they are very inelegant surely.

We have found growing on the hill-side, some immense potatoes called the Casah, which we like very much. They look a little like the sweet potato & taste like the Irish. If we only had butter; they would be delightful but with a good gravy, seasoned with pepper, they are excellent. So we are thankful to have them — even without butter. We have many blessings & cannot complain at privations.

We have our crockery arranged on rows of shelves made of poles — which are fastened at the back of the house, under our dining & cooking shelter. Our Tea — ground — coffee — spices &c which we have in tin-cans remain out-side every night, as we have no better place to keep them. We trust to the honesty of our neighbors the band of “Seraphims” — although they walk to & from our house at pleasure. We buy farinha from them and sometimes go over to see them grind it. They have a rasping wheel, which grates the Mandioca to a powder. One person holds the root on the grater while another turns the wheel. The first part of the process is to scrape all the roots until they are free from the peeling. There is a kind of Mandioca, which is very good to eat & tastes like a Spanish potatoe. The juice which is pressed out in making farinha is poisonous & they throw it away. The women of the Seaphim house make a drink which they call Lawawbee, which tastes like butter-milk. It is cooling in the middle of the day. The roots are boiled until they are so tender they can be thoroughly mashed. The water is not poured off. The mixture is set by, until fermentation takes place. The natives nearly always keep it & hand it to their guests. They are never without Coffee and always hand a cup to their visitors strong & hot — no matter what hour of the day they go in.

It is a matter of wonder to us how these people live with so few articles of comfort in their houses. A bedstead, with a few rush mats on it — a chest — raised on something like a bench — A few three-legged stools is all the room contains. They eat and drink out of gourds. One of these gourds, sawed in two, makes two dishes or bowls. They do not grow on a vine as they do in the U.S. but on trees and it is singular to see them hanging from the limbs. They all have cups & saucers in which to hand coffee to their guests — a few knives and forks. Nothing else seems required.

Sep. 26th Pioneering and sunshine go hand in hand. All is well enough in dry weather — The sea-breeze rises at 9 every morning — so the heat is never oppressive. But when it rains it is doleful — awful! Our roof leaks, and when the water drops on our clothes it is black — or coffee-coloured. Oh! for a clean, new roof of Palmetto that has never been smoked. The Natives around us, keep mosquitoes out by

building fires on the floor & we suppose, never saw a bar until we came. We sent to Rio for some nets, as soon as we discovered we would need them. We have swung a pink one over the largest bed in the front room — a blue one over the single bed in the corner. Blue ones we have, also, put in the other "*elegant*" *apartment*. We are trying our best to give this one an air of comfort, but it is impossible. With nothing but beds, trunks and a washstand, having light, only, from one very small window, which is nearly five feet from the floor. It makes our hearts sink when bed time comes. We generally go to sleep soon & forget, in dreams, the dolefulness of our house. *****

Oct 22d "To-day we had a disagreeable time, in our kitchen. The shingles on our shelter, prove not to be waterproof. The rain poured into the tray to-day, while "the Mother" was making up bread. She moved from the table to the window, which is at the back of her room. Great haste was necessary, as the dye of the wood was of a red color & the leakage was bad enough without this addition dye.

It poured in still worse, there, so she handed the tray in, to some one and went round to the front door. She had to finish in the hut, although there was company present. She selected a spot where it does not leak and went on with her work. Rains continue to fall. The water poured in our flour barrel in the pantry, last night. We had only a cloth cover over it. Our store room is the Tent we brought with us. Heretofore, it has been sufficient protection for our provisions — but canvas is not proof against such rains as we have had lately. Our only alternative is to bring the provisions inside the house, until the wet season has passed, or until we can build a pantry. We have divided them — putting some in each room. Great pieces of Carna Secca or dried beef, are spread on the poles which are laid across the rafters. Some of our books are also piled up there, on boards — This we call our attic. The dampness in the air makes the beef drip brine in the middle of the floor & one can imagine how delightful this is in a *bed room!*" ****

Chap 30

Breaking the Palha

Oct 23d In our manner of passing time, and the daily routine, we see how real pleasure is gained, in performing duties, which without the surrounding circumstances would be irksome. Even those who feel least able & willing to work enjoy a great deal & are very happy, in spite of privations & the "homely home."

"The Father," with his faithful assistants, is building a kitchen, at the right hand corner, back of the new house that the Natives are putting up for us, and it promises to be a much prettier Casa than any we have seen. The roof, instead of being the old-fashioned gabled; is made in a point, with four sides. We are much interested in this work & sometimes go over & help to break the palmetto or palha, (pronounced pallia) finding it rather a pleasant labor. The leaves on the long stems are separated and folded backwards and when this is done and it is held up horizontally, they fall evenly; looking like a greatly magnified comb, or rather, like two, as they lie double. Three of these prepared stems of palms are tied together, placing the large & small ends together, then fastened to the rafters with the sepoy vine, leaving only six inches of the fringed ends, as the layers are put on, one above the other. It makes a beautiful and impervious roof. The palms are prepared while green & laid on the ground until dry & they then become a pretty straw color.

27th Our American friends have helped to daub our kitchen. We did the best we could to have a good dinner & supper for them & made lemonade to refresh them, while at work. They enjoyed it, as a frolic. Late in the evening we went over to see the result of their labor & were quite delighted. They had smoothed the walls with their wooden trowels, both inside and out, and the house looked quite as pretty as we expected. After that, the slow and tedious job of making an earth floor finished it all, except the doors & window shutters. Between clearing, planting & building the Americans have their time well occupied & yet seem well & growing stronger. But they find it a great undertaking to hew down a Brazilian forest, being mostly professional men & students, unaccustomed to out door labor. Only the strong will that inspires a heart full of hope & bright

dreams for a future, could bring about this state of energy and determination. We have never seen anything like it. And they are not so worn out by toils as to prevent social visits in the evening & often on the Sabbath.

Our Parlor fires are always brightly burning, after sun-down. Night hides from our vision the broad landscape of day, but a limited view of darkened trees on one side, the tent & hut on the other, makes a background to this scene, wierd and picturesque. If the dipping of our oars and the splash of water is heard, as a canoe touched the shore, the chairs are brought out & we are ready for the entrance of our friends to the common social hall.

When our house is finished just as we wish it & the comforts around us we expect & hope to have, we will feel that our home on the Lake is almost a Paradise. At present, our only drawback to happiness is the discomfort we experience in lodging, for it is hardly living, in our miserable hut. Patience is our Motto & "*expasem pouco*," the Brazilian watchword, a nettle to our impatient spirits, but we must bid our time though they bid us only "wait a little". They began their building in apparent zest and for every delay some plausible excuse is given for postponing, until another week, the continuation of the work we hoped to see, ere this, completed. Ah! well — we enjoy the pleasures of anticipation believing there is much comfort in store for us in our *home*.

30th We have pleasant accounts from our friends on the opposite shore, one of our daughters having just returned, from a visit with Miss Anna M --- to Mrs Cogburns & to Mr Davis' family. Found them in mud huts, but more comfortable than we are as they are not so crowded. Like all the other emigrants they have choice localities with great beauties of Nature around them full of pleasant plannings for the future. Their homes are near each other, about half way between Dr Farley & Mr Miller. The distance between the two latter being six miles.

Sometimes the Steamer stops outside the bar & brings us freight. Monday we received our letters from the States. Every fort-night we have a mail brought from Rio by Victoria & the carrier brings it by a land route. Some of the gentlemen always go down to Linhares to bring the letters and papers which they distribute when they return.

To-day we received a number of trees to plant which came from Rio by the Steamer. Oranges, guavas, cocoa-nuts & various other fruits.

Mr. Spencer & Mr Fahay will soon move from their temporary sleeping shelters, to the new kitchen & to another house just like it, that they are rapidly building. The last one is just opposite on the left side of the large Casa — exactly the same in size & shape.

Chap 31

Our neighbors, across the Lake.

Oct 31st We have paid a visit to our neighbors, across the Lake and were astonished to find they had done so much towards improvements. We climbed up the steep hill — held on to the bushes with a firm grasp and did not look back until we reached the top. Then we saw what an ascent we had made. The Comaradoes were at work on the house, putting on the roof — but Mr. Miller and his boys made a large kitchen with their own hands and it does them great credit. It is surprising to see how well they have succeeded in their first effort at building. The houses are made by driving poles for posts, firmly, in the ground. The rafters, for the roof are made of small poles, and everything is tied together, with a strong vine called the Sepay and no nails are used. After the roof of palmetto is on & the lathing securely tied inside & out from post to post, the daubing is done. The mortar is a mixture of clay & water — Generally a crowd gathers on a daubing day and they make a frolic of it. The Americans all help each other & succeed as well as the Natives. Two stand opposite to each other — one inside — the other outside of the wall each throwing a handful of the soft dirt at the same time. It thus lodges and sticks — After all crevices are filled, they smoothe it off, a little & when it dries, the house is built. The floor is made by putting a quantity of clay & water on the ground beating with heavy wooden pestles. When the first layer dries another is put on — & then another, until it sufficiently thick not to break under the feet. Some of these floors are as hard as rock. But we know

we will never become accustomed to them & will have wooden floors as soon as we possibly can. Dr Farley is going to have a Saw-mill — then we will all enjoy plank floors again.

Some of our friends are so far from us we see very little of each other, but we hear they are all doing well & are happy. Dr. Farley has a more desirable situation than any of the Emigrants. He bought a good house near Senhor Raphael. This house — in which he was very comfortable was burned down a few weeks since — The palmetto catching from the Stove pipe, which passed through the room. Mrs F was cooking dinner & had irons on the stove. Senhor Raphael took them to his house while they are building a new one. The Brazilians work faster there than they do here. I know — for we hear that everything there looks as if people were living. He, Senhor R has several homes. St Amelia, on the Lake, is one & from all accounts, he has all the comforts of life around him & takes pleasure in assisting his American neighbors.

We are hoping soon, to have our Steamboat puffing by our doors. Then, we can make a short trip to Linhares, when we like. And go to Rio so easily. How pleasant all this will be! We expect to have two homes — one in the great noisy city & another on the quiet lake. Our garden & fruit trees will be flourishing. We will have plenty of poultry & we will spend the summer seasons here. That is — if everything turns out as we expect and hope it will.

Yesterday afternoon, when walking towards the little Lake, the air was filled with something so deliciously sweet. We thought it was flowers, as most of them are very fragrant & there is quite a variety of jasmine — red white & yellow — but this was something sweeter still. We traced it up to a charred stump & low down, behind, we saw a great, yellow, pine apple — ripe enough to eat. We cut it close to the lower leaves, & searched around other stumps finding several more. We took them home — cut off the tops & the shoots below, saving them to plant. Then — we peeled & sliced them, sprinkling sugar over them — covered the dish, & in about an hour they were floating in a clear syrup. We all enjoyed our supper & are glad to know that old Seraphim has planted pine apples all over the place. He says we will find them all growing behind stumps.

It is well for us that we can get fruit as often as we do, for we eat salt meat every day & only occasionally have fresh. Whenever our neighbors have Pacha or Poska du matter, or Conti — they divide it with us & we do the same when we have it. But our daily, breakfast & dinner dish in Carna-Secca, dried beef & which we soak in water, at night, some times tying it to a post in the Lake. We cut it in small pieces, boil it until very tender — then season with black pepper — sometimes adding the little green pods — make a gravy — & think it a very good hash — We, also, fry it sometimes. The main staff of life is our dish of *fejoes* — black-beans, which we put on, early in the day & boil awhile, throwing away the first water then continue to cook, until sufficiently done. We use toucinha — bacon, to season — adding the peppers, also. We are cooking, just as the Brazilians do, — but they do not make flour bread. They make a dish, calling *peron* by stirring in farinha with boiling water until it is stiff, — seasoning it with salt, only. We have improved on this, by adding eggs & black pepper & it is, really, very good. The Natives are always admiring our bread. They seem to smell it as soon as it comes out of the stove & they come over to see it, knowing we will always give them some. They bring us whenever they make them, some of their Tapioca cakes & spiced farinha balls. The name of the latter we cannot yet pronounce.

Chap. 32

The rising waters

Nov 1st The sandy ravine which has united the large Lake to the little one, is now full of water, rushing & tumbling & we have log crossings to go over to the other side — It is so deep & rapid it is necessary to keep a pole in our hand, long enough to touch bottom — as we feel that we would lose our balance. A large quantity of fish have been caught in baskets, in this new stream & we have roe in plenty. We mix it with farinha & fry it & it is almost like an egg-omelet. Yesterday evening, while standing in front of the stove, having just taken out some rolls, beautifully baked, which we consigned to the box or cupboard, a roaring sound was heard. Night seemed to have come suddenly. It was only the darkness from a hurrying cloud which,

in a few moments, sent heavily on our shingles, a torrent of rain-drops — each drop as large as a saucer (?) We stood resolute — determined not to forsake our post — The fish roe was not yet sufficiently brown — The rain might pour — but we would not move. Streams began to flow down our shoulders & we began to shiver — but we would not go in. Another stream & Then another, each one colder than the last. We looked up, at our shingles — (the great American improvement) — & a dash of water came in our faces. This was only a temporary arrangement — The boards were only laid on & kept out the sunshine — Pioneers always forget the rains. It is true, when the Sun comes out & every thing is dried and aired we do not regret the showers that are past — but when we suffer all this discomfort, we rail in heart against temporary arrangements. We wish for a good house, a comfortable home & all conveniences necessary for living.

We had just concluded to take off the frying-pan, when our stove made a leap towards us, like an angry animal — its red-hot coals glaring like fiery eyes through the door — We jumped backwards, against the wall of the house — looked at each other, in silent surprise. What did it mean by such an attack? The rain, which came down in such great force, had washed the sand from under the four blocks, which raised the stove from the ground — When the blocks rolled over down it came, lighting on its four feet, about a half yard from its original position — After gazing awhile, at this singular spectacle, we took the frying pan off the stove, which had not been upset, put it in the box which was water proof. Then we left the kitchen in disgust — Went into the house through the window — then received additional drippings from the coffee-colored rain, which fell within. Lamentations went up — with sad complaints against the Slow Brazilians — who *would* not finish our house. We all felt like crying — believe some of us *did* shed a few tears. After awhile the rain ceased — we put on dry clothing — ate supper & went to bed.

2d This morning our dining room floor was well washed — The ground more pleasant to walk on. Our stove is again put up — better than before — another dinner has been cooked on it & we rejoice that it is one of the best of stoves — Bakes & boils just as we wish. We have plenty of fish, now. Our neighbors,

the two Doctors came into see us this morning & were much amused at our description of the leaping stove, & the drenching we had. We could tell it cheerfully, to-day. Such troubles do not worry us long. While the Sun shines, we live very pleasantly, on Hope — but when it rains, not a beam of light comes in our hearts. We would be glad to forget we are human beings, as our accommodations would be poor for cattle, in a country where they are properly cared for. Wish good weather would last now — until we get into the new house but, as this is the rainy season & it has but just begun our patience is to be much tried. When we were in Linhares we had the season of showers — Now we have floods. After this, comes the hot, dry spell — *Antone* was telling us, to-day, that when it stops raining the Sun gets so hot it sometimes set the roofs on fire — the leaves on the bushes dry up & the ground burns the feet &c.

We noticed a twinkle in his eye, when he told us this & we concluded he was quizzing us. He made many gestures & told us it was the truth — “*e ’verdasde*”. He has tried to frighten us, by accounts of the Booga Indians — saying they sometimes come up to the settlements & steal all the Mandioca, but others tell us *Antone* has told stories — so we will not believe his reports unless we please. *****

Chap 33

“Janella du Matte”

17th We have taken our journal once more. — to add a few notes. They are “pencil sketches” — for we have only written at times, like the present — in the open air — with hills and trees around us, giving a cheeriness to the feelings — For a while the rains have not been so abundant. The world around us looks very beautiful, now. The stream flows gently. We are seated on its banks and like this quick flow better than the rush & tumble when it was so full — Then it was dangerous. Now — the children wade it, in places. How happy they all are now & seem to enjoy living from morning till night. Tis pleasant to hear their merry voices — Some are fishing, in little Lake Janella. “The Father” has rowed a boat full across the Lake to our spring on the opposite bank. If that cool spring was only on

this side we would be glad; but it is so far off we seldom drink from it. The water must be purer than that we get from the Lake. It is in a shady quiet spot but it is *not* on this side & there is no way of bringing it over.

Miss Anna Miller is with us. It is pleasant to hear the laughing voices of the young people who are scattered around. They are gathering flowers, such beautiful & fragrant flowers we have, in every direction! Some as delicate & perfect as if raised in hot-houses.

Three immense birds have just flown, searching, over head. Their colors, scarlet and blue. I think they are *Macaws*. Yesterday we had a *Toucan* for supper. The colors of this bird were the richest gold & black. They would make beautiful trimmings for hats. The Monkeys are always quiet in the afternoon — & in the morning they chatter very loudly, carry on debates — sometimes in angry & sometimes in pleasant tones. And yet the gentlemen kill & even eat them. It seems like cannibalism.

Chap 34

Hours after night-fall

18th — The children are using their “Books of Record” as a matter of improvement. They study, also in spite of working — bathing, fishing & playing. Our notebooks are not used often in the evenings. No wonder — as night is usually the time for journals & also

“When labors close

Tis sweet to gather round the weary head

The curtain of repose.”

When drawing our “bars” around us we do not experience the feeling of delight usual to the weary, on laying ourselves down to rest. On the contrary, we go into our hut with reluctance — dreading the hour of bed-time — wishing, with a full heart, that morning had come. Again, we say — No wonder — for this is our nightly programme. When supper is over, we enter our hut — light a candle (we do have the luxury of star candles) First we take the little ones through the accustomed

trial of ablutions — then examine feet for the *bicho*; nearly always finding & extracting some. When this is over they are soon at rest. No other insects except mosquitoes bite us at night. We then have a few moments time (while the baby is making the last struggling efforts to go to sleep) to look around our room. Our eyes fall first at the corner, where we have a tier of tri-pointed shelves — There are books, neatly arranged on one. Some pretty shells & work-box on another. A tumbler of flowers on the uppermost. Now — that is a very cheerful place for the eye to rest — Close to these shelves is the door, which opens on the right, into the next room. On the other side of the door is the Sewing Machine. It is closed — and covered with a dark cloth, and, the table, (at this hour, so called) holds the only other articles that brighten our dismal looking room. These treasures, silver cups & pitcher, as well as the candle sticks were gifts of friends, now far away. In looking at these we are saddened — though the room is cheered a little by having them there. By the only window, which is at the back of the room, stands a large, yellow trunk. It literally stands — for it is raised on blocks to prevent ants from making nests underneath. (This is a precaution universally used.) Behind the front door is a large, red meringo or water cooler. Between this and the machine is our pretty little green iron-washstand. The rest of the room is occupied with beds. After all — this is not so very dismal. The white-washed walls which are yellow by day, look cream-colored at night & this is pretty enough, for a mud hut. But — alas! roaches & spiders come out from the smoked palmetto & promanade up and down the sides of the house, quite careless of our presence. There is no remedy for this evil so we must only grow hardened to this and other annoyances — until our term of probation is over & we pass our first stage of pioneer life.

When the little ones are all asleep, if the weather is pleasant we go into our out-doors parlor & remain an hour or so under the stars — return again into the hut — then comes the last scene on the programme, before getting into bed, each night. Salves, lotions & bandages are brought out to bathe & bind the wounded limbs — none having escaped the poisoned bites of the mosquitoes, except the little ones. With great care we wind the strips of linen from the ankles to the knees. That portion of the body being the only affected region. It has been a matter

of enquiry — why are the children who go bare-footed exempt from the poison? Another thing has surprised us much — that the insects most troublesome to house keepers in the States are never seen here — and we do not have flies. Mosquitoes, & bora-shuta's (which are stinging gnats) & the bicho take their place — Though perhaps we have as many mosquitoes in the U.S. as we have here only these seem more poisonous to foreigners.

20th We must speak of one real luxury, which we daily enjoy, our morning baths. In this delicious climate we dare to do what, in the home we have left, would be dangerous to life. We are not afraid to get out of the bed & walk right into the Lake. The sand is white & clean and the temperature of the water tepid. We often go in just at sunrise & more frequently in the afternoon. We have a little nook in the bushes, for a dressing room — each one, as she finishes the bath, goes in, changing the wet wrapper for a dry one — Then, throwing a shawl around our shoulders, we go up to the house & dress — feeling strengthened for our day's coming labors. We can truly say, it is the greatest comfort we have ever enjoyed and is a full recompense for the disagreeable conclusions to each day.

The Natives are very fond of the water. Women swim like ducks & throw their infants out into the Lake, when scarcely more than a year old. So they are expert swimmers quite early in life. So much of their time is devoted to washing clothes, bleaching & battling — it would be a cruel change if they are transported to a region where there are no Lakes or streams.

Chap 35

Washing little breeches

from —————'s Book of Record

Oct 11th "I wish so much I could keep a journal and write in it, regularly, like my other sisters — but some how, I am always so much occupied with other things more interesting that the pages of my Diary are nearly as clear as when first bought. I began, in good earnest, on the Ship but ever since we've

been on land I have neglected my book. Father bought each of us one, just alike, bound with red-leather & we thought we would fill them with scenes, of travel — but *I* have made a slow beginning. I make many resolutions to write but as soon as I take my pen, find my mind wandering in the woods for flowers or darting around the Lake in the little boat & so it goes. I put up my pen & book & go off to see if my ginger has come up then walk in some new part of the woods, to see what curiosities I can find — thinking I certainly will write when I go home, & then I will have something to tell. A few days ago something happened which I *must* write & am determined not to put my journal away until it is done.

I saw a picture on the beach, which I wish I could have sketched but this is a talent I, unfortunately, do not possess. — This rough life we are leading, brings out our real characters & shows us qualities we never observed before. I have discovered one of my sisters is romantically inclined — *She* loves to write in *her* journal. Well! She had some washing to do, which she postponed as long as she could — so she made a desperate effort & got the clothes down to the “Roupa-house” on the beach. Whenever I have to wash I take the Brazilian method — tuck up my dress, and walk into the water but this sister of mine won’t do this. It does not, according to her ideas, *look well*. She prefers doing things in style & uses a tub with a wash-board to scrub on. Each of us wash for one of our little brothers. Well — my romantic sister had a pair of Willie’s little breeches before her. Her bonnet was thrown back from her face — she was gazing intently towards the west, where the Sun was sinking, beneath the horizon, giving a crimson hue to the water of the Lake, making a gorgeously beautiful picture. I cannot tell where her thoughts were, but one hand, in the intensity of her feelings, convulsively grasped a bar of turpentine soap, while the other rest on the little breeches, all covered with soap and water, spread out, full length & breadth on the wash-board. I looked at her, for a while in silence, & then most rudely cruelly called her mind from the crimson & purple tinted heavens back the wash-tub, by asking her how much washing she had done? “Oh!” she exclaimed “that sunset is so *grand* — so *beautiful*! I wish boys did not have to wear pants or that they did not have to be washed or that I loved to wash clothes like you.”

It was then too late for her to finish her work, so she concluded to tie them together and swing them into the Lake until morning.

Chap 36

The Rice Story

Again I have something worth telling to my journal — but what would my romantic sister say if she could look over my shoulders? She would tell me I am exaggerating — that, it is not half as bad as I make it, but I am only going to tell the story, just as it was. It was her week to cook. She was very busy around the stove — at rather an early hour for putting on dinner. The carna-secca & fejoes were not even prepared for cooking — I believe the carna-secca *had* been soaked & cut up — but nothing else was ready. She washed a large dish full of rice & put it in a stew-pain[sic] on the Stove. I passed along, wondering why she began her dinner in this way. She did not like to be teased about her cooking but I suggested that it was a queer time to put on rice. She replied, in her quiet way — “You see I am going to cook a little more to day to save for supper. I will put on more for dinner.”

This amused me — very much — cooking supper first & dinner afterwards but this was her style. I passed, *accidentally*, by the stove again a little later — only a few minutes, perhaps & saw her washing more rice, rather hurriedly too, I thought & she poured *that* in the same stew-pan. I went off then, without saying anything but knew I would come back, after awhile & have something to see. But when I found myself, interested, watching a canoe coming around the point forgot the rice & the Cook, till I heard Mother exclaiming in surprise & I then remembered the *rice*. I rushed to the shelter saw the cook looking blank & Mother much amused — She was dipping the rice out — dividing it between two stew-pans — We then went in the house — waiting to hear another call from the Kitchen — as we saw the rice was not half done & it already filled two pots. It was not long before we peeped again, at the Cook's face — we could see, through the window — she looked flushed & provoked — “Well” we asked, “do you want us to

come out and look at the rice, again?" She nodded her head — so we proceeded, again, to the kitchen, and lo! the rice had risen high above two pots — still not done.

Bring us another stew-pan we said & dipped out enough to fill a third — all of very large size. "How much rice *did* you put on?" we asked. The reply was — "I really dont know — I poured it in that large milk pan & guessed at it." "Very well —" I answered "We will have plenty of rice to last some time. Keep up your fire and let it cook — as it is not near done." This is a fine joke — I said to myself. We will tease her about this". We sat down again — Mother at her sewing & I took up a book — seating myself where I could see — out of the window. Occasionally, I would look up — presently, I saw the perplexed cook, lifting up the tops of the pots & then she turned her eyes towards me. "Come again" she exclaimed, & I laughed, hard enough — Again we rushed to the scene of distress — The last stew-pan was brought out & filled with rice & that rice continued to boil up, until it fell out, all over the stove and showered on the ground. Finally we dipped from the top of each pot the large milk pan nearly full — We stood & dipped it out as it boiled and rose. At last it was all done. But what to do with it? was the question. All our tin pans — & large dishes, including the soup-tureen were used to stow it away. The little chickens gathered around — glad to eat rice. That very day one of the Cooks friends — Capt D Yaney took dinner with us. The first question we asked, was "Do you like Rice?" When he said "Yes," we told him we had "oceans" — but for Sister's sake we did not show him all we had — only begged him "not to be bashful as we had plenty" — Then — such laughing you never heard — & he was so curious to know why we were so much amused we had to tell the whole story.

Chap 37

Daily avocations.

From - - - - 's Dairy, one of the daughters.

Oct. 3rd This morning a canoe arrived from Linhares — Several gentlemen came ashore. Such an event is always pleasant but the coming of our Steamboat will, of course, create more excitement than one of those little boats. To see the smoke

& hear the bell will startle us from our quiet. But — will it ever ring? Our visitors were Mr. T. Gunter & Dr DeYambert. They then went on with Maj Storrs to his place, which is several miles above us.

The young gentlemen of the Lake are talking about having a dance at the house of one of the Brazilians. They want to know what we think of it. We believe it will be pleasant.

I cannot help thinking, from all that is passing, that such a life as this is far happier than one of fashion, forms and etiquette. I, who have only attended childrens parties, in the States cannot judge but think it is delightful to have them as we do, without being troubled about our style of dress. A colored muslin or a neat calico can be worn at our "sociables." 5th The place selected for our future home is very beautiful. In front of us will be the large, & magnificent Lake Japaranah. Behind the loveliest little Lake we had ever seen. On one side is a stream, which will, when the rainy season comes, flow from one Lake to the other. On the opposite side is a hill, a large portion of it covered with woods. We will be surrounded by beauty. We hope the house will soon be finished that we may begin our improvements. Antone, the head workman, says he will soon finish two rooms for us.

Wrote some letters to-day, also washed some clothes in our elegant Roupa house. Did not mind this labour much for it is so easy to wash and bleach with so much rinsing water & so many conveniences, in our cool retreat. Then, too, hanging to the rafters, are swinging shelves, on which we keep our books and it is very agreeable to be fanned by pleasant breezes with a good Book to read. But I am sorry to say I do not love to cook. The novelty has long since worn off and I sigh when my turn comes; would be glad if I liked it as well as my other Sisters. This may be what they call *romantic* — perhaps it is but I shall never grow to be an expert cook when there are so many things more pleasant one can do. I know I shall be happy in our new home, when our trees are bearing — our garden flourishing and we have the servant our Father has promised to bring us, from Rio, when he goes.

I love to watch the canoes with white and fluttering sails, glimmering in the Sun, as they skim over the silvery sheet of

water before us. 'Tis pleasant to notice any new improvement. The Americans are beginning to use Sails and the Brazilians are following the fashion.

Later. I am now seated on the banks of our dear little Janella. We love this little Lake, which is all our own, in its frame of forest trees & the little canoe which rests on its quiet waters. This too is our own and we are learning to row ourselves. And Oh! It is so charming. We like to canoe, after sunset, with our hats off — to get all the breeze.

The sun is now hidden behind the trees but the crimson light is in the sky giving the same tinge to the water. The scenery is very lovely — but the prettiest part of the picture is the little boat, which contains a happy load of five. "Our Father" with fishing line in the water — children, also with poles in their hands. My merry sister, whose head rises a little above the others enjoys this life now, very much & thinks it a great pleasure to fish but she loves to work as well as play. How very pretty her sunny hair, between flaxen & gold. Her fair face fairer still in this pink light, which covers everything. Now she is looking over this way, thinking, perhaps, I am sentimental, or imagining myself grown but she does not know I am wrapt in admiration of her & this lovely scene around me.

6th Once more in my cool retreat, having set the table for supper. The wind makes pleasant music in the palm leaf root over my head. The Roupá House is almost as pleasant as a summer arbor. If it were not built on the sand we might plant some of these beautiful and fragrant vines around it that are growing every where in such abundance but I believe it is better after all to have the sweep of breezes without the vines & we can enjoy the flowers in our daily walks and we always have some rare ones ornamenting our house. —

The great Lake, which is always grand, shows itself in a new light this evening. It is getting cloudy — a cool breeze is blowing and the waves dash angrily against the shore, as if to imitate the Ocean.

Our washing is lightened very much, for we give old Lenorena & daughters all the heaviest pieces — sometimes they do the work here, but usually take it home. They make the clothes very white.

7th This is the Sabbath. We have not the music of Church bells, and we cannot see crowds passing, on their way to the house of worship — Our surroundings look just the same as in the week, but there is something which reminds us that tis Sunday and we try to regard it as Gods Holy day. We know it is the day of rest for we do not hear the sound of axes. The seventh is hallowed in this way and always by visiting — and we all think this is right, for it is a recreation to those who labor in the week to see their friends and to tell of their progress.

I am going to try and see if I can like my duties better — perhaps I may cultivate a fondness for washing pots — scouring with soap and sand and then scrubbing so hard on my fingers to get the smut off. Do not mind cleaning and brightening the tins because we take them to the beach on the clean white sand and can look around at the beauties of Nature, and see everything that is going on, if there is anything to see.

We went over, yesterday, to the farinks house, as old Seraphim's place is now called. Josephine and Sopie had made some rag dolls and the children were so much pleased with them we bought some with dumps or copper cents.

These dolls are very ingeniously and curiously made, with hair made of thistle down — some golden some brown and flaxon colored. The dresses were neatly and prettily made, and showed more taste than we believed such people would have.

Chap 38

Baking a Monkey

Monday, 8th Heartless, cruel it seemed! for we had seen it before death and the sad cries were ringing in ours ears. We had seen it looking at its little hands and showing them to us, which were stained with blood, from having pressed them to his wounded side. But Father said he and Mr. Spencer wanted it for dinner. How could they eat anything that looked so like a human being? That too, where they believed in the Darwin theory. But they said they would and cut off its head and hands. Then — when they had gone, we arose to attend to the task of cooking it — having prepared no dressing, whatever — We

asked Willie if he would not push the pan in the stove — small as he was and boy, too, he shrank from the task — so the grief was mine to put it in to bake; clamming the doors hurriedly, which instantly flew open again. Again I shut them not quite so forcibly and they remained closed. I then rushed off to return no more until I heard an exclamation from “Father” who came back to see how the delicate meat was cooking. Lo! he had drawn it forth, brown and dry, withered and distorted — looking like a headless and handless mummy. Its ludicrous position which made him laugh, saved us from his displeasure at allowing it to dry up.

10th. We are burning out and clearing a place for a front yard. It has been dark and rainy a part of the day.

11th. Another plan has been made about building the house; the comaradoes say they have no oxen to draw the heavy timbers and not men enough to lift them, so they will make only two rooms on each side of a hall instead of three, and add two more afterwards. “Father” has at last bought out the whole place from Seraphim. At first he would only sell a part of the land.

In our rambles on the borders of Lake Janella we found to-day some lovely little flowers to press. Then, in the grove, we found a tree full of blossoms, like orange flowers, of very sweet odor. There is a large variety of Jasmine, of every color — the sweetest is a dark crimson. There is much of the yellow.

13th. About four O clock this morning Father returned from Linhares. He went down with Maj. Storrs who was on his way to Rio. “Antone” has made another postponement and the gentlemen are going over to Dr. Johnsons to help daub his house. They all assist each other.

14th. In our walk along the beach this afternoon, we went where we had never been before, although it was on the edge of the woods and we had often passed the place, where so much beauty was “wasting its sweetness.” and flowers blooming “to blush unseen.” We said we expected ours were the first American feet that had pressed that soil. In one place there were a good many trees together, forming an arch overhead. Underneath was a carpet of brown leaves; and sweet blossoms hung

on the boughs above us. We thought this would be a good place for a Pic-nic it was so cool and delightful. We discovered something very much like amber on a tree. It looked like the gum of the peach, only it was very hard and beautifully clear. We brought some of it home, believing we had found a treasure. Along that part of the beach is also some beautiful white clay as white as lime. Nature has given us many helpful things.

The children are having slight chills. Quinine is in demand. 15th. The beautiful substance resembling amber proved not to be a very precious but a useful article — It is excellent to kindle our fires and we use it as we would light wood. There is also, something we burn in the same way, which looks like rosin and it is dug up out of the ground, in lumps.

We took another walk this afternoon to our beautiful arbor. 23rd. Quite a number of Brazilians stopped here to-day on their way from somewhere above us. While they were getting out of their canoes we counted them and they were twenty-one — men, women and children. Our mother did not enjoy this rush of company as two of her little ones were sick but tried to endure it with patience and politeness. The men remained out doors and the women and children scattered around, some came in sitting on the beds, when the chairs were all used, while a few walked about, out doors, examining our stove and contents of the dining shelter. So this style of manners we have become accustomed but we have often wondered why they do not notice *our* customs and imitate them, for it is very plain that we are admired by them and they are trying to be like us in every other way. Some one suggested that we should go in a body or rather a volley and pay them a visit and start at once, to inspecting & peering around. But the idea was so ridiculous we could only laugh at the absurd picture. These natives are kindly curious and not rude. They do not mean to be impolite. They wish us to know they are much interested in our manner of work and living and this is the way they show it.

A few of these people we knew in the village and we could have been more cordial if they had come alone. The pretty Rapihella was one of them and we were really glad to see her. And we noticed that she behaved much like an American; she

was pleasant and smiling but dignified. We are making ginger preserves, from our own ginger-roots. We hope to raise a good deal.

26th. More chills — We do not like the idea of sickness in our colony, but we hear of a good many having chills.

Father shot some wild muscovy ducks this morning — one was killed the other wounded. He says he is going to keep this one, amputate its wing and tame it. This evening it rained and the air is oppressive — we have no breeze. Mr. Spencer has returned from Senhor Carlos' having bought provisions, turkeys, and ducks. Our poultry yard is increasing.

28th Monday Senhor Carlos, his wife, Donna Marie, and son Master Auguste came over yesterday and spent the day. Dr. Johnson took dinner with us, also and was much amused at our Mother who found it so dull entertaining her guests. They spoke through interpreters, which was more convenient and less tiresome than to make an effort at conversation when Mrs. Carlos understood no English. Dr. Johnson expressed his sympathies, at the table and Mama replied — "You are right — it is very irksome." But our guests did not understand what they were saying and it seemed strange to see them looking so unconscious. We have the advantage in this respect for while we are learning their language they do not care to learn ours. Only a few seem to try to speak it.

Terese and Ellie Miller, also, spent the day with my little sisters. Their brother Hunter took them home, late in the evening and the Lake was quite rough; a strong breeze having risen — We felt uneasy, but watch them until they were safely landed on the opposite shore. Senhor Carlos had a large Canoe and negro oarsmen — They were so late in coming after their Master that we began to be uneasy lest they would have to stay all night, and we had no place for them all to sleep. We were much relieved when we saw their boat coming. This couple are aristocracy and, really good people. But we feel quite sure that we can never know any of them well enough to feel warm friendship for them.

29th. To-day Mr. Spencer went on another expedition for poultry &c bringing back a Turkey, two pigs, some fejeos, and also

some banana trees to plant. The gentlemen have returned from Linhares, who went after the mail — bringing us letters and papers and a large bunch of splendid ripe bananas.

Our wounded duck, with the amputated wing, looks quite as contented on the water with the other ducks as if it had always belonged there. We love to watch them, swimming on the water — hope to have some geese, after awhile.

Nov. 2nd. Friday.... It has been dark and rainy, yesterday and to-day rained steadily last night. We seldom have a wind storm. Our rains are heavy but gentle and yet, when we hear it falling, as the cloud comes across the Lake, it makes a rushing sound, as if a tornado was sweeping a part of the forest away. It grows louder and louder and at last falls on our roof straight down, without any wind at all. We are not deceived by this in the day time, but at night there is something solemn and even fearful in this "meeting of the waters." The visit of Mrs. Carlos afforded us much amusement. Not so much at the time, for it was a dull day, but afterwards, whenever we thought of it we laughed a good deal. The evening walk, our Mother took, with her guest, she will hardly forget and now wonders why she should have been so abstracted. Mrs. Carlos wanted to see something of the place and both walked silently along, until they reached the new house. Then Mama remembered that she had forgotten to take one of us along to interpret. After seating themselves on one of the sills, she looked towards the little Lake and asked, in portuguese, if it were not beautiful. There was nothing else she could think of, to open a conversation. To this Mrs. Carlos replied and then added a great deal more only a portion of which Mama understood. So she became restless and proposed starting back to the house. They arose and returned, then gathered up a crowd, continuing their stroll; next time towards the Farinha house and the rest of us carried on the conversation. Came back and seated ourselves on the beach to wait for the coming of the Canoes.

Chap 39

The following scrap from "the Mothers' " portfolio will show how the mind naturally turned, after such digressions from

the usual routine of life and how the scene of cooking a monkey affected those unaccustomed to such seeming bar — barities.

The Monkey's Council

One morning while seated on our rustic bench; under the shelter of our Roupa House, I found myself busy with a thousand fancies, listening to the songs of bright-plumed birds, that hopped from limb to limb, on trees close by — inhaling fragrant scents of flowers, gazing at snowy clouds and blue patches of sky that lay mirrored on the glassy lake, so near. It is not surprising, that, in such a bower, imagination whirled off, in the vagaries of a dream and wood-sprites darted out upon the lake, poling their way around these snowy islands, in tiny and grotesque boats, then, leaping ashore, were lost in its fleecy whiteness by their own colorless robes but this little fairy scene was of short duration — no longer than one breath; for the momentary reverie was broken short and I was brought back to the realities of life by a touch upon my shoulder — very light and the tip end of a stem of palmetto grazed my cheek. Turning round I beheld the queerest figure that had ever passed before my vision, but cannot now describe it, as my eagerness is too great to repeat what he said. His accent was very peculiar and his voice a little harsh but he made me understand that if I would go with him to where the monkeys hold their meetings I would learn something very important. He had lived with them and had learned their language and could act as my interpreter. I had often wished to understand these debates, which at this hour every morning, we so distinctly heard and I accepted this proposition.

They were just commencing their earnest arguments and we walked hurriedly, making our footsteps lighter as we approached their camp. My sensations were very peculiar, while watching these "kinsman of ours" seated around, in a circle, quite a number of them and in the center one standing erect, on a stump, speaking and gesticulating, with great earnestness. Another arose when this one seemed exhausted and was even more eloquent than the first, though with a weaker and more efferminate voice. Then — all stood up and made a simultaneous jabbering, with fiendish grimaces and each one pointed in the direction of our house.

For one moment my senses were blurred and confused. In the next the severe truth broke upon me, with a startling shock. Growing suddenly cold, my heart beating rapidly. I felt that I was fainting but my guide, whom I had forgotten, led me hurriedly off, sprinkling something pungent and aromatic on my face, which instantly restored me.

Once, out in the open air of clearer woods, away from this terrible scene, he said, in his queer, harsh language so near English as to be understood "I am a friend, and have given you the means to defend your family. These monkeys are enraged that the gentlemen of your tribe have killed the belle of their village; while she sat on the bough of her favorite tree, eating her lunch of fruit and nuts. This is the second death from their fearful guns and they will not endure longer such atrocities. The murder of the lovely Marzotina must be avenged, and they are plotting against you. Can you not devise some plan by which we can appease their wrath? Can you not give, as a recompense, one of your own children? This has been suggested as the only arrangement of peace. This was the subject of the morning's-debate."

Again the coldness and faintness came over me. Deathly sick, with horror and apprehension, I found myself falling and gasping for breath; endeavored to scream, but my heart seemed to have grown as heavy as a mountain of lead and my arms hung powerless at my side. One faint utterance, at length, was made and — I was awakened from a Darwinian nightmare, not in the Roupa House, but, (a shade before dawn) in the mud-hut.

It is a happy state which usually follows sufferings endured in a sleep, but there came on them, a train of waking reflections, not the most pleasant, but less painful than those of the torturing dream. Who knows but these were veritable facts. That these angry debates, if interpreted, had just such a meaning. So much like human beings, with a language and customs of their own — with sympathy for each other. How natural that they should feel a just indignation at our cruelties. Shall we treat them as animals? No-no- Heaven never intended they should be eaten. We shall not turn ourselves to cannibals. We *could* not eat a monkey.

In considering the life of plants that breathe, enjoy and perhaps suffer, we often find ourselves wondering if we are not causing pain, while ruthlessly tearing from their stems some of the beautiful and fragrant flowers that delight our senses every day, but this thought comes momentarily and is gone before we acknowledge to ourselves that plants *have* sensibilities and souls like our own. They are so different from anything gross or earthly, we cannot give them feelings others than what the angels might have — wholly ethereal. They could not suffer. There is nothing in human beings resembling flowers, except that they live and die, and we cannot claim relationship with them. Animals and birds, that we eat, have their succession of trials and joys and many pleasures have been cut short by the gun of the sportsman, yet, man does not mourn at all this cruelty, for God gave them to him for his own use. But we cannot help believing, from all we have observed there is a link between our race and that of the Monkey. When another one is served up on our table we will expect to be chained, imprisoned and perhaps garroted by the incensed tribe.

Chap. 40.

Moving the Roupa House

Nov 5th. We have found a tree loaded down with ripe fruit like large cherries. The children climbed the tree and threw down quantities. They are delicious and we are not afraid to eat them for Josephine tells us they are good. The name is *Gromeshama*. Our new-found fruit makes delightful pies, and all think they are better than plums or cherries.

The water has risen beyond our Roupa House and this morning Mr. Fahay & Spencer took it down and carried it over to a high bank on the little Lake, making a better shelter, with the same poles and palmetto roofing.

This evening Father shot some Parrots, one was slightly wounded, which we have caged. We have saved the feathers of the one that's killed. It seems a pity to shoot them for we do not like to eat them. They have a strange wild-taste (even if first parboiled).

6th. We have been to see our new Roupa or wash-house and are charmed with it. It is so strong and well built. Trees, thickly growing; interlaced with vines grow around it, making the place entirely private, so we can use it for a dressing room when we go in bathing, and the sloping sandy beach is right in front of the door. There are pole-benches on which our tubs are placed and we have others for seats also. This shelter, which will remain here, is only a short distance from our new-house. How we wish it was finished and we had moved in. Why can't these comaradoes hurry?

7th. This morning we enjoyed a most delightful bath, in Lake Janella, using our life-preservers, as the water is deeper near the beach than it is in the large Lake. We then went into our new shelter, in the nest of trees, changed our bathing costumes, hung them on the bushes to dry and then talked of our enjoyments and concluded to forget our discomforts and lay up a new supply of patience, in waiting for our new house.

We have heavy showers every day. The sun comes out and as the soil is sandy the walking is more pleasant, but we are having too much rain. The stream is much swollen, and we have to keep log-crossings to go from one side to the other. We are catching large quantities of fish in baskets and having a plenty of roe. The fish are mostly small.

9th. Yesterday we had rain — to-day also. Chills are increasing — no other sickness that we hear of. We have been enjoying some fine Irish potatoes and onions we received from Rio, intended for planting but we are eating part of them. We sometimes make cake and fruit doces, but very rarely. These things are indeed luxuries. We considered some small-hominy quite a treat, which Mrs. Foster sent us, although made of the yellow-corn.

10th Mr. and Mrs. Miller came and spent the day. They are keeping well, on their high hill and are fast getting settled, in real comfort, in their new-house. We sat on the beach to-night, in the moonlight, the change was pleasant — being no clouds — no rain fell to-day.

12th. More rain. The children are still hvaing chills but they do not seem to be much sick. As soon as the fever is off they go to play.

13th. Father took a boat load of the family on Lake Janella last night. We went across by moonlight. It is nearly clear every evening. The reflection of the trees in the water was beautiful. In looking at the back view of our homes we saw what seemed a new picture. Now, and then, a cloud obscured the brightness of the moon but even this we liked for when it came out again the scene seemed lovelier than before. The surface of the Lake was slightly ruffled. The drowsy hum of insects was heard and the oars made sweet music in the water — an occasional note, from a night bird; these were all the sounds that breathed upon the stillness of the air.

14th. Wednesday Today took my first lesson in paddling and guiding a canoe.

We learned, to-day, through the gentlemen that the Brazilians intended inviting us to a grand entertainment Christmas. There will be general festivities. If we have our Pic-nic or one of the Americans give a dining we will not go down to Linhares.

18th. This morning Capt Johnson stopped on his way to Rio. He is going to bring back a number of negroes. Father is very anxious to go and is only waiting to see us in the new house. He expects to send us back supplies and bring with him a new boat which will hold all of our family. It will be a real Sailboat. He will also bring window sash for our house. The comaradoes are again at work.

Chap 41

Searching for Picnic grounds

Nov 29th. A party of us the Mother included paid a visit to Dr. Johnson last week. He invited us to spend the day. Capt D. Yancy and Dr. Johnson rowed us over. We had a delightful trip around the point — The distance is a mile, only, by water. The morning air was cool and pleasant. We found the place very much like ours. The beach much the same and a stream uniting the great Lake, in front, with a little one behind — Hills on each side. The house was large and high though it had only one room. A double house, built for the negroes which Capt J is going to bring from Rio, stands across the creek. Mandioca grows on the hills and everything bears the marks of

improvement and the place is all new. The object of our visit was to select a place for a Christmas Pic-nic. The gentlemen took us in canoes around the little Lake, to look at various points. We found them all so beautiful we could not say which we liked best. This little Lake is larger than ours and has five points, extending from it, like so many Bays or Coves. On looking down from the highest hill it is said to be a perfect representation of an outspread hand. The largest and shortest Bay making the thumb. We went up and down some of these fingers — got out of the Canoe and walked about among the trees, which near the banks, are of thinner growth. We rested ourselves in one of these cool spots and thought this place quite suitable. Then returned to the Canoes and went towards another bank — finding other places, all equally attractive and cool, and any one a suitable place for a Pic-nic. It seems strange to think of having one in mid summer, on Christmas day. I will continue the account of our visit another time.

30th The immense trees, are many of them, wrapped with great quantities of the sepoy. The vine, itself, sometimes growing to a great size, almost like the trunk of another tree. Parasites live on trees in such numbers as seriously to injure them. Parties come from England and other countries to get them and sell them for large prices. They do not fade but remain boxed up, without losing their beauty. They look like beautiful wax plants, with most delicate colors — usually pink tipped with blue. They have no fragrance and are dry and brittle to the touch.

When we returned to the house we had good appetites for our dinner, which was cooked by an Indian woman and our table was — well — who could guess? The front door, taken off its hinges, placed upon two trunks. We enjoyed this kind of hospitality, for it was a nice, new door and quite large enough for the company around it.

Just after dinner it grew dark, with a coming cloud, pretty soon the rain drops began to fall on the palmetto above. It was pleasant to hear the sound on a new roof, which we knew would not leak, as ours did. We thought it would be only a shower, so we interested ourselves looking over Dr. Johnson's library and admired his Book-case very much. It was made entirely of poles with a table below for a writing desk, making

it quite complete. The afternoon wore off, and it rained — rained — rained.

We watched the falling crops with great anxiety as we were compelled to return home even if it did not clear off. It had set in, indefinitely, so we prepared to go, under umbrellas. The gentlemen so carefully arranged their confederate overcoats and shaws around us, after we were seated that we did not get much wet. Of course, they had the full benefit of the rain as they rowed the boat, but did not seem to mind it and we enjoyed the trip back, only we felt sorry that they were not so comfortable as we were.

When we reached "Home" we were glad — and I thought of an old saying my nurse often used — "Home is Home — if it is a homely home." Ours was homely enough with its walls and floors of dirt but true, kind hearts were within, waiting to give us a welcome who had, in spite of the rain and dripping room, prepared us a supper. Hot tea and Coffee tasted well, after our damp ride. It stopped raining soon after we arrived. This we did not expect and some blue sky came out, then the landscape was all lovely once more as the Sun was not yet down.

Dec. 8th To give an idea of the gratitude of our neighbors — we must tell that our Father treated old Seraphim through a spell of pneumonia and when he was getting well, sent him egg-nog every day until his strength returned. His bed was only a rush-mat which was placed on a bed-stead, made of rough boards, nailed together like a broad bench. His only covering a sheet, and the nights are very cool. None of the natives use quilts or blankets. They are queer people. After this attention from our Father, which he give him, without any hope or wish for return he shot one of our pigs that went into his Mandioca patch without trying to drive it out or giving us time to pen it up. Then — Sophie, his daughter, came over and said — quite coolly, "Your pig is at our house. We have killed it. Go over and get it." They did not seem to think there was anything wrong in what they had done. Next day we had fresh pork for dinner.

Chap 42

Christmas Dinner at Mr. Miller's

Dec 26th The Pic-nic was given up and yesterday we dined at Mr. Miller's. The Americans looked very happy, seated around the well-filled table, with just such a dinner as one would have in the States. A large roast Turkey the first we have eaten since we came here, was relished by the guests. Then we had a nice dessert of cakes and doces, from the fruits of the country, pineapples, bannanas, etc.

They are very comfortable in their new house — so cool and pleasant. They look settled now. The prospect is grand and beautiful from their hill. And the Lake seemed larger, as we would see farther up than on our side. A rain came just as we thought of returning. It continued till dark so the ladies staid all night. There were not as many at the dining as we expected as some could not go and several gentlemen went down to Linhares to the festivities. Dr. Dunn took dinner with Mama.

A very polite invitation, written by the Frenchman — Monsieur Prelon, was sent to our family. The compliments of all the villagers were given, through him, and they brought a large canoe, all the way from the village, to take us down. We felt very badly about refusing, when they had taken so much trouble but we preferred dining with our American friends. Our Mother wrote a note expressing our thanks and regrets.

Some of these canoes are of immense size. We have seen one, belonging to Senhor Raphael, wide enough for a man to lie in it cross-wise-and long in proportion. This canoes are all made of trees, which are cut and made hollow, called dug-outs. They use no other boats.

This is my fifteenth birthday, but the first time it has come in mid-summer.

Our house progresses slowly. A clean new palmetto roof is on and two rooms are ready for daubing.

Jan 16th A good many gentlemen have gone to Roe de Janiero. Father has at last gone. He went with Dr. Dunn. Some of our friends have just returned. Dr. Farley thinks he will soon have his mill in operation and we can have plank floors, and we will

feel as if we were living. When our books come we expect to study an dread more, but even with our other duties we now have time to teach the children and they are improving.

Everything seems changed and sad since our Father is gone and the spirits of our Mother need cheering. She is suffering with inflammation of the eyes and has to wear a green shade over them to protect them from the glare of the white sand and the water. She thinks they are much better since they were cauterized but believes she would be cheerful if whe could sew or read.

We feel this separation from Father, more, because we are in such an unsettled state and we cannot hear from him as often as we wish, the mails are so slow, or rather so far apart. We are not yet in our new house but two rooms are nearly ready for us and we all agreed that we could stay in this little hut a few weeks longer.

Everything *is* changed—there is a strange dullness and stillness about everything, for we miss our dear Father's voice and are constantly looking towards the new house, as though one could see him.

We are all listless. The hot dry weather has come. The sun is scorching. The ground burns our feet, through our shoes and the children cannot run on the sand for it blisters *their* feet. The sea breeze which rises after nine saves us from baking. The vines and bushes are turning yellow. Our vegetables (the few that have come up.) are killed with the heat. Corn crops have failed and to-day an egg was found cooked by the sun. Antones' prediction may yet be true, that our roofs will blaze. The natives say there has never been a season like this, before. But we are several hundred miles nearer the equator than in Rio de Janeiro and we would expect some difference. There the climate scarcely changes through the year, so we have been told.

Poor old Mr. Farhay is lying sick in the pretty little house which was intended for our kitchen and dining room. If it were not so far from our present home we would have been using it. Mr. Spencer is having chills.

Jan 19th I am seated in front of the hut. The children have brought up their pitchers of water — a pleasant breeze is blowing and the Sun is down. Have taken my Journal to write a description of the Tournament we had in Linhares, in which Americans and Brazilians united. There is a heavy feeling in my head and I have no powers of description — so I must postpone, until another time, an account of our pleasures.

Chap 43

The Tournament

Jan 20th We went down to the Village and were treated with great hospitality by Mr. Gunters family — where we staid most of the times. Our American friends in the village were all attentive. There was quite a number of visitors. The Tournament came off at the appointed time. The riders looked splendidly. The victorious Knight was a Brazilian. He had the best horse and the best lance. We all knew the Americans rode just as well. We were pleased to tell our Mother on our return, that one of her daughters had been crowned Queen. We enjoyed very much a walk to Lake Dearis, which is as peaceful as ever, with its humble homes around its borders. We had two dances which all seemed to enjoy. The first at Senhor Calmons' in his very pretty new house, just built and finished in an ornamental style, painted white and with a tile droof. The second at Senhor Raphael's. Could think of many things to relate that were pleasant but am too dull and stupid.

Old Mr. Fahay gets no better. We have him all the eggs as he likes nothing but batter cakes, eggs and tea.

Feb 9th Yesterday Mr. Fahay died. His body was taken down to Linhares last night. His death has cast a gloom over us. I feel so tired I cannot write more this evening.

Feb 11th We walked over to the new house this afternoon. Could not bear to go by the new kitchen. The awe of death was over it.

Feb. 12th Another scorching day is drawing to a close. The strong seabreeze is fanning the hot earth, cooling it and making

waves upon the water. The lake is ruffled from shore to shore and a boat I see near the opposite bank is riding the mimic breakers, beautifully. But, although the scene is all very lovely, nothing seems as bright these days, since the weather wilts and tires us so. Our energy is gone.

Our Father had sent for a guitar for our musical sister which arrived, with shoes and other useful articles — but the instrument is not a good one and we are disappointed. But the shoes were excellent.

Feb 14th St. Valentines-day. Also one of the family birth-days. No especial way to commemorate it but we are gloomy; for we are yet in this miserable hut and have not the hope of having more than two rooms of the new house now. These workmen are the slowest and laziest on the Lake, I know and are always making promises.

Mr. Miller's builders went right ahead with their work and did not stop until they had finished his house.

We are sick with impatience — tired in body and spirit. Will copy in my Journal a few lines I wrote on my return from Linhares, feeling real pleasure as we entered the Lake and turned homeward.

Oh! Lake Juparanah — once more.

Thy blue waves dance into the light.

Again, upon the sanded shore.

Thy waters dash, with gently might.

The evening breezes fan my cheek.

They kiss my hot brow o'er and o're.

I feel as if I heard them speak.

That I am welcomed back once more.

How different are my thoughts now, from then, when my heart was full of thankful, joyful feelings, and I really loved this beautiful sheet of water. Now, much of the charm has gone. The langour we feel has taken away our enthusiasm. We so much need a few heavy rains.

We still have our sea-breeze and cool nights and for this God be praised. We cannot be well or we would not feel too weak to take pleasure in anything. We must here add a word to

this page of the Diary, about the peculiarity of the climate. Even then, when the Sun's rays and long drought had parched the earth, withered the vines and even cooked an egg upon the ground, we were quite comfortable inside of a hut or beneath the shade of a tree. It was always delightful under the Palmetto roof of the new house. As soon as the sun went down we were sufficiently cool; always drawing a sheet and spread, sometimes a quilt over us at night.

A cottage, built after the American or English style, with verandahs, would be, on the banks of Lake Juparanah, a home of great comfort — for, even in the huts, with no shade around them, we never suffered from the heat; such is the influence of the wondrous breezes. The Brazilians always cut down the forest trees, leaving the ground perfectly clear of every shrub, for at least twenty yards, in front and behind. They are afraid the trees might fall on their houses and yet we found that wind storms were of very rare occurrence.

If the Americans had remained and carried out their plans there would have been homes of great beauty around that lovely sheet of water and they would have had their yards ornamented with fruit and forest trees. Arbors enwrapped with fragrant vines and flowers of native growth would have been their evening retreat and our settlement would have been a little Paradise but "Man proposes and God disposes."

The Rio Doce Colony was located nearly four degrees north of Rio de Janeiro — being that much nearer the equator, the heat is more sensible felt. Yet, we had reason to believe, from various statements of the natives that this was a remarkable season, and we say, now, (after a return to this country) that no climate can compare with that of Brazil for uniformity and pleasantness throughout the year.

Chap 44

Dark Days — The Fever

Now, comes on a lapse in the family Journals. The Book of Record from which these pages were copied was laid on the shelf, the evening these last notes were written, and the hands

that placed it there, on the following day, were burning with fever. That dear head was throbbing with pain, which had felt the dullness and stupor, by degrees, coming on. There was something in her eyes which told us she would be very sick and our fears were not groundless. The anguish of the "Mother's" heart, when watching by that bed none could know — the anxiety — the dreadful fear of calamities ahead—the dark suspense, came on, like a sweeping storm, that had been preceded by stifling, sultry hours. The weary days, just passed, of stillness and grief were ominous of what was to come. All joy had now left our Home — *Home* — Could we call it by such an endearing name, when our shelter was a Hovel? Yes! It was all the home we had in that great body of land. It was ours. Loving ones were clustered together, with a great joy, in common, of being near each other and one great sorrow, that the dearest and strongest was away.

For five days and nights the poor sufferer passed through different phases of delirium, without sleep. Our Physician kept her head cool, by pouring water upon it and constantly fanning the wet towels. We were far out of the way of such luxury as ice and he did not permit the fanning to cease. With Dr. Johnson's skill and constant care and Miss Anna Miller's kind assistance in nursing, the crisis past and our joy was great, beyond utterance to know she was, at last, better.

After the state of convalescence came on, we could recall many things which were amasing but, at the time, painful. One afternoon, while we were sitting by our daughter's cot, which was placed directly in front of the door, she exclaimed "Oh! there is a Ginger-cake."

We were not surprised, living as plainly as we did, that her fancy should have brought before her, even a ginger cake, without the appetite to eat it. "It is — it *is* a ginger cake," she exclaimed.

On our telling her she was mistaken, she answered, positively

"But I am *not*. It *is* a ginger cake."

And she pointed to a square piece of board, which, covered the earthen water-cooler. We held it before her—then made her

touch it-but she could not be convinced. In the sudden changes of delirium her mind had caught some other idea, and this delusion was forgotten.

At times, she would imagine she heard her Father speaking. Once she exclaimed, "I know it is his voice: Why don't he come in?" When we told her she was mistaken, that he was not there, she answered,

"Mama, I know his voice *too* well."

"Did your mother ever deceive you?" I asked.

"Did I ever deceive you?" she replied with great emphasis. Ah! Those were dark days, but we can look back upon them, now, without sorrow, even when we think of the pitiable condition in which we were placed, with entire absence of comfort for the sick.

In order to keep the mosquitoes out and still admit the breeze, we tacked the breadth of a mosquito bar around the door-sills, leaving the door open, day and night. We came in and went out through the only window, which was opposite and so small, it was troublesome to get through. The children were put to bed in as quiet a manner as possible-and if little George cried, after going to sleep, as he sometimes did, from mosquito bites, his Sisters took him up immediately, carried him down on the beach, sitting in the starlight, until he was asleep again. Thus passed that wearing and anxious week. Miss Anna remained a constant and devoted nurse. One afternoon some of us went down towards the beach with some clothes to wash. The Seraphim family were sick and we could not hire them to do anything and had no other resort but to make an effort, ourselves.

When we reached the deepest sand, I sank down on my knees. The attempt to walk through its depth made me feel a sudden inability to move farther on. And, in my weakness the fountain of dried up tears gushed forth. The arms of a sympathizing child were thrown around my neck, who shared "the Mother's" griefs and would have spared her all care. But, this was a mutual sorrow. The fear of losing, by death, one so very dear to us, to be buried in a land, almost of barbarism,

came terribly to our minds. Twas well the spirit, for awhile, give way. We needed this outburst from the aching heart.

We took up the clothes and began to pour water upon them, when a canoe darted around the point. In a few moments Capt Johnson alighted. "A friend in need" he came; to tell us he would send us a servant, to cook and wash for us, as his negroes had arrived from Rio. The women were capable of doing any kind of work. This was welcome news and we thanked him most sincerely. We were in a fit mood for the deepest gratitude.

After that we had our meals cooked and clothes washed by an able negress. We were greatly relieved, as every one became daily weaker and more unenergized. The death of Mr. Fahay which has been mentioned in the Journals, shocked us very much, although we elarned from our Physician he could not recover he did not think he would die so soon. The poor old man had received an injury on his lef, from a shell, during the war. Was nearly cured when he went to Brazil but had, for the past few months suffered from renewed inflammation. This was the real cause of his illness. Inactivity & indifference to the greatest rules of health had at last caused fevers & then death.

Mr. Spencer was very feeble, taking quinine to break chills, at the time; but — he said he would go immediately after assistance from our neighbors, if some one could watch the body. Perhaps we all turned pale at this thought, if not, we felt so, but "the Mother" should not go alone, & any one of the number would have accompanied her. One only was sufficient.

The memory of the picture, we made is with us yet, as we sat in gloom, under the shelter of the new-house (one half being open at the sides, like a large Piazza). We had taken, for a bench, one of the sills, near the centre. About ten or fifteen feet from the corner of the building, was our beautiful kitchen, (which we had hoped to be using before this.) It was now the abode of Death.

Chap 45

The Watch

Its dread, grim presence was there and we would not enter. There was something too awful in the thought. We remained seated — listening and watching that nothing should come and harm the dead. The lonely hills, inhabited by wild-animals, which rose on each side, were very near. Beasts of prey might become conscious of what was below and seek to enter the house. We thought of all this and remained there — looking towards the door and waiting for the return of the canoes. The Lake grew rough and the Sun went down and still no one appeared. We could not account for this, as the distance around the point was so little. There was some detention, we were sure. We called to some of the children and when they came we sent them to ask old Senorena or one of her daughters to stay with us. The moon rose and still we were alone. The scene was very solemn and we were growing lonely and filled with awe. After awhile Josephine and her Mother came. They looked in, upon the body, and then suggested we should make a blaze under the shelter to brighten the place. We agreed and they gathered together chips and sticks which were lying plentifully around, and built a fire. Then came old Seraphim and he too walked into the room speaking in jesting tones to the poor man, lying dead. "Send for candles" he said. It was not yet quite dark but we sent for them and he lighted up the house. Cold chills ran over us, to hear him laughing and talking, so carelessly, at such a time. This was something novel and awful. Watching the dead and in *such* company. We were much relieved, after awhile, by the coming of two canoes. Dr. Johnson and Capt Yancy came bringing several negro men. The Lake was so rough, they came near being swamped and had to go back till the breeze lessened and the water grew smoother. When they came to our shelter we returned to the hut and the gentlemen there superintended the last attentions, to the poor old man. Everything was properly done and before day, his remains were on the way to the village, where they were interred the following afternoon. A gloom was cast over us by this event which we could not throw off. We did not like to look towards the kitchen for although without superstition we too felt the awe of death was over it. We have sometimes thought that the mysterious dread of such events is

increased by the solimanities of funeral rites and believed "The pomp of death is far more terrible than death itself." But here had died a poor sufferer, without relatives, who did not wish to live. His life, from months of pain, had become a burden. No hearse with black and nodding plumes had come to bear his remains to the grave; no train of carriages followed behind, with mourning friends. The only road, upon which to travel, was the water of the Lake and river. The only vehicle to carry him away was a canoe and by the light of a cold mid-night moon he was placed in his rough hearse. Nursery fears of darkness, ghosts and goblins had never been one of our childhood's troubles, but there was something in the remembrance of that evening under the new-house shelter and the night followed which made us shiver. So it was not the "pomp of death" that brought these terrors, but rather the entire absence of ceremonies. We could do no better and yet felt that it resembled barbarism.

It was with much difficulty that a coffin could be made as boards were scarce and the only method of making them was with a whip-saw.

In one week from this time came the sickness in our own family which has been already described, and the new grief and anxiety made us forget the scenes, preceding. Every feeling was then immersed in one. But, God heeded our prayers and in the fullness of our joy we tried to praise Him. He had "heard us in the day of trouble."

One after another was stricken with fever but these cases were all less severe. Still, in our watches, the great anxiety, the fear of coming trouble presses heavily upon us. "The Father" was still away and the difficulties attending the bearing of mails seemed to have grown worse and we could not hear from each other. This anxiety made our other troubles greater. Provisions were growing scarce and our living was very hard. But the poor fare would not have troubled us so much had not the invalids needed suitable food, which was no where in reach.

Wild animals were destroying our poultry each night. They entered a strongly-made new-dirt-daubed house, with a good door. They found their way through the palmetto roof breaking the leaves and stems apart. Sometimes a mink would cut the throats of the ducks and chickens and then run off. We

would then cook and eat them. About the time our poultry was most needed we had none and our friends tried to get young chickens for us. Capt Johnson succeeded after going to every house on the Lake, and, for good Soups, the invalids were sometimes indebted to him. All the gentlemen were having chills and becoming discouraged.

At last we were told that two rooms of our house were ready.

Chap 46

Going into the New House

The floors had not been finished as only one layer of beaten earth had been put down. But, we concluded to move over. It was the second week in March. One of the twins was sick. Mr. Spencer carried her over in his arms and put her in the bed that had been prepared. Some of us remained forwarding and others went over to receive. Four comaradoes came to move the stove, which they expected to lift on poles. We told them the stove was not so very heavy, and that such great strength was not necessary, that they could carry it in their hands but they thought, being iron, it must require great exertion to move it. So, they put the poles underneath, two men on each side, raised themselves from their knees and the stove flew up so high it turned up side down and fell to the ground, breaking off two doors. It was thus seriously damaged by the stupid Natives, who could not be made to understand that a hundred pounds of iron was not heavier than the same number of wood. But, we did not have time to lament. We hurried with our moving and by night were in our new home, at last. We looked, high up to our new, clean palmetto roof, with great thankfulness. The mosquitoes had ensconced themselves in the house and we were terrible bitten, so we did not rest in our new rooms but still were glad to be there. There were no windows or shutters and no doors. We fastened heavy, rush mats, from the top of the frames, which we rolled up, half way, in the day, and they looked very pretty and kept the house cool. We hung up and rearranged our bars the next day and all slept better that night.

One of our last terrors in the old hut was caused by the appearance of the Tarantula, on the walls. This venomous Spider was killed not far from the head of one of the beds. We saved it for exhibition and it was the veritable Tarantula. A few nights after, another was killed on the wall. We found Spiders, already, in our new house. So, we knew we could not avoid having their visits occasionally.

Every day we became a little better settled without doing anything towards real improvement. We could make our sick more comfortable with airy bedrooms and plenty of space. We wondered, every day, how we could have existed for nearly six months in that horrible, little smoked-roofed hut. We rejoiced that we had the use of even a portion of the new house. The kitchen which we then used, was large enough for a dining-room, also and we made a new table, by putting our nice top (made of boards, nailed together, with strips underneath) on two barrels. It was quite level, and with the cloth spread and the dishes on, it looked comfortable. The stove-doors had to be kept shut with sticks leaned against them while we were baking. There was no blacksmith near and we were much annoyed whenever we cooked a meal.

Chap 47

House daubing and New Privations

Our kitchen was only a few yards from the house at a right angle and could be seen from the front yard. Mr. Spencer's room, which was exactly like it, was on the left; at the same distance from our house. This also, was seen from the beach and the three buildings symetrically arranged, with new palmetto roofs made a pretty picture, with so much green for a background. The daubing of Mr. Spencer's house was done, soon after we went over-but he had been sleeping in it, for some time before. The natives daubed it and they brought their wives with them and they brought their children. The women carried the mud from the hillside about 50 yds away. With an infant on one arm and the other supporting a wooden bowl full of wet clay, which rested on the head, they thus assisted

their husbands. Although these people were so slow about building they were very energetic in the finishing process.

Mr. Spencer had been growing daily more feeble. He was only able to walk about, a few days after our move, and fever, at length, gained possession of his wearied frame. He was no longer able, with his ever willing spirit, to go on errands for our comfort. He had been faithful and devoted to us and often had worked or rowed the canoe when not well enough. For this reason his sickness came to be a very severe one. Quinine had been scarce, when it was necessary we should have had a great deal. And he should have been in bed many days before he was compelled to lie down. Our friends gave him all the assistance they could. During the last week, our physician thought he would die, and at that time there were seven others sick, in bed. God sustained "The Mother" at this dark period and she was enabled to nurse the others in the family without being stricken with fever. Day after day — night after night — she passed from one bed to the other and though her cheek grew paler her time had not yet come.

Cheering letters had come from "The Father", who had not heard of the sickness and trials of the dear ones at home. How dreadfully slow were these mail communications. His mind was full of his approaching return and the comforts he was going to add to the dear delightful "home on the Lake." Already he had sent back by the Schooner, on which he went, a large lot of provisions which he believed we were enjoying. The elegant new Sail-boat was also on its way and he would bring with him the window sash for our new house. Cast-nets, traps for game and more new fruit trees and best of all he had brought for us a cook. How filled with joyful hope was that letter, addressed to the dear family, then so weary, sick and troubled. But all hearts were made thankful that he was well and we believed he was then preparing to return to us.

The provisions, mentioned in the letter, were placed on the sand bar—from Oliveira's Schooner, and there they remained, as the Natives were generally sick. Mr. Spencer nearly dead and very few Americans able to row even a small canoe, as nearly all were disabled with chills and fevers. So our bags of rice and beans, barrels of sugar and flour staid on the damp beach; daily moistened by the tide, then heated by the Sun.

While we would have given piles of gold if we had had it, to have those provisions brought to us. We still had Coffee — could get fresh farinha every few days—only once, we failed to buy it and substituted Mandioca roots. We had no bacon, no flour, as we used the last very sparingly, making battercakes, for the invalids. No fejos and no sugar. We had been buying a common article, very dark and not clean, which was made in the neighborhood but even that could not be obtained anywhere. The Calmore Gentlemen made excellent sugar and had furnished the Americans, for several months, but the demand was too great for their supply and now, all who were without, would be compelled to wait till they could receive supplies from Rio. Many of our friends were, like us, waiting to find some one to send to the Bar. We had nothing to eat except farinha and carnasecca, which was partially spoiled and smelled like sulphur, and nothing to drink but Coffee without milk or sugar. We had long since ceased to think of the first named luxury, but to be without sugar was indeed dreadful. We could not relish the farinha, as it needed the addition of beans, cooked with bacon, or else a gravy from the stewed dried beef, or Carna Secca. We swallowed the farinha only to keep us alive and drank the coffee to keep off a headache. The sick did not care for food but as the fever would leave them their appetites came and nature's requirements could not be given to the weak and hungry. It was hard but we remembered the privations of our poor Soldiers and knew that ours could not have been greater. One or two hens were left and occasionally we found an egg which was boiled, after deliberation, for the one who needed it the most. This one we knew was Mr. Spencer, who had been so faithful and untiring. As his strength gradually returned, so came his appetite, and every fresh egg was given to him. When he was once more able to walk a little, he was partially blind and looked so pale and weak we realized fully how very ill he had been.

We were much rejoiced, one day at obtaining some sugar which our kind neighbors, the Johnson brothers, had procured for us. I know they had trouble in getting it. The article was very poor but we were very, very thankful to have it once more. On the next day Mr. Miller sent us some fejos or beans.

This state of things continued, if we remember rightly, about a week, when our last ducks had their throats cut by the

minks. On that same day Capt Yancey brought over half of his corn crop for our dinner. Never were people so grateful as we. Some one had succeeded in finding for us a piece of bacon or toucinha, as it is called—and we made a good farinha dressing for our ducks. We really enjoyed our meal and nearly all were able to sit at the table. Sam Kerr was visiting us. He was not feeling well and we sent him a nice plate full in Mr. Spencer's room, where he was lying down. He had fever and could not eat anything. Poor Sam! That was the beginning of a fearful sickness for him. He was better in the afternoon and rowed himself over to Mr. Millers in a tiny little canoe, which had a Sail of miniature size, one of our girls had made for him. We tried to dissuade him from going but he said he felt quite well enough. We remembered his capsizing and how nearly he had been drowned in the same little boat, when the Lake was rough, only a short while before and we watched him till we saw that he was safely over. His fever had not left him as he thought. On the next day it had greatly increased and for many days, he was in a state of high delirium. Mr. & Mrs. Miller nursed him faithfully and tenderly. At length he became so very ill, the physician felt sure he could not live and one of the gentlemen went to the village and had some planks sawed for his coffin, knowing that, after his death, it would be too late to order them. Contrary to the expectation of all, he recovered.

Chap 48

Returning Health

There was something remarkable in the atmosphere around us. It was beyond our comprehension, that, in spite of our hardships and privations the invalids were fast gaining strength. Chills still lingered — sometimes three or four would be lying down and the next day up and able to eat something nice, if they only had it. We wondered if it was the Sea-breeze and the bathing. Surely, it was not from our delicate diet yet, roses were returning to some of the faces — not all — for some were still very pale and thin. Mr. Spencer was gradually gaining strength and his sight almost restored.

We have thought, that, perhaps it were wiser if all these distresses had remained untold. They may add very little to the interest, if any has been awakened, of our details. Some might censure us for making public family trials, but we believe, most truly, that God permitted us to live, unharmed, through all this season of sickness and trial, not alone for our individual good but that others might be benefitted by our experience. Through the advice of friends, who believed we would prosper we tried pioneer life and found ourselves unfitted for the scenes encountered. We were enabled to bear our sufferings and privations far better than we would have expected but He who saved us through them knows we would not willingly endure them all again. If then, by these published pages, others unfitted should be prevented from trying a rough life, in a new country, we will feel that a mission was performed in acting as explorers.

The character of our food and the general disarrangement of our systems produced some troublesome sequences, and a judicious dietary regimen was required to bring us right again. We were quite conscious of this and lamenting the impossibility, when a canoe landed at our beach, bringing some of our wished for provisions. Mr. Miller had sent to the bar for his and put in his boat all that he could bring of ours. There was not room for the barrels, but the sacks of rice, fejeos and a package of bacon, a box of soap and a few other articles came and we rejoiced most heartily. Now, we would afford to wait quite patiently for our flour and sugar, as the little we had of the last name luxury could be made to lengthen out for some time. Much of the rice was badly damaged but we separated the good from the bad.

How changed was our life on the Lake, from the pleasant sociability of the first six months, when health & hope made every day delightful. The gentlemen, who constantly had chills, were dispirited & unenergized. The negroes were never able, more than half at a time, to be at their work, and those who had begun their clearing and planting in such good earnest were now discouraged. Crops had failed from the unusual drought. Nothing seemed opened for a future, in our beautiful new settlement. Everything around was quite as lovely as when our eyes

were first gladdened by the scenery — but, man cannot exist on the beauties of Nature, however much it may add to the pleasures of life.

Chap 49

New Terrors

Snakes were seldom seen, contrary to our expectations. The gentlemen often spoke of their rarity, as, in the tropics they supposed reptiles would be abundant. One morning Reb saw a very small snake under the shelter, which he thought was a pretty plaything and took it by the tail. Seeing what he had done we called to him, instantly to drop it, but it was too late. The little snake had thrown its head around and stuck its fangs in his thumb. Mr. Spencer killed the snake and we bound moistened tobacco to the wound. Two very small punctures were seen, but we did not know how much poison might have been introduced and were were much alarmed — gave the little fellow a drink of cachasa and he became so intoxicated that he could not stand. Then we began to feel uneasy, fearing we had given him too much. He laughed and tumbled around and finally went to sleep.

We frequently unbound the thumb and found it did not swell or become inflamed and after a few hours it was quite evident that no harm whatever had come from the bit of the snake but it was an incident—and furnished subject of conversation, with the children, for several days.

Another circumstance occurred bringing an item of variety, in our life, which, at that time, was quite monotonous. Mr. Spencer, being still weak, retired very early, but was strong enough to act as protector once more. However, we were quite fearless of dangers and never imagined such possibilities as wild-beasts coming to our house, as they could have done. Had they come, there was only a rush-mat hanging to our door and they could easily have walked in. Still, we had accustomed ourselves to believe they would only leave their dens to devour our poultry and this mode of depreciation they certainly understood.

Oùr last turkey was carried off, one night and only some of its feathers left. We heard the Tiger when he made the leap, after we discerned the noise of distress from the Turkey. The poor, lonely-gobler had sought for its roasting place, a large goods-box, which was outside the kitchen window, on the side nearest the little Lake. It was afraid to sleep in the chicken-house we supposed and there, so near to us, it met its unhappy fate. One after another the favorite hens and chickens were destroyed, as well as the ducks which were first sacrificed. No wonder the ardor of the young people abated, who had enjoyed real pleasure in their fine prospects of a large poultry yard. No foul-house we could build, of the materials within reach, could prevent the entrance of these dreadful poultry thieves.

But, we are forgetting the incident to which we alluded, that interrupted our usually uneventful evenings. Anna, the servant, who was then cooking and washing for us, had gone home in the afternoon and did not return until late. We had only a little water and as we did not like to pass the night with such a limited supply & were unwilling to send Anna alone, we agreed to go down to the little Lake with her. Taking a candle she marched in front, with a meringo in hand. Each of us took a pitcher following behind, in Indian file.

The stars were shining above but the forest-covered-hills rose, like black walls around us and we could distinguish no objects but the leaves and twigs of bushes on each side of the narrow path.

At length we reached the sloping sand beach. The water, smooth, and dark, lay before us. Nothing was left to be done but stoop and fill our pitchers. But, just at that moment, simultaneously, our olfactory senses perceived a singular odor, which was different from anything we had ever smelt before and very powerful. As if by an electric movement, the instant we breathed this musky atmosphere, we turned and without dipping a drop of water, rushed, in a body, back to the house, without uttering not a word.

Mr. Spencer was awaked by such a rush of feet, as every one of us had gone down and he came to his window to enquire what was the matter. His house being opposite the kitchen and as our footsteps were heard, in running up the hill he must

have imagined confused things—but, we soon told him nothing had harmed us & that a strange smell had given us this fright. He consoled us, by telling us it was probably an alligator or Sea-hog.

Now if our beautiful Lakes had been inhabited by the Cayonan, immense alligators, which swallow horses and riders at a meal, there would have been more danger than pleasure in these sheets of water, but all the alligators that had been seen were not of great size, eight or ten feet perhaps, in length. Yet, these would have been sufficiently dreadful had they come near to us. While bathing we never feared anything of the kind as the water is shallow near the beach, growing deeper very gradually, & the sand so white every object could be seen, just the same as on the sea-coast.

We sometimes saw an *Anta*, rushing from the forest, down the steep hill side, into the great Lake. This is a large animal, of a buff color, and though not amphibious, seems fond of the water. It is supposed, by some, to be flying from the pursuit of another animal, when it plunges in the water swimming out, to a place of safety.

We did not see them more than once or twice. We felt quite secure when again under our shelter (or Verandah) as we chose to call it. We always kept a fire burning at night to make the place more cheerful & with the belief, also, that wild animals never came very near home lights, except for poultry. We were prone to believe they would have taken a chicken from within our roof, without noticing the inmates of the house, if they had found them inside & no where else.

Chap 50

Suspense

A voice of genuine joy was heard to exclaim, one afternoon.

"I am so glad, so glad. Pa is coming!"

The dear child was running, almost breathlessly towards us and we met, in the front walk, that leads to the beach. We saw the figure of a gentleman coming on behind, but we could see at a glance, it was not "the Father" but we welcomed,

nevertheless, the kind and pleasant face of Dr. Johnson, who advanced and finished the sentence, to the many now listening, but to "the Mother" in particular.

"Two gentlemen were put off at the bar, yesterday, from the steamer so Mr. Gunter tells me. They were supposed to be your husband & his brother, as they are expected and both were recognized as Americans."

Oh! This was welcome news. Nothing was then remembered of our ills. We were *very, very* happy. The invalids, that were fast improving, grew brighter and stronger at this glad intelligence and we felt, as we had not, for a long time, that we possessed a home. We would now make it as pleasant as possible for the coming of the dear ones. We looked for them, with certainty the third day after the message came, for, with the slowest poling, the trip to Linhares, up stream, was two days, unless the canoes were loaded. This would probably be the case, as Joanna, our cook, would be along, with her baggage and the provisions, still at the bar, would be brought up, we were quite sure. Sickness, among the natives, had abated, so we knew they could obtain comaradoes to pole the boat.

Days past by — two, three, four, five. Every moment of each day hung heavily after the third was gone. Our hearts were aching with suspense. Our friends came up every day or two from Linhares, but none could bring us any news, or explain the mystery of the two Americans who were *said* to have landed from the steamer on the bar. There were numerous conjectures as to why they did not arrive, if they *had* landed at the bar. Some thought it was all a mistake, but it might have been two Brazilians, who had come ashore and gone to their homes, near the mouth of the river, but the natives, who brought the intelligence, said they were recognized (from where they saw them) as Americans. We only waited & the hours & days seemed longer to us than to anyone else, for our imaginations magnified every possible harm that might have happened to them.

After our dreary suppers were over, all the family, each evening, walked down to the beach and under the light of the pitying Heavens and by the murmur of the moving waters, we uttered, silently, our griefs and complaints, to God.

"Why, *why* hast thous forsaken us," we said, in bitterness of soul. "Why are we here and why thus tried?"

The lashing waves beat cold replies and the mute stars shone mockingly upon us. Only the Whip-poorwill seemed to join in sympathy with the sad and burdened souls, that were bearing so quietly their sorrow.

Once more we went down, once more and once more. The grief grew deeper. There were no words that could tell to each other how much anxiety we bore.

The waters again made dirgeful music-to which we listened. The crescent moon appeared above the highest hill, with a brilliant planet near its lowest point. In times past, these nightly pictures were very beautiful. But, now all was dark, dreary and hopeless.

With our hands held behind our ears, our elbows on our knees, we remained seated, for hours, on the sand, listening for the dipping of oars. At times we would start to our feet, believing a canoe was near, some other sound had deceived our ears. Occasionally one appeared. Our hearts beat wild with expectation and the figure of only a native would pass before us, as the boat glided by.

For two, long dreadful weeks we continued this watching and waiting, and-often in hours, long past mid-night, we would find ourselves seated on the front door sill, looking towards the water and listening for canoes. While the night birds sang their accustomed songs and crickets chirped their shrill and mocking notes. A louder sound, at times, broke the monotony of these and had we not known so well its meaning, might have been filled with terror. Crashing rumbling, breaking, crashing again. Reports, like the continued echoes of guns, rumbling, breaking, crashing, again. These noises were produced by the falling of one tree in the forest, which, as it fell, brought down other trees, so thickly growing is the "impenetrable jungle," on the hills.

All this, in the heavy hours of night came solemnly, dismally to our ears, but nothing like this made us tremble or shiver. We had grown accustomed to all sounds of the wild-woods and our thoughts were then wholly and entirely with the absent.

God was with us, still in the midst of this agonizing suspense, or reason would have been unthroned. Mind was verging very near that chaotic gulf, and we sometimes think, would have gone down, if another day of such intense anxiety had followed.

Chap 51

The Return

God be praised, that, ere it came, our sorrow was turned into joy and the frozen tears which had chilled our hearts unto despair were melted. The glow of happiness which then overspread the household could never have been equalled. The absent ones returned. We had had our arms around them and felt it was not a dream but a glad reality.

They had come from Rio, not on the Steamer as was supposed-but on Olivera's Schooner and head winds had kept them out thirteen days. Messrs Freligh, Wharton and Seymour came with them to visit the Lake and the country above.

Our cook, Joanna, had arrived, our barrels of sugar and flour came also. The sugar was the finest quality and we made some Mandiocee. Doce for dinner. How we did enjoy the preparation of meals. Joanna was enstalled and we found she knew how to cook and was very neat. Before many days had passed she was taken sick with the fever, and we nursed her for about a week. We feared she would die but the wonderful air of the Doce which could both make sick & cure restored her and she was soon quite, well again.

This was said to be an unprecedented season. Hot dry weather following months of rain. The waters, which usually receded, gradually, during the space of nine months, with gentle summer rains constantly falling, had rapidly gone back, leaving the streams, so lately swollen, entirely dry. This might never occur again, but the Americans were nearly all discouraged and making plans to leave the Doce. Those who had bought negroes for farming were most anxious to leave as they were having chills & generally disabled. This was a sad disappointment to these Colonists, who had, in the first days of their settlement,

been so encouraged by their prospects and improved health. Some of Mr. Russell's negroes died. His plantation or fazenda was on the river.

Our friends in the village did not escape. Mr. Gunter's & Maj. Intyre's family had sickness, all the Brazilians, too, and yet there were no deaths, from fevers, among the Americans. Those who died were not made sick from miasma. Perhaps, if the colony had not broken up and these same causes had never returned, our settlement might have become just what we, at first, hoped and expected. But, very few felt willing to remain and run the risk.

In our family there was only one who grieved at giving up the Doce, "The Father" who was most bitterly disappointed. He had made a beginning to a home & in another year would have had many comforts. All his hopeful visions of a Coffee fazenda, orchards of fruit, &c were gone and his only alternative, now, was to remove us, at once to Rio, and practice his profession, as his young partner was already there — established & gaining the confidence of the Brazilians.

During the period of our stay on the Lake we enjoyed trips on the water in the beautiful little sail-boat, which was the only one in the country not a dug out or canoe. It distressed us to think, of giving this up. The girls now, had an opportunity to visit in comfortable style. They went to see their friends, who lived at the greatest distance, knowing they had a boat which could bear them safely over the waves when the Lake might be rough. They enjoyed very much their boat visits to Alabamians & others. They said, it seemed a pity to have the colony broken when some were so comfortable. Dr. and Mrs. Farley were still, as much in love with the Lake as we. Sickness in their family had not yet come — though it did, after awhile. Dr. Farley and Mr. Miller intended to stay. No one wondered, as they had been so much blessed.

Chap 52

Last visit to Mrs. Miller

Mr. Miller had only had chills in his family-now & then, but before six months, they too had become worn out, disap-

pointed from sickness and failures in their plans & then abandoned the Doce. Dr. Farley's mill was never put in operation.

One pleasant morning it was agreed that "The Father & Mother" should cross the Lake, on a visit to Mr. & Mrs. Miller. We had a delightful breeze & were soon over.

We found, on their beautiful location, such evidence of industry and energy as was wonderful. Only nine months of labor and they had a home, with every comfort around them. It is true, the floors were of earth but the house was very pleasant and cool. The yard well beaten & smoothe as if they were old settlers.

The prospect, from their doors, was grand and must have been a daily joy. Mandioca was in a flourishing condition. Drought have no effect on its growth and every one raises it abundantly. It requires no trouble; a dry stick, cut from the bush, laid length wise slantingly comes up a flourishing bush and in six months the roots are ready to be ground into farinha. The easy manner of cultivating this valuable root is a great inducement to the natives to indulge their ease, knowing they need never be without an abundance of their "staff of life."

Our housekeeping had become, once more, a pleasure. Our kitchen and dining — room, which was the same, wore a more cheerful aspect with good meals on the table and happy, smiling faces around it. We used our sugar extravagantly — making *doces* every day. We took great delight, in, again, having our light bread which all enjoyed, after being without so long.

But we did not love the place now — there were too many drawbacks. The bicho had become much worse during the dry weather and gave the children trouble. Every night they had to bear the wory & pain of having them extracted. Some believed that with great care & cleanliness the bicho would not be troublesome, but this was a mistake, as the children, who suffered most were, much of the time, in the water, bathing or wading, every day. The luxury of the baths we never denied ourselves when able to walk to the Lake.

The biochos, generated in the clay on the hillside but are too small to be seen until they get in the feet. There the children

loved to play. They called the place which had been dug out, for daubing, their cave.

We return once more to the old Journal, which was, during our last days on the Lake, very irregularly kept.

April 20th What a change in our lives and our feelings since Father has returned! And, how we have enjoyed this visit of our Uncle, but we feel sorry to know that he will have to leave soon. He is one of the disappointed also. His bright dreams of a home on the Doce are ended, and all *our* plans of having his dear family, as neighbors are gone. He came just in time to find the Americans disheartened and nearly everyone making ready to leave. If that *Steamer* promised by the Government, had been given to us, the Colony would not break up — they would try one more year. This is what the gentlemen say. We have not been treated well.

Mr Gunter seems to have succeeded in his crop. His plantation or fazenda is on the river. He was a year ahead of all the other settlers and though he had sickness too, he does not think the fevers will return and he expects to remain. He has sent us some very fine watermelon and Kershaws and some of the finest sweet potatoes I ever saw. They are immense. Now, if all the Americans were as well fixed and had as many comforts as he has it would be hard to leave. But we are going and I am glad of it. I long to see the great city of Rio again. How much pleasure is in store for us!

April 28th We have been so busy with our sewing, that I am always too tired in the evening to say anything to my Journal, & yet I do not want to neglect it. I might have added a great deal, but I shall have a new zeal when we have made our move. I look forward, with pleasure to our journey.

Dr. and Capt. Johnson and Ruland Freligh left a day two since & our uncle went in company with them. We have been very sad since he left for we fear we will never see him any more; feeling quite sure that he is dissatisfied with this country. We still hope, though, that he may find a place near Rio that he likes and return again with his family. We will be so happy then in that delightful city. I wish we were already there.

Chap 53

Breaking up the Colony

May 8th Poor little George has been so very sick. Had spasms all night and then this afternoon. He is lying so still and pale, we are all very unhappy about him for although he is much better he still has fever. If we had been without chloroform we think he would have died.

May 10th Chills have not left us but they seem slighter. We have had a few little showers, but not rain enough to fall musically on our new roof. We are waiting for some of those heavy drops, which come so suddenly & cool the air so pleasantly. But it is not near so warm as it has been & we do not suffer from heat in this house — having such delightful breezes, day and night, & being so far from the glaring white sand. George is getting well & we are all very glad. If we had a house built, cottage style, with a verandah all around we would think the climate perfect. We could always be cool.

May 14th Mrs. Miller's family came over this morning. Mrs. Miller and Miss Anna helped us sew all day. We are very busy making new dresses and clothes for the little boys.

They feel very badly about our leaving the Lake. We are sorry, indeed to say "Good-bye" to such kind, true friends as they have been. We think they will follow us, after awhile. It does seem a pity that such a pleasant colony should be broken up. Well! such is life — full of joys and sorrows, friendships and separations. Hope is indeed our anchor, for we are looking forward to pleasures much greater than any we have enjoyed here and feeling almost sure we will be spared such trials. How delightful is the anticipation of our journey! I love to travel. Wish the time for starting had arrived.

Dear little George—His sickness has weakened him so much that he cannot yet walk-and he was running about all day when he was well; Often frightened us by running into the water and had to be constantly watched. Now we are anxiously waiting to see him strong enough even to stand up by a chair.

May 21st At last our little brother is able to walk about again and we are so thankful as we had begun to fear his spine was

weakened. How happy it makes us to see him all right once more. In a few days we think he will be able to run to the Lake. We are still very busy with our sewing, working all day, and making ready for leaving.

June 15th Our arrangements are all made, now, for our journey to Rio. We are going on the Steamer Juparana, the same which brought us to the Doce. It makes a trip twice a month to St. Matthew's-on the coast above us and the Government has ordered it to come inside the Doce-bar, once more to take away all dissatisfied emigrants.

Farewell Visits

We are paying farewell visits to our favorite huants in our forsaken home and enjoying our Sail-boat as much as we can. We really feel sorry to leave some of our pleasures — "Blessings always brighten as they take their flight."

We have had a very pleasant visit from Miss Anna Gunter. She stopped with us while her sisters went on, to spend a week with Mrs. Farley. We were all well and she wondered that we could leave such a pleasant and beautiful home as it really is — even in its rude beginning. Every evening we sat under the shelter by the light of our fires & would talk & sometimes sing, till bed time.

Mr. Gunter has promised Papa that he would look after his family if he would leave us in the village, until he could make enough to return to his home on the Lake. We believe he would do so & if we could agree to the separation it might be wise, but none of us are willing. We do not want him *ever* to leave us again. Not even — to make a fortune. We would rather be together & stay poor, always.

"Father" has received a letter from Capt Johnson from Rio, with full particulars about our trip, telling us how everything is arranged. The Steamer will enter the bar about the 18th and all families that wish to leave must be ready. He advises us to be there at least a day in advance. He has kindly offered the use of his negroes to help us all the way if we need them. Mr. S. Miller is going to take charge of them on the trip. Dr.

and Capt Johnson will not return to the Lake. All the young men are leaving. Maj. McIntyre's family are to go, also, Mr. Davis & others.

The Steamer which is to take us off is compelled to come in the bar, on its upper passage on account of the tide, so we will have the pleasure of taking a trip to St. Matthews which is some distance above the Doce coast.

I think I may say Farewell to my old Journal, at least, for several weeks as I will not have time to write, but when I begin again I hope to have something more interesting to relate. Indeed, I know I shall. Will say Farewell, also to the beautiful Lakes. We have had many hours of happiness on their peaceful borders. Dear Little Janella! We all love the forests that surround thee and cannot but feel sorry we will never again see thy rich colors mirrored on the water. But, we will bear thee away in memory, and all the pleasant scenes of our wild life, here will come back to us, often, in after years.

Chap 54

Leaving the Doce

The last preparations for leaving our home on the Lake were made with energy and at length the morning came to bid Goodbye to the unfinished house, the hills, & Lakes. The adieu was not a sad one, for we were too much rejoiced that the wished-for day was there and too much in earnest about getting off, to feel sentimental. Two canoes carried us to the village. We were very glad to pass out of the Lake into the river, as the large canoe was so heavily loaded we were in danger of capsizing, if the wind had risen, but the water remained smooth till we were safely out. Once more the narrow, crooked stream bore us along. The beautiful hills cast a heavy shadow over us & the air was cool and fresh. We felt assured it was the last time we would glide under those three and we were not sorry. Our eager hearts now welcomed another change.

We passed the night at Col. Gunter's and were treated with great kindness, felt many regrets at telling the family Good-bye.

In the morning our arrangements for traveling down the river were made more comfortable than we could have expected. Two canoes were lashed together each covered with large rush mats to shelter us from the Sun. We were not crowded and all agreed that this method of travel was delightful. Going down stream is so much faster & the breeze fanned us constantly. Before mid-day a chill came on. A scorching fever and terrible headache ensued. By a little crowding there was space made for "the Mother" to lie down and willing hands bathed & fanned her hot temples. Singular that she *alone* escaped sickness on the lake and there should have the first real chill. Late in the evening the pain & fever had nearly abated.

That night we had very good accommodations at Provocca, about 7 miles from the bar, our only great discomfort was in being almost covered with caterpillars, while taking our supper, out doors. We prepared our own coffee and had brought a lunch expecting to camp out, but we were glad to have the shelter of a good house.

Next morning before eight o'clock we reached the mouth of the river and welcomed by our kind hostess, Madame Oliveira. She had not forgotten us—seemed to remember each one of the children and it was very pleasant to see her smiling face. We had sent her a message a week previous that we were coming and she saved her best room for us. Other families came and were lodged and on that night the house was filled to overflowing, with, Americans, on their way to Rio.

We enjoyed a night's-rest. The children were made comfortable on pallets, which were spread on the clean wooden floor. All the rooms, except two, had earthen floors. The gentlemen all slept under a large palmetto shelter, at the side of the house, making beds of rush mats; covering with shawls and blankets. All were refreshed next day & ready for the Steamer which was expected.

We diverted ourselves by strolling on the lonely beach. The Surf made a great noise. The waves rolled up in quick succession, more heavily than we had ever seen them but the sky was clear, the air fresh and Odorous of the ocean. Still we feared the sea must be rough & soon learned that it was. Remembering the feelings of hope which inspired us on our first view of

this monotonous landscape; now in sound of these great Atlantic breakers; bringing to mind our bright beginning in the new-home; the hardships and the trials which followed, we felt like uttering a Hymn of praise that all was as well with us, that our family circle was still together and kind sympathizing friends around us.

Once more our baggage was placed on the same Steamer, "Juparanah" which had taken us to the land of the Doce. Its neat, pretty cabin looked unaltered and the same black steward was there, to wait upon us. Captain Barbosa was polite and with our American friends our gatherings on deck were very pleasant.

We found, after being comfortably settled on board, that our Captain did not expect to cross the bar, until the Sea, which was then very rough, outside, should go down. There had been some heavy weather & the breakers were too high to venture over. The Brazilians are very cautious and not until the fourth day did we raise anchor.

Chap 55

Crossing the Bar

During this term of waiting we made all our arrangements to become comfortably settled and tried to be patient. Enjoyed the Sea-air and the evenings on deck. When the morning arrived for our departure, the Pilot came out in his boat, to direct our steersman and while his oarsmen rowed over the breakers he held aloft his flag, pointing the course of the channel and the Steamer followed. The vessel was strongly built and the Americans thought they would have crossed the bar with very little uneasiness, believing the Brazilian Captain and the crew were all timid. Be that as it may, it was their Steamer, their coast and their bar & not ours. They had crossed it before & were or ought to have been, more competent to judge than we, of the condition of the waters, after a heavy spell of weather. But, this bar was a changeable one and they did not and could not know to what extent the sand had been washed up in its hidden banks; then, how could we? The Sea, during the past

week had undergone many & mighty throes. Each successive day for each preceding year, it had heaved, in its workings where mortal eyes could not see—and who could tell what, in the past few days had been done, while in its seeming agony & complainings it had tossed upon its sandy bed? No—reasonable and dispassionate as one might be, the circumstances were clear, there was apparent danger in our present condition. Our Captain was in a state of anxiety and alarm and ladies being nervously constituted, always sympathize with & receive the infection from the timid. We felt in those moments of suspense, out entire helplessness and seeing strong men in fear, we considered our situation—that our Ship might be broken in the effort to leap into the Atlantic and that then & there we might find a watery grave. Still, while remaining on deck, with our thoughts filled with admiration and a pleasant awe, in the contemplation of the great, unfathomable ocean, the dread of evil did not efface injoyment from our mind. There is a pleasure, very peculiar but greater than some would believe, in meeting an approach like this; the coming of something indefinite, evil though it might be, from the power of the Creator; whose voice seemed sounding in the mysterious Sea. A great bustle was made, on deck. Much loud talking & tramping and the Captain, as on a former occasion, ordered all the dead-lights to be closed and requested the passengers to go below. We went down and seated ourselves in the Cabin—made the children all keep quiet and listened for what we feared would come. Very soon we felt a heavy jarring. We had crossed one breaker. The Captain said we struck the bottom—another effort another plunge—then we thought we heard the vessel scrape sand. We gathered no courage from the continued tramp of feet overhead & from the excited manner of the officers. We knew we would be greatly relieved when the bar was passed. But, what if these severe blows should break the boat and send us down to the merciless Sea? We asked ourselves the question “Would we prefer being back on the Doce?” No—a thousand times—No—even if we knew we were all going under the waves together. This surely, was a test of our affection for the land we had left.

A third plunge which seemed the most decided, took us over the dreaded bar and the Captain declared he would never cross it again. We felt rejoiced to know we were out on the Atlantic, though our course was up the coast and not down-

wards, towards Rio. Our Steamer had first to go to St. Matthews, which is situated about ten miles from the Coast, on the river. Again a pilot took us over. Some more bustle on deck—but as the Captain was acquainted with this bar, we supposed he was not apprehensive of danger. All the passengers went ashore; spent the day at the house of a Brazilian, who opened his parlor and other rooms, inviting us to remain under his roof. The American gentlemen went off together and had an excellent dinner prepared for us. After enjoying it we talked around the town and returned again to our steamer. We went out, the following morning along the Coast, now, bound southward, towards the city of Rio. We passed most of our time on deck. Americans finding it very agreeable to talk of their varied experience in pioneering. More pleasant traveling companions we could not have found than the McIntyre family who had been with us before, on this same boat and had also borne with us the trials of canoe travel for the first time. Other passengers entertained and enlivened us and the children played around and amused us.

Nothing occurred worthy of note, except the death of a Brazilian passenger who was sick when he took passage, at Victoria. He died, on deck and as we were not far from Itapemirim he was undisturbed with a sheet spread over him until we landed and his body was taken ashore.

Itapemirim pronounced *eetap-e-ma-rim* is the place where Dr. McDade had settled, who went from Linhares after remaining a few months. He had a good practice and made many friends among the Brazilians.

We entered the Bay of Victoria at night and cast anchor but could not see anything except the outline of the mountains and the lights of the town. Some of our passengers were Brazilian ladies. This being a great Saint's day, they commemorated the evening by throwing up Sky-rockets. It seemed to furnish one lady & her little daughter much amusement as they sent them up until a late hour.

Going out of the Bay we now had opportunity for full admiration of this most beautiful scenery. The bay is circular—with rocky and green mountains rising all around, leaving only a space for the entrance of vessels in the harbor. The Steamer

kept near the shore and the rocky sides of these hills seemed, at times, to be leaning over us. All that a painter can do, with softened shades of color and only the beauties of his picture brought forward, is accomplished in our vision when watching this receding scene. We could not see, in the distance, the irregularities or the dinginess of the white-washed walls, but, when out from its environs we enjoyed looking back at the landscape, half in the shadow of the high hills. The bright sunlight showed, with distinctness, the red tiled-roofs of the solid old buildings but the antique town grew more beautiful the farther we left it. Finally, the last suburban residence, which topped the last mountain we passed, was behind us & the whole scene was amongst the things that had been. The Ocean was once more spread before and behind us. We kept near the coast but not close enough to see land.

Chap 56

Return to Rio de Janeiro

Oh! but what more delightful than our safe arrival again, at the City of grand old Rio and what more gratifying than the joyous welcome given by our American friends? Kind faces were around us as soon as we landed and Hacks ready to take us to 69 Rua de San Pedro at Captain Frelighs. They had quite a number of boarders. Mrs. F. who had gone to San Paulo with Ballard Dunn colonists, was one among the many who had been sufferers from the war, who had known prosperity & affluence but, with the cheerfulness which characterises most Southerners, she had met disappointments in her first trial at pioneering and now adorned the position of hostess in the American circle, with grace and ease.

What a difference from our life on the Lake! First, to be led into a parlor, with cane-bottomed settees and chairs — neat straw carpet; everything pleasant and cool. Iron balconies, over-hanging the streets-window opening to the floor. The establishment was on the second, third, and fourth stories—the first, on the ground, being used as a wareroom. We were in the very midst of the city. Everything from Rio's fine mar-

ket was placed before us, when seated at the dining table & served up in handsome style. We need not say we enjoyed, very much, a rest of a few days at such a home.

Many gentlemen, now in pursuit of occupation, remained in the city, some trying to buy fazendahs in the country, others to obtain mercantile situations. Physicians sought for localities to renew their professions. One of our friends, of the Marmion, Mr. Slaughter, who had remained in Rio, studying the portuguese, was now the Editor of a Paper. We thought he must have learned the language with great rapidity. Col Cencir, who first went to the Doce, returned to Rio & was then editing a Journal, called the Brazilian Reflector, pulished in English. Several gentlemen & ladies from San Paulo and others lately arrived from the States, made quite a community, with the families who had again centred there, from the broken colonies.

Gen. Hawthorne, who had leased a beautifully improved Island in the Bay & had begun to make a garden, was about to return to Alabama, changing his plans on account of the health of his wife. A fine garden of vegetables, plenty of fruit, poultry fish & oysters, would give us a home which we would be thankful, indeed, to process and to this we were going. Though the sail around was six or eight miles from the city we were only a hundred yards from a port on the main land. From this point on Omnibus runs, two or three times a day, connecting with ferry-boats that take passengers over to Rio. We bought row-boats, with the lease of the island, in which we could cross this short distance. "The Father" could now practice his profession and also attend to the cultivation of his fruit and vegetables, though, at first, we would have to remain throughout the week, in the city, going home on Saturday, returning on Mondays. An English gardener & wife, Gen. Hawthorne had employed, would also remain on the place & old January, a negro man. So with our woman, Joanna we would be supplied with servants and looked forward to the beginning of this life with pleasure. Indeed it was a new existance.

We did not mind thinking of the mud hut, now, for we had left it, forever and the malarious air could not now reach us. Fresh sea breezes touched us revivingly and when we neared our lovely Island home, with its rich, tropical trees &

great grey rocks its solidly made stone wharf, it seemed a union of everything lovely, under a bright blue sky. It rose before us unchantingly and when we stepped out of the little Sloop and began to wind the hill we thought surely this was more beautiful than anything we had yet seen. Nature had been lavish, even profuse and man's improvements had made this spot like an eden, to eyes lately accustomed to so much beauty in the wilderness with so little of the adornments of art.

On our way up, we passed two springs, walled in, and arched above, with rock. Then walked up to the house, by the shortest route from the first landing, where we had stopped. This brought us to the left wing. We walked through the building and saw, at once, we would have a very pleasant home, with quite as much room as we needed, even more and furniture sufficient to be comfortable, with only a few additions. The house was old and somewhat out of repair but we felt quite satisfied, as it was handsome compared with ours on the Doce; so large and cool and the portion we would mostly use showed very little of the defacings of time. A paved hall, extending along the front of the house, in which all the first rooms opened was perhaps the greatest attraction. The bricks were large & square, running diagonally & very smoothe; making a pretty and neat floor.

Again—From the Journals we draw a few pages.

Chap 57

Dixie Island

July 18th "It will be difficult to sum up our pleasures after they are passed, but they were many and no evening was long enough to write in our journals. While in the City our friends seemed to feel happy in doing everything to give pleasure to the *Doceites* as we call ourselves. Mrs. F. and Lizzie begged for my Sister & me to stay a week or two with them & our Parents came over, after staying a day or two in the city, to our Island home, which had been already named "Dixie".

Nearly every evening the gentlemen would make up a party. Mrs. Farligh or Mrs. Hanson accompany us and we would go

out to see Rio in its beauty, which is by gaslight. The Stores which are kept open at night look beautifully & ladies do their shopping at this hour. The ice-cream saloons were well patronized & we also enjoyed a very pleasant day at the Botanical gardens, after the style of a Picnic. That delightful fortnight will ever be remembered by us, as one of the "green spots" in life. Indeed the memory of it is like a May-day in winter or a dream of cool waters when feverish or thirsty. We needed it and for this change our hearts were made happier & I trust better. On the mainland, just opposite to us are several American families. One a Methodist Minister, Mr. Newman, who has two daughters. Also, Mr. & Mrs. Cogburn (not the family from the Doce). She, Mrs. C. is a daughter of the Rev. P. P. Neely.

July, 30th We never grow tired of the scenery. And we speak of it constantly wishing we could paint the pictures around us. The beautiful Islands dotting the Bay and the grand mountains, rising behind, makes the loveliest view we have ever seen. By moonlight it is like Fairy-land. Little boats are always seen gliding along, on the silvery water and we can see the white houses of our neighbors on the mainland gleaming through the trees. On the Island which lies nearest and behind us, is an elegant little fort. The owner of it, a *Senator*, has had it built only as an ornament and it adds a great deal to the beauty of our landscape.

"Dixie Island" or the Isle of Rebeira on which we live is very beautiful and nothing could compare with its trees and the smooth grey rocks that rise up, from the green grass, looking so cool, under the heavy shade. The Tamarinds, and we have many of them, are the grandest trees we have ever seen. At a distance they look like our largest Oaks-and when near they are only like themselves. The leaves, which are long and slender, grow in regular rows, on each side of a long stem, something like the locust. They are very beautiful. We have a great many Japan plums. They are now ripe. We are preserving them, & they are delightful. Fruit being plentiful, all the year round, we eat our preserves as fast as we make them. The Mango of which we read, in Lallah Rooke as shading the young princess, is a splendid tree, with very fine fruit. We have one, of a large size, in our front yard. This tree, also

looks like an Oak, at a distance but has a leaf like the peach. Underneath this great Mango is a circular bench & we sit under its shade in the morning & evenings. We have a beautiful little front yard, with prettily shaped beds, the walks paved with shells from the sea-shore, some very sweet roses, just like the ones we had at our old Hillside home. This yard which is quite level is enclosed by a low brick wall, and beyond there is a gradual descent, towards the beach. We have a row of brick-steps, with a wall on each side, which leads up to the house on the right. The house is painted yellow, has only one story, a tiled roof. The front shows only a long row of bricks with many windows, a large door in the middle, with an arched sash overhead. Circular brick steps leading down to the yard-and on each side, a tree covered with large scarlet leaves. On coming up-they look gay and bright amid the quantity of green. The Hall does not lead through the house but lies along the front and all these windows except the two last, at each end and open on the hall. The large room, which opens directly opposite to the front door, is our dining room. The one at the East end of the building is our Parlor & this overlooks the Bay on two sides. We have plenty of pleasant bedrooms and although we have not, yet, all we want, to make us entirely comfortable, we are charmed with our home and like the name Gen. Hawthorne gave it of "Dixie."

Every Saturday evening "Father" brings with him some pleasant company & they return with him to the City Monday morning. It would be too expensive if he went to the city every day, so now, he only comes home once a week, leaving the Island in charge of Mr. Payne, our English gardener. His wife cooks for us. We fear it will be a long time before Papa can recover his losses on the Lake, but he has, already a good practise with our brother (so called) for a partner & he is so considerate and attentive to us. We have very much to make us happy and do not distress ourselves, now, about troubles that are passed. It is so delightful to have such a lovely home. To have these grey rocks to sit on, under the shade of these grand tropical trees. To have this soft delicious sea breeze by day and by night and to feel that we are growing stronger. We still have chills, occasionally, but they are slight and we will soon be rid of them.

With Mrs. Payne to cook & Joanna to wash & do other work, we are having, now, an easy life. We have time to sew, teach the children, take exercise & sea-baths and we are thankful to enjoy so much. We are altering our dresses, trying to make them more fashionable, and, are pleased with our success and ingenuity. White waists with dark merino gored skirts, are worn a great deal and we can wear basques, if we prefer, as the climate is so delightful, we dress in either thick or thin goods & are equally comfortable.

Capt Johnson has not yet succeeded in getting his fazenda, but while he is making his arrangements, he has his negroes on the Island, working for Father. They sleep in a long brick building, which was built for a Ware-house. The solid rock wharf & every thing around shows that very wealthy people once lived here. Old January, a negro, who takes the vegetables across the Bay to sell for us, has been on the Island for more than forty years. He belongs now to owner. We have a fine garden and all such vegetables as we raise in the States. Gen Hawthorne has planted a large part of the Island in Pine Apples—so we will have a number, when they grow. At present we have plenty of fruit in the Maw Maws. These *Maw Maws* grow all in a bunch at the tip-top of a long slender tree & look & taste something like a musk melon, with a quantity of seed, the size of black-pepper with a spicy taste. We do not like this fruit except when made into Doces or sweet meats.

Chap 58

The Spring Houses

We like, so much, the plan of Brazilian houses. The dining-room and kitchen join each other and are all under one roof. We have a nice cooking-stove & the only chimney to the house is the one made for the stove-pipe. The only nuisance we have in our comfortable house, is Rats. Oh! there are so many of them. If we go in the kitchen at night we see them running up the wall into the attic. And, if we did not know what it was, we would think, after midnight, that a troop of dogs run races over our heads. But, we have no mosquitoes, no bicho

nor insects of any kind, except fleas and not many of them. Indeed, we can truly say, "There are many charms about Dixie Island."

Every evening we enjoy such delightful walks around the Island—then, down on the beach. There are eight springs, most of them walled with rock, some with arched roofs and steps, leading down to the water. These are elegant, but we are much astonished that the water looks milky & we wonder that it does not taste of lime. We have the large meringoes filled up, in the evening and it is clear and cold in the morning. We find that no water is pleasant to drink until it has stood all night in these earthen coolers.

I have scribbled longer than usual this afternoon. Twilight is here—night will soon come. The children are running toward home & so must I. Oh; how exquisitely lovely is the scene around me — of green trees, sunset clouds & gray rocks. Everything near makes me feel as if we are only living in a country described in books, & not really our home. Everything looks time worn, strong, solid and different from the U. S.

Chap 59

Tamarind Trees

Aug 13th/68 I am not as faithful to my Journal as I thought would be, but, here I am, dear friend, again, on my rocky throne with the bending boughs of the Tamarind tree above me. The flow of ocean waters, with frothing sound coming to my ears. The splash of boatmans oars & the voices of happy children near, and the glad feeling that I can take time, when ever I wish, to write in my old "book of Record"—and yet, (such is Nature) I neglect it more now than when my duties were pressing me. Dr. Johnson & Duncan McIntyre came out last Tuesday evening—spent the day Wednesday & left Thursday. I have practised a little in drawing since Dr. Barnesley kindly gave me a few lessons. I take pleasure in my poor little sketches. How strange it seems to be in the land where Tamarinds grow & to see them hanging in such quantities on the trees. They are so very sour, not even a lemon is more so, and they are rough

in their taste, also. How little we dreamed that we would ever be in the land of the Orange & lime, Cinnamon and Coffee, pepper and spice. We like the country and wish all our friends were with us. How we welcome our letters from the States. It is a day of rejoicing when the Steamer comes in.

20th We have much to make us happy and our home is lovely. The sun shines brightly and softly, the little birds sing sweet songs. The trees seem really cheerful as the cooling breezes bend their boughs to and fro and Nature seems to rejoice. There comes a little boat, in full sail & I am wondering whether the person who is taking such a pleasant ride is as happy as I am. To-day I took the children out, under the trees to hear their lessons, & I think they really enjoyed it.

26th It is pleasant to hear the call which is distinctly heard from the other side when any one comes to see us. We then look through the spyglass & find out who it is, if we do not at first recognize them. Mr. Payne takes one of the boats and quickly brings them over to our landing. We always have company on Sundays, & occasionally during the week which brightens the home, then when they go we settle ourselves down to our sewing & our studies, and teaching the little brothers & sisters. So, we are happy with or without company. We were very glad to-day, to see our friend Duncan McIntyre & to hear from his mother & Miss Margaret (his good, kind Aunt).

28th To-day Capt Johnson moves to his new home. He has brought a large plantation & negroes. Plantation are called Fazendahs. Our father is going to look at a place near to his on the Rail-road, hoping to buy it as he wants one larger than this island.

Sep 3rd Capt J. brought us a large coffee sack full of the finest oranges we ever tasted from his own place. Some of them, the most delicious were of an oblong shape & a deep, reddish yellow. He has large coffee groves, cane in plenty & I believe, everything.

Friday, Sept 4th Last night company came out. In the afternoon we had made some ground-pea candy which we brought out as a treat, in memory of the States, though we never knew

any one who did not like it. We always relish anything here which is just like out old dishes there. There is not much difference in our food. Vegetables are just the same, fish & fowls-meats, also and only the fruits are different—& some of them the same. *Farinha* & fejeos, which every one, from the Emperor to his lowest subject, enjoys are entirely new to us.

Chap 60

Tide — Bound

Sep 9th The time for the visit of my friend Lizzie had nearly expired and we had amused ourselves in almost every way; hunting crabs, searching for flowers, among the rocks, running races & other such undignified performances. One morning we put on our hats and went off, down the hill, towards the bay. Took a book with us to read if we should stop to rest. We thought we had explored every spot of beauty on the Island & we really did not know where to go. But there was a thick grove of trees & thorny under growth, covering the side of a high hill & stretching down towards the water, which we had never entered, as it was our special dread. We never looked in the thicket without listening for the footsteps of wild-beasts and expecting to see a pair of glaring eyes or perhaps the shining coil of a snake. As these trees cut off all the view from that side of the Island we knew nothing of what was beyond. Now, when we reached the beach, instead of stopping, to gather & examine the many colored shells, we pushed our way in & out among the trees & long grass, which grew near the water, until we came upon a new & delightful little world. We concluded to walk to the other end of the Island by this route believing it would be dangerous but we were anxious for adventure, and started on our way.

A long line of irregular rocks separated the grove from the water & there was no beach on which we could walk and as the trees on the hill, rising so abruptly above us grew closer to the rocks, there was no possible way for us but to jump from one rock to the other. We did not know how far this rough road extended, or how really dangerous it might be, but the frolic suited us & in gay spirits we started on our way —

climbed successfully over several rocks, then fell, scrambled, stumbled & got up doing the same thing again until somewhat bruised. On the way we made a discovery which filled us with delightful dread & expectation of difficulties. There were two rocks, so far apart that we could not, without danger of falling, step from one to the other. There had been no trouble at first, as the little bed of sand between afforded an easy crossing, but, now the sand was covered with water. We knew the tide was rising & we must go over or be imprisoned by its flow. Standing still, until the waves receded, for a moment we darted across, not, however, without getting our feet wet.

After our safe landing on the other side we took off our hats & the sea breeze kindly came and cooled our heated faces. How pleasant it was, sitting there, watching the waves coming & going over the rocks, hearing nothing but our own voices & the music of the sea.

We then went on, again, stopping every now & then, to coax the little sand crabs from their holes & gather curiosities, which we could not carry & while we were thus engaged, a Brazilian passed in a boat, and after looking at us with curiosity he said,

“Esta nao a bon lugar.”

We felt the truth of his words & thought it best to hurry away. The rest of our scramble was easy, as the rocks were smaller & there was not danger in jumping. Reaching the other end of the island we climbed a steep hill, pulling up by vines, limbs of bushes & roots of trees. When at last, on high land we began to inspect each other. Our curls were full of cockle-burs, our dresses torn, in many places. The soles of some of our shoes ripped, half off & our faces sunburnt & red. A beautiful trio of rustic maidens we were.

The dinner bell which was ringing loud and long, compelled us to start homeward. We were busy taking splinters from our fingers but did not continue when we heard this summons, for we knew by the energetic way in which it was rung that we were giving uneasiness. So, we promised ourselves to repay them by a graphic account of our adventures. We began our details as soon as we reached home, thinking they would be as

interesting to others as ourselves & that we would have a sympathizing audience — expecting also, to hear reproofs on all sides for our delay. But we had been missed only a little while, just when dinner was announced, then, when, we could not be found, they rang us up.

After washing our faces and arranging our hair we sat down to dinner, with good appetites and received smiling complements on the beautiful bloom of our cheeks, which for a while were all scarlet.

Thursday 18th We have enjoyed a visit to *fazenda Bangu*, Mr. Judkins delightful place. Dr. C. & Capt. J. went with us. We rode horse-back, took walks, visited the sugar mills &c. It is a beautiful place with a grand old Baronial dwelling, handsomer inside than out. We would not object to have a home just like it, with its great, paved Courts, its iron balconies, its Chapel, its Bamboo Avenue, which is by far the most beautiful thing we have seen in Brazil. Nothing can give an idea of its attractions except to go and see it. Still, we are satisfied with "Dixie" for a home. We had a pleasant time at Bangu but best of all was the kindest of treatment from Mr. and Mrs. J. who deserve all the comforts they have in their home.

23rd. Maj. and Mrs. McIntyre paid us a visit this week — remained all night. After supper while seated under the Mango tree they told us of the pleasant home they have which is ten miles from the City; on a beautiful, stage-road. They are much delighted with their fazenda, except to make sugar. Yesterday wrote to my sweet friends Kate Hutcheson & May Scott. The great sea divides them from me, but it is a great pleasure to renew our old school days & recall past joys.

Oct 9th Yesterday received letters from our friends on the Doce, brought by Mr. Spencer, just arrived on Oliveira's Schooner. To-day went, with my sisters to Mrs. Newman's, on the main-land opposite to us. Miss Mollie then went with us to return our visit to Mrs. Lane and Miss Lottie. The ladies were not at home but we rested awhile as the walk was so long. Dr. Berney was with us, also. The day was rather warm but our walk was pleasant. Dr. B. is going back to Montgomery.

When Mrs. & Miss Lane paid us their first call they were accompanied by Miss Mollie N. & when they were leaving we

accompanied them to the beach to watch them crossing over. Just as Mr. Payne had taken them safely to shore Miss Mollie stood for a moment on the edge of the boat & tilted it so suddenly she fell backwards in the water. We were sorry it happened but she only laughed about it & went on home as quickly as possible, as it was almost as near to her house, then, as ours. The distance to Mrs. Lane's is much farther about a mile. She rode horseback to and from Mrs. Newman's.

Chap 61

Ipihíba

Oct 17th On last Saturday a party of us went out to Maj McIntyre's fazenda Ipihíba, pronounced *ee-pe-hee-bah*. We enjoyed the ride on a beautiful road, in the large comfortable four horse coach, which Duncan had brought for us, to the landing. My sisters who had gone out a week or two before told us of the delightful ride they enjoyed in the easy carriage and of the interesting changes along the way. And we found it as they said, very pleasant indeed, and were charmed with the fazenda.

Maj. McIntyre as is the custom, here, bought out all the household articles, furniture, bedding, crockery, table-linen, sheets & pillow cases, towels & even little comforts. This is the way that Brazilians sell out. They reserve nothing but their clothing. I have never seen a home more completely furnished. The house is large & pleasantly arranged. At our island home we found a limited supply of furniture but no bedding or linen. This case was one among the exceptions.

At Ipihíba we had the pleasure, again of horseback riding, visiting the sugar mill, eating fruit &c. Mrs. McIntyre gave us every privilege & we were happy. Miss Margaret was, as she always is, kind & good & the boys, just like thoughtful, attentive brothers to us all. My friend Lizzie Freligh was with us & Miss Mary Porter, whose Parents came from Tuskegee, Ala. Their family is now in the city, at Capt Freligh's. They have several interesting daughters. We have a pleasant number of Americans — & they are very sociable. I wish I could describe

Ipihíba, with its rounded green hills, covered with sheep—its coffee and orange groves. It has many attractions.

23rd Yesterday evening just after our return from a sea-bath, which we enjoyed very much, we received a note from Miss Newman saying that Mrs. Lane wanted us to visit her next Tuesday & will send horses.

Friday 30 We paid the expected visit, as Mrs. Lane sent horses, she and Miss Lottie are refined & agreeable & they have an elegant home.

Nov. 1st Our Cow gives us great comfort. It is such a luxury to have plenty of milk. It was interesting & amusing to see the manner of getting her over. We watched the scene with much astonishment. The Calf was put in the Canoe. Mr. Payne started on with it and the cow swam on behind. We could see only her nose out of the water, but she reached our shore all right. A mule & this cow & calf and a few pigs constitutes our stock of animals.

Monday 3rd We love to visit an old deserted house, which is built on the island—on the farther side. Stone steps lead down to the beach & flowers grow up among the weeds. The Casa-like all Brazilian buildings is strongly made with thick walls—which can never tumble down & tiled roofing. Sometimes the wooden rafters are eaten away by ants & then the roof falls in, but this one seems strong, yet. The windows have been left open & rain has darkened & mildewed the plastering. When we walk about, our voices echoing through the walls, we find ourselves wondering how the former occupants passed their time. If they enjoyed, as we would, the possession of such a home, for the situation is beautiful—and if in repair, the house would be pleasant & convenient. Now—it stands alone, neglected and damp. A refuge for lizards and frogs.

Whenever I seat myself on this, my favorite rock, I think of our friend Julian McIntyre and I see his pleasant face. It was here we all sat together—happy and light of heart. That was his last visit. He never came again. He died the following week a short while before his Father moved to his Fazenda. Julian was a noble, good boy, gentle at home and to his friends. His aged Grandmother had died a little while before. She was the oldest among all the Emigrants, over eighty.

On one of the last Steamer's some more new emigrants came. A family of Keeps also a family named Keese. Another with a French name. All gone to San Paulo. The Emersons, whom we met on our first arrival in Rio & Mr. Malone, who then came to see us, too, have gone there also. Everybody goes to San Paulo, except those who return to the States. We think, if all the Americans had gone to that part of the country, a very few would have left. There were three separate Colonies in San Paulo. I believe the Americans are making their own settlements, now, just where they think best.

Chap 62

We will here insert a few letters, written by "the Father"—from Dixie Island to friends in the States, in which he gives a description of the happy home & the productions of the soil.

Rio de Janeiro

July 18, 1868

My dear Brother,

We are all again in Rio, having arrived three weeks ago. You told me when you left me on the Lake that if I could get some such place as "Dixie Island" that you thought it probable you would return. You are glad to hear that I've bought out Gen Hawthorne, I know. My family are not settled there. The girls have been having a gay time in the City at Capt Freligh's. The parlor is full of American-confederate gentlemen all the time. Gen. Hawthorne has greatly improved Dixie Island since you saw it, and I am surprised to find so much more tillable land than I expected.

I have a good industrious English gardener, who looks after everything & his wife, a quiet cheerful woman, cooks for us. I bought, with the Island a mule, twenty pigs, a good deal of poultry, boats, tools, furniture, &c, &c. We have a fine prospect for a large crop of tomatoes, cabbage, ocra, beans, &c. The Gen'l. has set out four thousand pine-apples. I am planting vegetables every week & will in a few days plant a large patch of sweet potatoes. All I want now, is a Cow and some muscovy

ducks. I have a large place enclosed for the pigs, poultry & cow. I only want "*Dixie*" as a home for the present & not for a source of income. We will continue to sell vegetables to cover a few expenses. Old January, who is a fixture on the island, takes them over to the mainland, in a boat every morning.

Coachman has rented an Office on Rua de' Rozario, No. 43, near Blounts, for five yrs. I have been at work but one week and thus far we have as much as both of us could do, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 or 11 at night. If this continues and I think it will, I will have no time to go home except Saturday nights to remain till Monday.

If you intend to return, let me know very soon. I am looking to another & I hope a larger source of income than Dentistry or *Dixie* & if you come & I succeed, you can share with me in this, also. Don't waste any money trying to save my property, if you can get anything that's due me, all well, but don't pay a dollar to secure real estate for I regard it as that much lost. You and Troy are hopeful about your country. I am not. I have seen no reason to change my mind about what it is to be and I cannot see how real estate is to enhance in value for a great while yet.

The family, from the eldest down are all delighted with their new home. The little ones like the Lake, better because there were more fish. After you left we caught plenty of mullet in the net, planted the whole place in corn, beans, & mandioca and when I came away everything looked flourishing. Left some fine hogs, penned up. Daubed the new hen-house, put up a new and secure roof on it, planted vegetables, cut down a good deal of foiced land on the hilltop and altogether made the place look new and inviting. But, I can get no one to go and take charge of it for me whom I think suitable for such a trust and as Spencer wishes to come away for two or three months I must sacrifice my labor. I have written to him to sell pigs, poultry & all perishable property & rent the place to Mr. Miller or some one until I can find a man to go in partnership with me or carry it on. I don't like to give it up as I believe it will yet be a source of income.

Dr. Dunn has gone to San Paulo to practice medicine. Ben Yancy & Morgan have a contract on the Rail-road & Ben looks

better than I ever saw him. Gen Hawthorne expects to leave for the States, in consequence of his wife's health, she not being able to come to him. This is why he gave up the island. I paid him thirteen hundred — 1300 — milreis for his lease. This includes the mule, boats, &c. I pay the Englishman & wife forty — 40 — milreis a monht. We have more plums on the island than we can destroy. We eat, sell cook and feed hogs on them, yet they do not seem to diminish.

We had a change of ministry a few day since and all parties seem pleased with it. It is said the minister of Agriculture appreciates confederates and will do something positive to assist them. Quite an American settlement has grown up around Mr. Newman's and they are thinking now of a Church & School. *Tuesday 21st* The Steamer has arrived and brought, I understand, ten families, chiefly from Mo. Most of them are at Capt Freligh's and seem to be nice people.

I must hear from you soon, as your determination to come or stay may influence my stay or departure from Dixie. I am, already, solicited to sell out at a profit of three or four hundred dollars upon my investment. I shall, however, hold on where I am until secure of the place I want & the necessary means to work it & until you determine whether you come or not. I am hoping to get a larger and better place, with orchards of fruit & coffee, with two or three hundred acres of level land on the rail-road four miles from Petropolis with a confederate neighbor, who will grind my cane & make my orange brandy. But of this, more a little time hence. To those engaged in cane-growing the prospect is very flattering. Brazilians cannot understand how so much is made with so few hands.

Some of the families, by the last Steamer, are from Texas. I have been too busy to learn particulars.***

Rio de Janeiro

Aug. 21st 1868

Dear Doctor,

Your letter reached me, yesterday. The Steamer arriving according to schedule. Among all the friends who write to me, you are the only one who does not take me for a weathercock. They all seem to think I will return to the U. S. when the po-

litical troubles are past. But, if I know myself I shall never leave Brazil. The climate here is such that life is a luxury, even when one has hard fare. When I think of your sweltering heat and pinching cold & contrast it with our even & delightfully uniform temperature I rejoice that we are here. No fans for Summer nor big wood piles for winter. Your prospective prosperity cannot be any better than ours & we have everything that you have & much that you do not have and cannot have. As for friends and associations I find them everywhere & whilst I love & miss the old ones, I cannot see that I should give up a country that suits me so well for one that only partially fills the bill.

Forty-three Rua Rosazio, has many visitors. How they find it I don't know, as there is not sign yet hung out, not advertisement, nothing to mark the entrance to the office.

If I succeed in my projects I will have a fazenda and negroes, plenty of stock in less than a year. If I fail I will have had the pleasure of anticipation & will still have my profession and Dixie until Nov. '74. What more could I hope for in the States. There is no place, not even St. Andrews Bay, equal to *Dixie* in your country. Here we are out of the world or in just as we please. In full view & a few hours run from the City. I am a monarch on my Island. If any one sets his foot upon my shore without my permission, I can shoot him & the law holds me guiltless. There are plenty of fish and oysters, crabs & more than enough fruit, pigs, poultry & wild guinea pigs, vegetables to sell, small birds & beautiful in abundance. Often the hummingbirds fly in at the windows. Our Island is a young paradise. Grand old Mango trees, furnishing shade, & fruit stretch out their hundred arms like the live oak. We have Japan plums to throw away. We give away, sell, preserve & feed pigs on them, and they bear at the rate for several months. I don't know the names of some of the fruit on the place. The Island contains about fifty acres, thirty of which I can cultivate. The rest is in fruit and wood and rock.

I am satisfied with our home and so are all my family, for the place is cool, has good spring water, healthy, near to market, & to the city. I can send a barrel of flour or sugar home for eight cents, & can send anything to town I wish, but I do not

expect to remain on Dixie, as it is not in accordance with my cherished plans. I intend to have a home of my own. Could buy Dixie as it is for sale & have the right to buy when my lease expires or before. Could make a good living by selling fruit & making butter, selling butter, as I can do, from 50 to 75 cents a lb. as fast as I can deliver it. Unless I can buy a place elsewhere shall get two or three good cows and can raise all the food they require.

I have not given up my home on the Lake and if I could have found a suitable person to carry on my plans should regard it as the best investment I ever made. I have given up the idea of a purely confederate settlement. I may sell out to someone who wishes a place unsurpassed for beauty, richness of soil, & indeed all the requirement for making a delightful home. No where in the world is there, I believe, such a body of land, so well adapted to the planter in wood, water, soil, producing such a variety of valuable crops. The vanilla or Cocoa, are more profitable than sugar-cane, coffee, or cotton, & grow well there.

There was a great deal of intermittant fever, caused by such a drought as had not been known there for thirty years, following a wet season. This might never occur again. Those who lived on old places & plantations were exempt. Those living on new places and in the bottom between the hills and who exposed themselves much to the Sun, suffered. I could raise hogs & poultry alone there & make a good living. Many substitutes for bread grow without trouble. Mandioca, arrow-root, potatoes, carrots, etc. Now I intend to have a home near the city where I can carry out my plans for making butter, &c and still practice my profession.

Last week I was ailing a little & staid on the Island to recuperate. I spent two nights and a day at Bangu the Judkins and Porter place. Bangu is a magnificent fazenda beautiful scenery, lovely valley & grand mountains & hills. If they don't get rich there is no use trying.

I think I will be ready to sell Dixie Island in about a month for two contos and a half — \$1250 — which includes everything, in doors and out.

Kind regards to all my friends and believe me —

Truly yours,

Rio de Janeiro
Aug. 24th 1868

Dear Brother

Your letter came by last Steamer. I rejoice to hear that all are well again.***

I wrote you, by last mail that I had Dixie Island and I hoped that by this mail I would write you that I *owned* a Fazenda but the "wait a little" *esparem ponc* of the Brazilians has but it out of my power. On next Thursday I expect to go to look at the place. It joins one just purchased by Capt Johnson. The man who wons it, has many thousand acres of land but this is disconnected from the rest. The Brazilian neighbors I hear are very wealthy, speak English and are very anxious for confederate neighbors.

You think I must come back to the States. This is so remote a possibility that I do not entertain it for a moment. I would not exchange countries. *Existance* merely is happiness in such a climate.

Maj. McIntyre has, at last, bought a place with one hundred & thirty negroes. Capt Johnson has bought one with fifty-seven negroes, he had already had six or eight. Rousell has bought fazenda & negroes also. Rousell pays six hundred dollars annually for ten years with the privilege of purchasing, at the end of the lease for \$15000, the rent to be counted as part of the payment. Porter says I can buy out one of his marauders for six hundred dollars & that the place has a good new house within a mile of Bangu — plenty of fruit, Coffee &c & I can have one, two, or three hundred acres of land or as much as I wish to plant. I saw the place from the road & think it a desirable one.

Only two families came out in the last steamer. If there is no possibility of your returning to Brazil I will look out for myself alone. There is no probability that I will go back to the States.

Gen Hawthorne has gone back to the States. A letter from you would reach him at Mobile. Dalton Yancy starts, in a few days. Ben is at work on the Don Pedro R. R. He and Morgan have a contract.

I had a letter to-day from Mr. Gunter. All are well & he says they are making expenses & he has provisions enough to feed all the community. He is planting cane now, & expects to make a large sugar plantation. Had very fine cane when I left & was still planting. Dr. Farley soon will have his mill up. Senor Raphaell is clearing a large place for cane. Dr. Johnson is here but expects to go to a settlement in the country, to practise medicine. Censir's paper is suspended for the present. War with Paraguay almost closed. Milreis looking up & property will soon be higher. A prominent Englishman told me the other day he would do all he could to assist me.

If I get the place I hope for I will be almost as near Rio as Dixie, measuring time and not distance. I can leave here on a Steam-ferryboat at Two o'clock & reach the place at 4 o'clock—one hour on boat & one hour by rail. Leave depot at 8 on Monday morning and reach Rio at 10 o'clock. This is a daily line with through tickets — expense 3\$100—three milreis — which you remember is a dollar and a half.

I have not received the last number of the "Land we Love". The "Old Guard" I get, but it is degenerating into a purely political Journal. I don't like it as much as formerly.

I do not like to write such a scattering letter but there are so many interruptions. The office or our laboratory is full all the time of visitors. Dr. Johnson, Coachman Dozier and I have our meals sent to us — pay 30\$100 — thirty milreis a month. We live well. Wharton & Seymour have just returned from Nimas — I have not seen them, yet.

I would write a letter for the mail but suppose the columns are all filled with politics & they would have no room for it. The Frelighs are well. Have a crowded house. Mr. Hall is here, on his way to the U. S. for his family. He says he can make more cotton than he can gather, in San Paulo. Broadnax, I hear, has made a very large and superior crop of Tobacco — so large that Cencir would not publish the information until verified.

The English Doctor, here, says that Vanilla is the most profitable of all crops in Brazil.

The family are still delighted with Dixie but willing to move if we get a home to call *our own*. Dr. Johnson sends his regards & hopes to see you back again.***

Love to all the family and our friends.**.

Rio de Janeiro
Sept 23d 1868

Dear Brother,

Your letter, by last steamer, was received. I am glad your people of the South are so hopeful but fear it may lead you to some rash investments. You look to me very much as a party of dancers appear when one cannot hear the music. I see nothing in your country to make you feel glad.

Since I wrote last I have made several visits to the country and have found a place for which I am now negotiating. The land joins Capt Johnson's — is about two miles from the end of the Maiva Railroad and not far from Petropolis. Capt Johnson's place is the finest I have seen in Brazil or any where else. His house is located at the foot of the mountains which rise 3000 ft. and, spread out, before him, is a beautiful plain of as fine land as I ever saw. Between his house and the one I expect to get runs a creek, tumbling from the mountain-gorge and furnishing water enough to turn any amount of machinery. The bed of the creek is filled with granite boulders from the size of a marble to forty feet in diameter. I do not think I have ever seen scenery surpassing that which breaks upon you in every direction. Capt Johnson has 6000 orange trees 95,000 coffee and numberless fruits. Orange trees are so abundant that he has been digging up many from his fields. I have visited several planters in this neighborhood. With one I spent a night and found him more like an American than I have met with in their homes. They speak three, four and five languages, and have many things just like Southerners. This gentleman has the finest machinery for Sugar making just imported from France & told me that in a very short time he should start a

Steam-plow. I found his negroes plowing with the turning plow and a single mule. His house & grounds are very tastefully arranged and he has many pets for his children.

I shall not be able to consummate my pending "*trades*" in time to inform you by this mail but by next Steamer hope to be settled for life. I infer from your letters that you have no idea of ever returning to Brazil. You saw the country in its worst aspect. In determining your course for the future do not decide hastily, don't fasten your-self yet in the States for you may desire to come here. For myself, I am better satisfied with Brazil than ever.

I know you would be contented to live always at a place like Capt Johnson's. I think I will succeed in getting that property near to him & he will have a sugar mill & distillery and will haul & work up the cane for me and in the mean time we can be getting the Cocoa under way, and that crop pays better than any other & grows beautifully, there. I have seen some on Johnson's place.

Love to all from all-----

From your brother

Rio de Janeiro

Oct 22nd 1868

Dear Brother,

Your letter & one from Dr. Rambo came by last steamer. I am yet unsettled and have hesitated about writing-but have concluded the mail shall carry something although I have little or nothing to say

This is a slow country for trading. I have been nearly two months trying to buy a place & have only just now begun to feel as if I was approaching the matter seriously. Much of the delay I think has arisen from my inability to speak Portuguese entrusting everything to others. If I succeed in my projects I shall probably do so within the next ten days. By the next steamer can write you definitely. I shall hold on to Dixie until I have another place ready to go to. My pine apples are

beginning to bear — tamarinds are ripening. The chickens flourish and the Cow continues to improve. Spencer is here now. He had grown quite reconciled to the Lake and interested in the planting there. I have ten acres of fine mandioca and my young fruit trees are growing superbly. I still believe my investment there was a good one if I had only staid there.

Maj. McIntyre has bought another place on the Santa Galla R. R. Dozier is still here. Roussell has his negroes hired in the city and is negotiating for a place.

We now have street cars running to Botofogo and they will extend to the Botanical gardens. Gen. Guaiconá is here, building a Railroad to Tijuca.

I have had late letters from the Doce. All well and hopeful. You will see Dr. Berney soon and get items from him.

Please send me a few Bene-seed — Send me, also, some seed of the pine, chinquepin, chesnut, the Italian, too, back pecan, etc.

Our practise continues to improve in quality. I may add more tomorrow. If not, kind regards to friends — & love to all.

From your brother.

Chap 63

Leaving Dixie

The letter, following this, cannot be found but the particulars of leaving "Dixie" were there given. "The Father" agreed to a proposition, which would enable the family to be comfortable in another temporary home, awaiting the completion of the trade with the Brazilian Fazendeira. Capt Johnson, whose house was large enough for two or three families kindly offered us the use of half. He was very anxious to have us settle near him; as *two* families would be apt to draw more and there would be a prospect of a neighborhood.

The Island passed into the hands of some Englishmen, Mr. Heinsman and his brother-in-law. They bought out everything and moved in, at once.

Dear, delightful *Dixie* was forsaken. Even in those few short months we had grown to love it. With its many beauties, its peace and quiet, its ever coming breezes, its pleasant memories of friends who enjoyed it with us, the lovely Island home will never be forgotten.

One will, perhaps, judge by the preceding letters and circumstances mentioned, that "the Father" indulges in happy structures of his "Castles in Spain" & sits like the faithful partner of quiet Prue, with the walls of a simple home around him and his soul in a joyous departure to these glorious domains. But the home of his imaginings is not of grand dimensions nor are his hopes splendor. He wishes only, for a place of comfort made lovely by all that industry can do and all that Nature can bestow. Yet, for all this, his enjoyments are very great — his plans well matured, but fate decrees that, only through Tit-bot-toms spectacles, shall he behold his comfortable houses and fertile plains. He has seen some that so nearly resemble those beheld through the glasses he would even be content as the owner. Still, they are not yet his. The Brazilian possessor does not give them up. Other homes arise before his vision, with mountain landscape, well tilled fields & groves of fruit. Cows and sheep grazing on the hills. Yes — he enjoys a great deal in the future, as well as in the present; waiting patiently for the consummation of his desires.

And now, again, from the Journals, we gather memories of the beautiful fazenda *Pao Grande* pronounced *pow gran-dee*. These are Capt Johnson's possessions — hills & plains in the finest culture, coffee and orange groves in perfection, mountain scenery sufficiently grand to satisfy the greatest lover of Nature.

Chap 64

Pao Grande

Dec. 1st 1868 We have left "Dixie Island". It is sold to some English gentlemen. We gave them possession before we left and during the last week they were moving in, while we were packing, to move out. Only gentlemen, belonging to the family,

came at first. Mr. Heinsman, his brother-in-law, Mr. Crashly, & Mr. Cowley. All very pleasant and polite. The latter had travelled a great deal & his conversation was very instructive, but he was so modest we had to ask him for recitals of his history. On the day we left, they rowed us over in the large boat & said kind words at parting, and we felt pleased that our dearly loved home would pass into such hands, as long as we had to give them up.

Pao Grande is yet like a strange acquaintance, but we admire it very much. Everything is grand & on a large scale. The great, high mountains, the broad, smoothe plains, the noisy, rushing, tumbling streams. All this we like, for its newness, and its wildness. These mountains form a crescent around the beautiful valley & the large white house is built very near to one of the highest. We love to listen to the sound of the cascades & it never ceases. Day and night we hear it and there is something in it strangely sad, more often after dark.

Dec. 2nd This morning we took a walk, before breakfast. It was cool & pleasant. We gathered some flowers & pressed them. We are now in the grape arbor. I have brought my Diary, also a book to read. We have a view of the mountains, near & far and the Lake just before me, which is in miniature, compared with those on the Doce. There is a little boat, tied to the post, which we can use whenever we wish. The garden, which extends into this little body of water, is one of the prettiest things we have seen — joined to the land on this side, by a neat, railed bridge, with a stone foundation. The boat goes under it, with ease. Graceful, weeping willows bend their boughs, at each end, till they sweep into the water. The garden is in the form of South America, united by an isthmus, to the hill. When you go up the accent & look down, the shape is perfect resemblance; with the natural form of *Terra-del-Fuego*, a little Island, that tips the point. On this, (very appropriately) is a hive of bees. The garden is laid off, in neat beds of vegetables, flowers & fruit, with gravelled walks. Much taste is displayed. We have here, the finest Pine-apples; a kind unequalled in the world. They cannot be transported. Called the Buckashear. They are more delicious than anything we have ever tasted.

Night We all went up to see the mill & enjoyed a beautiful prospect. Afterwards Capt. Johnson took us to ride on horse-back.

4th.—This morning took a walk with the children. In the afternoon took a ride in the boat around S. America, then we rode on horse-back again. My horse was the beautiful little Iron-grey poney. Eula's the pretty bay.

6th Mr. Wharton came out this evening, with Papa. How many changes have occurred among the Emigrants. The members of our colony have settled in different directions. "Friends been scattered, like roses in bloom." Some gone back to the States. This must be the time of running to and fro.

Dec. 17th Our life continues to be pleasant but monotonous. Capt Johnson has several assistants — all americans — Mr. Morgan, Mr. Kneese, Mr. Sim Miller. They take charge of the Machinery of farinha, coffee & sugar mills and overseeing negroes, &c. Capt. Johnson expects to have a dinner & dance, on Christmas, when the new parlor is finished, which he is having built.

Jan 1st 1869 Christmas has come and gone. Americans gathered together under Capt Johnson's roof and he did much for their pleasure and comfort. We wreathed the walls with orange leaves & flowers; red and yellow peppers. We had dancing two nights & all seemed to enjoy it. Mrs. Frelich presided over the young poeple & was the moving spirit in all our pleasures. When we tired of dancing we played parlor games.

Capt. B. Yancey & Col. Thompson started for Minas Bereas, on horseback as soon as the amusements were over. Now, the New Year has come on, all have returned to their usual pursuits. The new parlor is large & airy. Was finished just in time for the dancing.

11th Father is still trying to buy that place & looking at another, in the event of a failure in getting this. We have been over on horseback to the house, that he is so anxious to buy. We crossed the beautiful creek which is full of large smooth rocks, went through tangled brush wood and a wilderness of weeds, before we reached the gate. Mama rode on the Iron-

grey. The yard was overgrown so entirely that only tops of rose bushes peeped up thru them. We could see that it had once been a tasteful arrangement of beds and walks. The house is really fine-looking but much out of repair, has eight or ten small rooms & four large ones. We ran all over it & selected those for sleeping, dining, parlor & sitting rooms. Pantries, kitchens, storerooms, &c were in a wing at the back of the building. Mama was the only one not enthusiastic. The first remark she made was "When will we get it in a proper condition?" Knowing the slowness of Brazilian workmen, I do not wonder she should have first thought of this. The rest of us enjoyed the anticipation of living in it very soon. We all, looked out from the upper windows, at the glorious landscape & rejoiced at the hope of its being *ours*. We expect to have an American settlement, here, if we do not, I hope we will live in the city.

Jan 13th To-day was lovely and bright, a cool breeze blowing. We are very busy this week, sewing & I am reading Nicholas Nichelby.

Jan 17th, Sunday. This afternoon, in our walk, we sat by a creek, on the wayside & it made us think of a little wummer stream that flowed between two hills, near our old home. We called it Juniata, although, in dry seasons, it was only a ditch, but that sweet little stream, around which so many fond memories cling, may never murmur its music in my ears again or the Sun rise & set in my native land for me.

Jan 21st Thursday Yesterday Papa came out, & brought letters for me, from my friends, Miss Anna Gunter from the Doce & Mary Baldwin, of Montgomery. Have been writing all the morning. We have needed rain & now it is falling, like a "welcome burst of song."

27th It has been raining several days. The drops patter, patter as they fall, making sweet music. Mama has been quite sick. Papa was with us all this week. Everything is beautiful around Pao Grande, but we feel that we ought to have a home of our own. When we came we did not expect to be here even a month. Had every reason to believe we would secure the house near this at once. We begin to fear we will fail in getting either place. Ma is much better.

Feb 2 Tuesday Rain, rain, rain. How it *has* been raining. This morning I was up early. Looking out, the world seemed just waking. The insects were humming their hymn of dawn. The air was fresh with the breath of the mountains. There is a charm in the early morning. I often find myself looking at a figure I have found in the rocks, which resembles a lady climbing up the mountains, with her head cut off. There stands a mule, taking the rain as quietly as though he was under a shelter and apparently as comfortable.

Feb 7 Sunday Rio de Janeiro Yesterday I came in, with my Sisters to Mrs. Freligh's. We are enjoying the change from country to city life. Last evening a party of us went shopping and visited the Ice-cream saloon. This morning went to Church. The streets are very prettily decorated, for the carnival, which commences to-day. There are eight young ladies in the house and good many gentlemen.

Chap 65

The Carnival, in Rio

Later It is night; I am sleepy but I want to write down what I have seen to-day of the Carnival of Rio. People were dressed up very fancifully in different colors. Processions passed by, bands played, drums beat, torpedos were fired. A great throng moved by and, in the midst, four or five men supported two poles, on the top of which was a board, covered with blue supporting a tiny ship-made to represent the sea. Another arrangement of this kind showed us Neptune on a fish. Then came on Bacchus, the God of Wine, with a wreath of grapes around his head and a cup in his hand. This procession was of sailors. Then appeared a ship in a storm. I cannot begin to mention all the sights; there were too many. We went out at night, to look at the illuminated streets, nothing I have ever seen was like it. The effect was splendid, I thought it like enchantment. We almost forgot it was night, the brightness was like sunshine, without its heat. Not far from us, the musicians are seated, in a balcony and we have the full benefit of the music, and this is *Sunday*. We went to hear Mr. Preston this morning, an

excellent minister of the Episcopal church & there it looked and felt like the Holy Sabbath.

Thursday Feb 11. Tuesday was the last day of the Carnival. Some of the costumes were made of the richest material. Silks, velvet, ribbons and laces — indeed, of everything handsome.

One procession passed, which made us all shudder. It was awful. A hearse, drawn by six mules, with green plumes in their heads. In the hearse was a figure of death with a scythe in one hand & an hour-glass in the other. His mask was a skeleton's face. He had flame colored hair. It was horrible! Then there were figures representing ghosts, all dressed in white. Pretended cannibals went by, crying for children to be killed, for them to eat. Torpedos burst, bands still played, people danced and all the air was filled with such mingled sounds, as these. The day after the Carnival, which was yesterday, flags were taken in (our own confederate among the number) and all the confusion over.

My sisters have gone back to Pao Grande. Mrs. Kerr went with them. Miss Rowley left, to-day. I am staying a little longer, with my friend Lizzie F.

Saturday, 13th Yesterday a party of us took a ride out to Botofoga on the street cars. This is an improvement—since we came to Brazil. On our way back we stopped at the gate of the public garden “Passeio Publico”. There we met Mr. Rainey who went in with us. We walked about awhile, looked at the magnificent bay—then took seats in a little arbor; enjoyed Ice doces, also, heard sweet music from the band. This morning we are going to the Gallery of Arts.

Feb 14th St. Valentine's day. In our old home this was the time to welcome little signs of Spring & listen with joy, to the songs of birds, but here, we forget the change of seasons; they are so nearly the same.

Yesterday our party visited the Gallery of Arts as we intended; saw many beautiful pictures, went shopping—then, took a ride across the bay, on a Steamer. We had a strong breeze and it was delightful. When we were returning the city was lighted. The gas looked like a circle of diamonds, around the bay. We admired anew the beauties of this picture

and were glad to gaze on it at this favorable hour. We then went to an elegant Saloon—had ice-cream, frozen orangeade, almond-candy, & c. When we returned home we had a pleasant interchange of comic valentines. Mr. Pinckney told us “Good-bye” to-night. He is going to San Paulo. Is, by this time, out on the briny deep.

Feb 15th All the ladies of the house went up, yesterday evening, with Mr. Rainey to Castle Hill. The view from there was beautiful. The great City lay at our feet, stretching out, broad and wide, the magnificent bay, dotted with Ships, Steamers and small vessels. We remained on the cool, breezy hill until the lights of Heaven and earth began to burn. We then went to the Passeio Publico; listened to the music of the band and the dashing waves.

18th Our party has taken another delightful ride on the bay, in one of the Steamers, & every evening Ice-cream.

20th We went out last night. Visited the stores. Ladies shop mostly by gas-light. Had, as usual ice-cream etc. & when we returned found visitors in the Parlor.

21st Yesterday received two or three letters, from the States & wrote some. Last evening Mr. Slaughter came, with a carriage & took Mrs. Freligh, Lizzie & me to the Government House. We saw a few Emigrants just arrived on the steamer. We brought away a few sweet flowers, pinned them at our throats and loved them for the sake of those bright joyous days spent in the building, on our first arrival in Rio. This morning we all went to Church.

Monday Feb. 22d Last night Mr. S. came for us to walk to the Passeio Publico but it commenced raining a little and we could not. To-morrow I will go back to Pao Grande. I want to see the homefolks but it is duller there than here. It could not be otherwise as *that* is country & this is City-life, still I will be glad to return to my duties again.

Chap 66

Visit to Petropolis

Pao Grande, Feb. 25th Once more under the shadow of these grand old mountains, once more near the veil of their mists.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Kerr, sister and I, with Mr. Kneese & Capt. Johnson, went to visit some Brazilians. Mrs. Kerr played the Piano, Mr. Kneese sang. A nice lunch was handed. Our carriage was a cart, drawn by two mules & we had a mat to sit on. We went this way for a frolic. We returned by moonlight. Lillies grew on each side of the road, the large white blossoms gleamed above the tall thick grass. We crossed the noisy creek, fire flies sparkled around us & we laughed & sang all the way home. After supper we all sat on the steps & had vocal music for several hours. Mrs. Kerr sings sweetly &— Dr. Farley also. They entertained us very much.

This morning we all took a ride with Capt. Johnson to show Mrs. Kerr the mill. We crossed a part of the creek, where the water rushed and tumbled around among the cool, grey, rocks—some of them wearing mantles of rich, green, moss. Some of us climbed the large rocks, crossed and recrossed the creek. Then rode down to the field where the hands were working.

26th We are getting ready to go up to the City of Petropolis. Will start to-morrow morning very early — Are making some more riding-skirts.

28th We have paid the visit to Petropolis on the mountain-top. Mrs. Kerr enjoyed it, I know, & we all did. The road was beautiful, white and hard with a stone wall on one side & on the other rose the mountain, reaching high up in the sky, covered with green trees, rocks & flowers, streams gushed out from its side, bubbling and singing, inviting travellers to drink of their cooling water.

We carried our breakfast & stopped by the way, seating ourselves on the stone-walk, to eat it. When we had finished our cold chicken & lightbread, &c, we drank from one of the streams. We then mounted our horses and continued our

journey. We passed several deserted houses. When far up in the mountain, we looked down and saw below us, hills, vallies and houses, with clouds resting above them & below us. We could see the Bay of Rio dotted with its islands, among them, perhaps, dear old "Dixie" though we could not recognize it. We reached Petropolis after a while, went first to a Hotel—then paid a visit to Mrs. Lane, who has two homes — one there, the other near the city of Rio, where we visited her before. She was very kind and pleasant — gave us a nice dinner and at about half past four in the afternoon we commenced our descent of the mountain. We travelled for some time in the clouds and it seemed like looking over the world, into space, for we saw nothing but the clouds. After a while we looked up to those we had a short time before been riding through. We reached Pao Grande at night. Our ride there & back, was twenty-seven miles. Mama was growing uneasy & was so rejoiced to hear the sound of our voices and the horses feet for she was leaning out of the window, listening with all her ears and all her heart. She was happy when she learned we had enjoyed it so much & without accident.

Chap 67

Disappointments

March 7th Yesterday received letters. To-day wrote some. It is said that Mr. Nathan has failed, I hope not. He has been a great friend to the emigrants.

17th We have been disappointed after such patient waiting, in getting the place which we desired. I have heard there is "luck in leisure". God grant it may be so in this case.

23rd I have been reading Bleak House, and Ivanhoe. "Father" says this week he thinks he will make some decision about a home. It may be we will go to San Paulo. A good many of our American friends are now living there & are much pleased.

25th It is a lovely moonlight night. The Pao Grande Mountains loom darkly up against the sky, fleecy white clouds rest lazily between us and the moon. The musical chirp of the cricket blends

with the war of the waterfall & the stream that flows from this gleaming cascade—looks silvery between its green banks. The scenery is, indeed, grand & beautiful. It seems, indeed, a shame to go to sleep and shut out the moon.

26th This is a great Saint's day with the Brazilians. Capt Johnson has given, his negroes holiday. To-day have read some in Shakespeare.

To-night we had another dance. What a lovely evening it is. Pao Grande, fresh and fair, looks lovely in her robe of silver light and coronet of stars. What sweet music to lull us to sleep, falling water and the song of insects. How distinctly we can see the white winding roads, losing themselves among the trees & shrubbery.

Saturday 27 Father came out with Mr Judkins, Dr Coachman æ Dr McDade. Mr. Slaughter sent me two books & beautiful picture representing Paul & Virginia.

The negroes seem to be enjoying themselves very much. They are dancing & singing strange, wild songs.

30th Reb was true to his name, a little rebellious. After his good humor was restored I talked to him about Heaven. He wanted to know if they have beds and sheets up there saying he would get sleepy. His eyes looked to blue and innocent. George came to listen & prattle about Heaven, too, in his baby way. The dear little fellow has gone in the other room & has left one of his little stockings by my bedside.

Thursday April 1st We have played some harmless little jokes to keep up the character of the day.

4th This evening a crowd of Brazilians came to see us. Aristocracy, I believe. Our family speaks only a little Portuguese and the visitors knew no English, so we were not very entertaining to each other. Ellie, with her usual merry way, made herself agreeable, talking to one, then another, although she did not want to come down, knowing it would be a labor to converse with them. Capt Johnson made himself pleasant. One of the girls was quite pretty. It rained a little after they left. The thunder rolled solemnly overhead and "Ever and anow the

lightning threw its vivid chain across the darkened Heavens". It is not raining-now-but an occasional bright flame lights up the dark sky.

Monday 5th We have been talking a little about going back to the States—not that there is any thought of our so doing. Father is somewhat discouraged about not getting that place. We will probably move into the City soon, as he has so entirely failed in his plans to settle in the country. We felt a little homesick, when the possibility was suggested of our going back to Montgomery. But, we will not probably go & I expect it is best, after all, for us to remain in Brazil and we must crush out the longings we often have for the home of our birth & the loved and loving friends we have left.

7th Wednesday Two years ago, from yesterday, we left Montgomery, Ala. to start to Brazil. How thankful we ought to be that all is so well with us.

We have had a visit from Mr. Carson, one of our friends of the "Marmion", just returned from his exploring tour, up the Amazon. He gave his sister a most beautiful Macaw. The feathers preserved on the skin. The richest colors—yellow and blue. He also gave her a wonderfully carved ring, which was made by the Indians, in the country where he has been traveling, made of a dwarf-cocanut.

We had a hard rain this evening accompanied by thunder & lightning.

9th Friday There has been some interruption in the running of the cars. This is very inconvenient, but we expect to move into the City, before long.

10th This evening Papa came out and we more delighted than usual because he could not get here last week. The route he took to reach us was long and troublesome. The trains do not run now on account of some dispute among the head officers of the R.R.

17th As there is nothing of interest to relate I will give to my Journal a few lines to my Grand Mother, whom I scarcely remember but love very dearly, from all I know of her through others.—

Spirit of my angel mother!
Oft I sigh, in vain, for thee.
For thy teachings pure and lovely,
To instil *their* strength in me.
Oh! if thou couldst give the language
That is lost to thee, on earth—
Thoughts would then unfold like roses,
Struggling in my heart, for birth.

But I would not, could not wish thee
To unplume they angel wings
For this world of lights & shadows
Weary hearts and faithless things.

Though I never more may listen
To thy voice, once low and sweet
Let thy holy Spirit, Mother
Guide me to the Mercy-Seat.

April 18. We cannot go to church as there is none to attend, but what more eloquent sermon do we need than tall shadowy mountains, reaching up far into the blue of Heaven, bright green grass and softly murmuring streams? Who would want music more sacred than the voice of the waterfall and happy birds? Then-such beauties surround us. We can but worship the creator who has formed and fashioned all this. A drapery of clouds rests upon the highest peak of one of these mountains. How beautiful, how soft and cool! Above this, only a curtain of blue is drawn, between us and angel spirits that we love.

In a crowded city, where the air is polluted by dust and heat, hemmed in by brick walls, the noise and bustle of business life continuedly ringing in ones' ears, we must lose some of the freshness & purity of heart, where we have not even a glimpse of waving trees, green fields and blue lakes to remind us of the Heavenly Hereafter. Yet, I would not like to lead always, a country life.

Two Brazilian clerks came out here, not long since, who had never been outside of the city of Rio. They spent a few days and they were almost crazy with delight. They were like children in their demonstrations of pleasure.

Wednesday 21st Yesterday Capt Johnson accompanied us on horse back in a ride, before breakfast. As we were passing the house of one of our Brazilian acquaintances we were invited to stop. We did so & the family gave us a social welcome, with Coffee, Cakes and butter. Showed us a beautiful stream that foamed and sparkled over innumerable rocks.

This is the day for the American steamer to come in. I know we will receive letters. We are joyful already, in advance.

How singular, that in this house are so many different nations represented — Americans from both the North and South — Mr. Wharton is a Northern man. Mr. Newnis, who keeps a little store & lives here is a portuguese. The negroes are native Brazilians and we have an educated Greek, who speaks the English brokenly. He is very gentlemanly & seems to be studying our language all the time. His name is (as it is called) Vassel-eka. Mr. Rummel who sometimes visits here, is a Bohemian. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden are English & they are the nearest neighbors we have that speak our language. Mrs. Freligh has a French neighbor across the street from her & they visit sociably. Surely, the Americans have a fine opportunity of comparing nationalities.

22nd We had a slight storm this evening and to-night the earth looks refreshed and cool in the faint light of the moon. Small flakes of white clouds rest on the dark mountains' side. And the voice of my loved cascade is heard. Solemnly sweet this music rings out on the night air. Oh! I may miss the beautiful moonlight nights and sweet serenades, when I leave Pao Grande.

Friday April 23rd

The mountains, draped in silver mist
And towering to the sky —
From whose clear depths the stars look down
Oh! must I say Good-bye?

You cascade, gleaming pure & white
And laughing, all day long —
The streams that break in sunny light —
The night birds drowsy song.

The lovely lake, o're whose bright waves
I rowed the light canoe;
I ne'er again may dip the oar
Deep in thy waters blue

Ah! well — I do not sigh to stay —
Tho' tears may dim my eye
All this will be a vanished dream
When I have said Good-bye.

April 24th Pa came this evening. Home is more pleasant now. Ma & sister showed him some paintings of fruit & flowers they copied from those gathered in the garden — also some sketches of Pao Grande and I carried my diary for him to read my efforts at rhyming. He said something which pleased my very much. He likes to encourage all our attempts and this does good. Mama-in her own kind way, sometimes throws a damper on my *aspirations* — Saying — “I Love to know you have these feelings and at times would give them expression—but do not forget that life is much more real than it has been and I would not have you a dreamer.”

Now I do not think I am. But I often wish for different things than now surround us—or rather; I like to picture to myself a home, which we can call our own. It is pleasant to live in realms of our own imaging, even if they *do* float away like the summer clouds.

27th Yesterday Father did not return to the City. He gave me a lesson in shooting a pistol. I was frightened at first—but soon got over it. “The day is dark and dreary”.

May 1st It is *cloudy*—but a few stars keep watch over the world in its dreams, while hundreds of fire flies sparkly brightly, in the darkness. How I love this quiet, this holy repose of Nature. More so, because we have lately, had disagreeable weather-blustering. Every now and then clouds settle themselves above Pao Grande and hang there for a day or two, without any rain—but incessant gusts of wind, which sweep through the mountain gorges with sighs and howls. The doors and window shutters slam and bang and the air sends forth no pleasant sound. The sweet music we are wont to hear, of rushing streams, it drowned. But these disagreeable spells make the return of quiet and clear skies more welcome.

We have been quiet deceived in the belief that we would have more thunderstorms here than in our old home. We find that they are more rare. We have never yet seen a storm equal to those which were so frequent in our summers. In this mountains country I suppose the winds cannot sweep & we certainly have very little thunder and lightening.

May 6th Thursday. We had a visit from Mr. & Mrs. Hayden. They were very agreeable. We went over to the Coffee House to see the interesting process of cleaning coffee.

Chap 68

Engenho Cafe

We often go over to watch the negroes at work. This large stone engenho is built with more care than the dwelling house, with an immense paved court, in front—upon which coffee is dried and rice threshed. In the first room we enter, is a number of large square vats, bricked and cemented. A stream, brought down from the mountains, is carried by a trough, through the wall & when the door is raised the water comes rushing in, emptying into the first & Deepest vats which contain large quantities of ripe red berries, resembling plums, then it passes through a machine which crushes off these red hulls. The grains pass between brass rollers — water is gradually poured on, to keep the brass from wearing. The hull is carried off, by water running under this mill. The grain being very slippery, goes through a trough into another vat & water is again poured on, to stand. The inferior grains float on the top; passing into the lower vats.

The first sunny day the coffee is spread out on the clean paved court, to dry. The inferior coffee is hard and white, when it is dried. In the next large, long building, which has a smooth & beautiful—floor like a dancing hall, the coffee is stored away. The negroes are continually bringing in on their heads, baskets of freshly gathered berries & they look tempting, like fruit. They are tasked & for all that they bring over the quantity required Capt Johnson pays them. Some are so expert they finish their task early in the day & thus they enjoy their labor

& make money. They have a kind master & all look cheerful and happy. Indeed I never saw better management.

A heavy rain began to fall just after we went in, so—we enjoyed the company of Mr. & Mrs. Hayden, in the engenho de Cafe until it was over.

Tuesday 11th At last it seems to be settled that we will live in Rio, and I am glad. We have begun to pack & are sewing all the time making up new clothes for the children, as we will hardly have time to sew much when we move.

12th We have returned Mrs. Hayden's visit. She has a very pretty house, near the depot. While sitting in her cool, neat, pleasant parlor, so prettily furnished I almost envied her the possession of her home. Was it wrong? Perhaps it was.

13th Sunrise at Pao Grande

The welcome Sun comes slowly up
The misty mountains height,
And fills the dewy vale below
With pure & golden light.

The mist, upon the silent lake,
A vail of moonlight seems
It slowly melts into the light,
Like half remembered dreams.

The flowers bend before the breeze
That comes so fresh and new
Rippling the waves that mirror back
The sky, so deep and blue.

17th We are very busy to-day packing. We will move to our home on Wednesday. Miss Lottie Lane came out with Mr. Sampson Saturday, left to-day. Mr. S. is a large, heavy man, and he had an unlucky fall which made us all feel very badly. We were all going out to the negro quarters, to see them dancing—Saturday night, & he fell or rather stepped from the door at the back of the kitchen into a mud puddle, filled with rocks where the earth is as black as ink, almost. He had on a white linen coat and vest, beautifully starched and ironed. Imagine how he felt when he found himself struggling

up. Suddenly he disappeared. We saw the glimmer of his clothes a moment only. No one seemed to know what had become of him & we all grew uneasy. The gentlemen went out with lanterns to search for him, thinking (as we supposed,) that he had fainted after walking off some distance—but this seemed a singular proceeding, for him to go off from the house to faint. All the ladies were really frightened but I think the gentlemen knew he had slipped into one of their bedrooms to change his clothing. But they wanted to joke and they encouraged our uneasiness. We were standing in the front door, looking out, when we heard voices & several of the gentlemen came up with Mr. Sampson close by, evidently leaning on one of them. We expressed our joy at once—and as he reached the top step he said to one of the gentlemen (as if in pain) “For Heaven’s sake don’t touch my arm.” Poor fellow, we thought it was broken. But he was not hurt at all. We did not know whether to laugh or be provoked when we found ourselves deceived but were glad indeed that none of his bones were broken.

18th This is the last night at Pao Grande. The negroes have been up to say Goodbye. Felicia, Gertrude, Innocenia, Branca and numerous others, quite a crowd—large & small. Felicia seemed really grieved & began to shed tears — the others from sympathy cried also. The little ones joined in until it was quiet a scene of lamentation. This was more affecting than we expected and made us sad. We had given those we knew best, some presents, only “to remember us by” as negroes say. They seemed pleased and it may be, their sorrow was genuine for they evidently loved the American ladies — thought them very beautiful for their fair faces — so different from *their* ladies, with such dark complexions.

Our Mother does not wish to separate Joanna from Fernando, whom she has married. They seem much attached to each other. Capt Johnson wishes us to take any one of his servants in her place, that we may select — so we will take Sophie, who seems pleased to go. We find very little difference between the negroes here & those in the States except in the amount of work they seem able to do. One American house servant will accomplish more than twice as much without trying.

Chap 69

Moro do Inga

All these fine "air castles" tumbled down, that were reared in the vicinity of Pao Grande. The Brazilians, so slow in making a decision and so vacillating, wear out the patience of an American and matters could not remain thus, so "the Father" determined at length to rent a place near Rio—on Moro do Inga. Moro means a *hill*. This elevated point is in the village of San Domingos, and ferry-boats leave its wharf, every half hour during the day, to go to the city. So this would be far more convenient than Dixie Island, as he could be with his family all the time, except at business hours.

The work of getting settled, in the new house was a pleasant excitement to all and we felt sure of being happy there, with everything to make us comfortable—with pure, sea air from all sides and the grandest of scenery to gladden our eyes. So high on the hill as to feel that we were enjoying the retirement of the country and yet so near the world that we could, in a few moments, go down to get our marketing or visit the stores in the village, at our feet. So close to the great, busy city, that whenever we wished we could, by paying ten cents, enjoy a ride over, in one of the delightful Steam, ferryboats. And—we were happily situated in being able to entertain our guests and scarcely a day or evening passed without the company of American friends. A community like this was rarely to be found, where such true pleasure was enjoyed in the interchange of visits. A bond stronger than common friendship united those who there met, in a foreign land and we will always remember gratefully our pleasures in that home, the brightest and happiest we had had. There was a comfortable freedom in being able to adopt our own fashions and customs, imitating, just as far as we wished, those of our English or Brazilian acquaintances—and we cannot but regret, even at this late day, that a spirit of restlessness should have ruled the emigrants and scattered, once more, a happy band of friends. Our enjoyments were sufficient and we only wished for those best loved in the States, to join us there.

We employed, for our gardener, a deaf-mute, named Dominick Gaunor, who came out with Ballard Dunn and went with him to his colony, which was broken up. This man, whom

everyone called dummy, was intelligent—could write & spell very well and for the absence of speech, consoled himself by being very talkative and communicative, on the slate or with his fingers and we sometimes had to pretend, if we were very busy, not to see his upraised hands or he would stop & give us a long dissertation on some favorite topic. He was good-natured and industrious. We found much variety, between our directions for the daily work, given to him and to our Portuguese cook.

Ballard Dunn's colony which was of shorter duration than ours of the Doce, was situated on the Iguape River; in the Province of San Paulo. Americans prospered in other localities, having their own schools and Churches. In and around campinas are the points:

Santa Barbara, Limeira, Rio Claro, Pirassinunga, Jundiahy and Fazenda Funil.

Dr. Dunn, of the Doce, went to Pirassinunga to practise his profession. The American physicians had all settled in different localities and were from all accounts doing well. Maj. McIntyre was at his Fazenda Ipihiba, still prospering making sugar. He had bought, also, another place, on the Cantagalo R.R. All the young men had secured good situations, some as clerks in the city, others on Fazendas around Rio, but the larger number of emigrants were making themselves homes in San Paulo, and all the new-comers were drawn in that direction. Still we had a community of a pleasant size transient visitors constantly coming and going—so our life was very far from monotonous and Moro de Inga was indeed a happy home, and we enjoyed the luxuries of this delicious climate which came to us so readily and with little trouble or cost.

Again, we draw from the Journals

Thursday May 20th.

"This evening we reached our new home, after spending a day and night, very pleasantly at Mrs. Frelighs. We are all delighted. The house is situated on a high hill with a neat

front-yard, level, with an immense Mango tree, near the wall, at the left. In place of fences, out yards are enclosed by low brick walls. Four Palm trees stand, two on each side of the gate, from which a flight of steps leads down, towards the road that is bordered with flowers. The scenery all around is lovely, even magnificent. The Bay and its shipping lies in view. The valley at the foot of the hill, which is a portion of the city, makes a pretty picture. We can look upon the tops of many of the houses, see the carriages as they pass and hear the sound of the wheels, and it seems like a panorama, to us, above.

We begin life anew and expect to be very happy in our sweet home.

From our front-door we can hear distinctly the music of the the band. Music seems kindly to follow us. Our mountain serenades were perhaps sweeter but I like this more.

23rd It is night—but I cannot yet go to bed until I have written of a delightful stroll we had on the beach, this evening, after gas-light, with some friends. We passed many handsome houses, with beautiful yards, filled with rarest trees & flowers, heard music from the Piano, at nearly every step. Brazilian ladies are mostly accomplished performers. When we reached the seashore we watched, for some time, the great waves, silvered by the moonlight, wreathed with foam, dashing against the snow white beach, then, receding, as if to gather new force and break with a booming sound. But—how tame is any description, particularly mine.

Mr. Slaughter is going to teach me the portuguese.

29th. Saturday night. To-day Dr. McDade's family came. We are enjoying their visit and have plenty to talk about, of the old Linhares days and our Doce trials, generally. Dr. McDade has had a fine practise and made many friends among the Brazilians but he is returning to the States; on account of the feeble health of his wife's mother. The past week we have had a good many visitors, have had several pleasant parties of boat-riding, at night and enjoyed ice-cream several times. Sitting on deck of the ferry-boats with the breeze fanning us, so pleasantly, is delightful and health giving.

June 14th. Have been over to the city since I wrote last, had

many pleasures, boat-riding, ice-cream, &c. Sister went to Maj. McIntyres with Mrs. McDade & spent several days, very pleasantly. Could not write in my Journal *last* week or rather did not because each evening was so agreeably spent with company.

Went to Church, yesterday. How pleasant it is to go over in the way we do, taking a walk, first, down our steep hill, which exercise we rather like, then it is only a short distance to the wharf, where we take the steam ferry-boat. A trip over to the city is a short and agreeable ride.

Wed. June 16th. I have not treated my Journal as a dear friend, since I left Pao Grande—I suppose it is because I have more to occupy me & I do not talk about the beautiful scenery as I did there, and yet, there is a landscape on every side, which exceeds all that we have ever seen. Every thing that is required to make earth lovely is in our view. These grand irregular mountains, some half concealed by clouds, rise up; a never ceasing wonder. The Bay so blue, so rich in fertile islands and grand old massive buildings, linked to this extensive city.

We are having moonlight nights & while I write, the pure, bright face of the dear old moon, looks down like a guardian angel on our home. We never weary of our views & every evening the family spend, at least, a pleasant hour under our Imperial Palms, or seated below the Mango tree, on the rustic bench. Before we go to bed, we take one lingering look at our landscapes.

I have been drawing some sketches of our home. I have tried to make a perfect representation of the brickwall; little iron-gate, the hedge and the four beautiful plam trees which guard the entrance to our home. We can only see the tops of the two which stand outside the wall, for they grow on the descent of the hill.

Chap 70

Friends departing

June 15th. Mr. Pinckney left Monday for San Paulo. Mr. McDade's-family will soon be gone to the States — others are going, we learn. All this makes us sad.

June 17th. San Domingos is indeed a lovely place. We passed some beautiful residences in our walk to the beach this evening, some which reminded us of the mansions of lords and ladies and knights of the olden time. In the Sea, not far from shore, are two or three large rocks, which we call the ruins of Castles. Ascending the hill, on our way home, we beheld another picture. A part of the city of the valley, enclosed in a nest, by mountains, looking so peaceful, in the moonlight. We returned, from this, to our brightly lighted parlor to mingle with the some circle and enjoy, also, a pleasant evening with our visitors.

19th. This morning Mrs. McDade returned from Bangu, with Mr. L. Judkins. Dr. McD. and Father have gone out to Pao Grande to see little Mary Johnson, who is very sick. We all feel uneasy until we hear from there.

21st. She is dead—Poor little Mary. She died two hours after Father and Dr. McDade reached the Fazenda. What a heavy affliction it was to the family, for she was their darling.

Friday, July 2nd. I have been to Pao Grande. It was a sad visit — put flowers on little Mary's grave, which we visited several times.

While I was away my sisters went with Dr. Coachman to attend a Brazilian wedding. The marriage of Senhora Caroline de Chamberlaine to Mr. Bu-sha-ville, a Canadian. The Father of the bride was a Frenchman, the mother a Brazilian.

July 6th. Went with my Mother and sister to pay calls, this morning. The first to young Mrs. Wright, a lovely little lady, from Baltimore. After walking up a very steep hill, with stone-steps, leading from the bottom to the door of the handsome dwelling we felt tired. It was so easy to walk rapidly in this way, without knowing we were exerting ourselves. A servant opened the door and we were glad to be seated and rest. A cool breeze came through the blinds and while we spoke to each other of the pleasant home Mr. Wright, the elder, came in, excusing his daughter, as she was not well. We enjoyed our visit, nevertheless, for his conversation was cheerful and improving. We did not stay very long. Paid our next visit to Mrs. Myers. Her only child, a daughter, is an invalid. Is lame and although not able to walk her face is rosy, as if in health.

She is quite pretty and her Mother, one of the most entertaining and accomplished persons we have met, plays on the Piano, like a Professor of music. We expressed surprise that she could read music so well as she turned over page after page of long overtures and she seemed equally astonished that our Mother had learned some of her pieces by ear. They gave each other pleasure while Mama felt that here was quite simple in comparison. Her piano is of the Budoir shape of most beautiful rose-wood. All the pianos we have seen are of this style. Ours is the same but not near so sweet and rich a tone.

This lady—who is a native Brazilian speaks the English very well and her daughter is taking regular lessons in the language. We asked her if she had studied it, also. She said she had learned it only, from her English neighbors. Her husband must be descended from some other nation as the name does not sound Brazilian. He had a large dry-good store on *Rua de Sept de Setembro*.

12th Monday. Have enjoyed so much the past few days, as to make me forget my Journal. My friend L. F. has been staying with me — returned with her Saturday evening. Attended Church Sunday. Made two new acquaintances, Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Massey.

13th. Have received a present of a large, handsomely bound book, an album of engravings, scenes from all parts of the world.

This evening Mr. Wright; his son & daughter-in-law, the young Mrs. W., came. We enjoyed their visit very much. She is a charming little woman.

14th To-night we had visitors, among them, Captains Shippey and Bruce, just arrived from Saint Catherina; much pleased with that country. The gentlemen were agreeable. Mrs. F. entertained us much with a variety of sweet songs.

We stood under our Palm trees for awhile, after they were gone. The moon shone above, and below us—thousands of heavenly and earthly stars sent their brilliant, trembling rays into the cool still air. It is not delightful that all the year round we can enjoy this soft delicious sea-breeze? Never looking

forward to cold or dreading heat, as we are always comfortable in the shade. Who would not live by the seashore—and in such a climate?

16th. This evening Dr. Dunn came from his home in San Paulo.

To-morrow night a party of us expect to go to hear Ristori. Hope nothing will prevent. We are anxious to hear this world renowned actress.

This is certainly much better for us, than the life we led on the Doce. How often we “thank our stars” that we have our clothes beautifully done up, by a laundress, who brings them to us with our ruffles fluted, just as in the States. They use the *furnace-irons* altogether here, not having fire places to the houses.

Chap 71

Weatherbound

21st. Wednesday. We have been to see Ristori, in the play of “Elizabeth.” We were fully satisfied — expect to go, again.

For several days after we attended the theatre we were weatherbound at Mrs. Freligh’s. It rained heavily most of the time and incessantly day and night. Mrs. F. was not sorry for this as she loves to be surrounded by young people and to give them pleasure. Mr. Nathan, in the evenings, entertained us much by reading aloud and taught us some new parlor games — one of the, called *Gossip*, we thought excellent. A whispered remark is carried around, from one person to the other and when the last two hears it, is called upon to utter it aloud the sentence is changed as to make the meaning different, entirely, from what it was in the beginning and very ridiculous although each one listened and tried to repeat carefully.

This showed us the great necessity of being slow to believe reports that are taken from one friend to another. A good many American gentlemen were in the city & every evening we had company.

Home 28th. Dr. Johnson, Senior has moved his family up to Petropolis and they are much better pleased there. Pao Grande was beginning to be sickly — or so it appeared to be.

30th Lizzie is spending the week with me. We read to each other in the day and in the evening have games, cards, playing on the Piano, singing and dancing.

Aug. 4th In the city again. We have come in to attend the birthday party of my friend L. All enjoyed the evening, more than we could express to our sweet little hostess and her Mother. We had an elegant supper & a pleasant dance.

Home again. Saturday, 7th. Last night we expected to have a parlor full of company, with dancing, games &c but we were disappointed, for the wind blew very hard, the bay became rough, and the clouds threatened a heavy rain. Mr. Chas. Chamberlaine who had taken dinner with us remained till after 8 o'clock. The storm passed & he took his leave

10th Last night the expected crowd came with the addition of Mr. Northup, a new acquaintance just from San Paulo. It is needless to say the evening was pleasant. For refreshments we had oranges, tangerines, and cake. Miss Lottie Lane & her little nephew spent the day.

12th Capt Dozier, just arrived from the Doce came with Papa from the city, to-day.

We are teaching our little brothers & sisters, quite regularly, now. We are thinking of having some private theatricals, Mr. Nathan will be the manager, if we do.

Sunday. 15th Yesterday, we were much pleased by the unexpected arrival of Miss Anna Gunter and her Sister Nellie, who came with their Father from the Doce.

This morning we expect to hear good Mr. Preston preach. The bells are ringing now, musically & sweetly. These are the Catholic bells we hear (not ours) but the sound calls us all to join in praise and adoration to God. After the morning services in their churches the Brazilians devote the rest of the Sabbath to pleasure or business. Our friend, Mr. Pinchney, is not boarding with us; has left his Saw Mill, in San Paulo — thinks he

will not return again. He is very obliging — goes with us every morning to Market. Just after breakfast, each day, we go down the street, getting supplies for the dinner and the next morning's breakfast. We take with us, our cook or the deaf & dumb gardener, who carries two baskets, one for fruit, the other for meat and vegetables. This is the hour that ladies always go. Meat keeps fresh longer here than in the States; hung up in a cool closet we find it better for remaining there during the night. Fruit is so cheap and abundant we are never without it & it never makes anyone sick. Think of buying the finest oranges for two cents apiece & the most delicious bananas for one cent!

Sep 4th Miss Anna G. came in from her Aunt McIntyres. Sister is going shopping with her & they will return to Ipihiba together, to pay a visit. Miss Anna is to be married soon to Capt Dozier of Florida. Mrs. Feligh is thinking of going to San Paulo to the Funil place; to live.

Chap 72

The Tidal Wave

Sep. 18th Saturday morning 10 o'clock.

We are seated, in a strange place, but a very pleasant one. In the mouth of a cave, on the shore of Jurajuba bay. We have brought our paper and pencils to take sketches of the scenery. Mr. Pinckney has just gone off. We can see him standing on a dock, gazing on the sea. Now he announces to us that the tide is coming up and he thinks we will have trouble in getting back. What a pity! We wanted to draw a little longer. Mr. P. is, himself, quite an artist, as well as my friend L — their sketches would be worth preserving — they are — but — we must go.

28th Last night we had pleasant company in the parlor and sweet music. Mr. Massey came to say good-bye. He is going to the States. Capt & Mrs. Dozier, the newly married pair were here and several others. Mrs. Freligh is really going back to San Paulo. This time to Fazenda Funil. How much we regret

this, we cannot say. One by one our friends are leaving; mostly to the U. States. An earthquake is predicted, with a great tidal wave. Some of the Brazilians are going into the interior to escape; having full faith in the prophecy.

Oct 4th To-day the great earthquake and the tidal wave are expected by those who believe in their coming. Yesterday a thick mist spread over the mountains at mid-day, entirely hiding the city from view and dimming the sunshine. To-day, at 12 o'clock another fog came, in the same way, while the sun shone brightly. We never saw anything like this before. A chilly wind continued to blow while the mist remained.

13th Mr. Pinchney has made me a present of a pair of beautiful white doves. Have felt great satisfaction to-night, having kept house, helped to cook dinner, & c while Mama & nearly all the family spent the day in the city. She brought Mrs. Kerr home with her. The dinner was on the table when they came in. The children dressed, sweet & clean as they always are in the evening. I tell this to my Journal because I was so glad I did not forget anything. Dinner is our last meal. We have breakfast at seven o'clock, lunch at twelve, and dinner at six.

We have no *flies* in Brazil—or so few we scarcely notice them and they do not come in the houses. This we consider a great blessing. Our dining room is the most pleasant place in the house. The Sea-breeze always blows strongly on this side and we have a view of *Jurajuba* bay & the villages around it. This part of our establishment is in charge of my little sister, only twelve years old, and no one could manage better. She will not let us disarrange anything & keeps the dishes in perfect order on their shelves in the room, which is devoted to the crockery. We have all the household duties divided, & none of us, now, have much to do.

14th Yesterday evening Mr. Massey (who has not yet left for the U. S.) came out with Mrs. Kerr & Lizzie. Mr. Pinckney leaves to-night for San Paulo, returns, again, to his Mill. He brought some eggs to make egg-nog which we did with *good spirits*.

Nov. 4th Have been out to Mr. Judkins' place, Bangu. Had a delightful visit, came in yesterday. Mrs. Freleigh's family will

leave Saturday, and we feel very, very sad. They spent last night with us.

Chap 73

Visit to the Passeo Publico

Saturday, Nov. 6th We have been over to the City to say "Good-bye" to our friends — spent the last day with them. The have now gone to the Funil settlement, in S. Paulo. I will try to be still happy, in my sweet home, with my parents, sisters, brothers, doves, books & flowers, beautiful scenery, and the few friends we still have left, who continue to visit us sociably.

Mr. Rainey's family will soon be here from the U. States and they will live near us. Dr. Rainey and his brothers own the line of ferry-boats that ply between San Domingos, Praia Grande, ports on this side, and Rio. The Brazilians expect to have some steamers to run in opposition, soon.

9th. Last Sunday listened to a good sermon from Mr. Preston. The text — "Here we have no continuing City, but we seek one to come."

Mrs. Dozier starts for the Doce, to-morrow. Dummy is working in the front yard & we have planted some flowers.

14th Sunday. Capt. Dozier did not get off. The Schooner was not yet ready. So we all went over to church this morning. Mr. & Mrs. Judkins spent several days with us, with their charming little family. We all enjoyed this visit exceedingly. While they were here we all went over to hear the famous Pianist, Gottschalk.

18. We were sorry we could not see more of a new minister (Presbyterian) Mr. Moreton who was on his way to San Paulo. He and his very lovely wife remained at Mrs. Freligh's a short while before Mrs. F. left. Mrs. M. is from Baltimore. Mr. Moreton preached an excellent sermon which we heard, at the house of Mr. Blow, the United States minister to this court. There is only one Church in Rio, the Episcopal, besides the Catholic. It seemed strange to listen to a sermon at a private

house. Mrs. Blow is a very pleasant lady, with several daughters and a niece — all pretty & stylish in dress. Mrs. B. & Mrs. Freligh were old friends in the States.

Sunday 22nd Dr. Dunn has gone back to the States. Capt McEachin's family is now with us; they expect to get off Tuesday to return to Montgomery. Now this makes us almost home-hick. They will soon see our old home—which, perhaps, we may never see again. Another and another — thus they go — many gone — others leaving and some intending to go.

How often those lines, of Montgomery, recur to me.

“Friend after friend departs.

Who has not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts

That finds not here an end?”

Father speaks sometimes of returning to the States.

24th Tuesday Capt Johnson came down with Mrs. Brown from Petropolis, yesterday. Last night nearly all the household went to hear Ristori — came back well pleased. I staid with Mama.

Monday 29th Capt and Mrs. McEachin left last Saturday, Nellie Gunter, her sister, went with them. They took passage on a Baltimore Vessel. Had some pleasing and improving conversation with Mrs. McEachin, while she was with us. She is a gentlewoman & a Christian.

Last night went to the Passeio Publico with Dr. Coachman & Mrs. Brown, who is spending a few days with us. There is a place to feel “a stranger in a strange land” to look in the crowd, around & see no familiar face. We listened to the sweet strains from the band. The musicians sat in their little pavillions; entertaining all throngs that passed, perhaps with no enjoyment to themselves. The artificial stream, with its beautifully cut borders, winds its way around the beds. Swans, white and black, swim on its surface. Visitors stop for a few moments to admire the grace of their movements. The Sea-Cow comes up at a friendly call. Tramp, tramp sounds the tread of many feet on the smooth white roads. The soft sea breeze rustles the leaves of the green boughs & the long bending Palms. The great ocean, too, is near and the surf sounds out with its loud,

incessant beats. We leaned over the wall, looking down, upon the waves, as they came so methodically up, and every thing seemed to breathe sadness. When there before, I had by my side the absent friend, whose voice I could not then hear, could not listen to her gentle musical laugh. There is something lonely in the sounds that breathe on the air at the *Passeio*; even the music once so grand and inspiring was mournful. Well, I am not always there. Home is bright and cheerful & I will be so, too. It is not right to be sad when there is so much to make me glad. Every one, at times, feels gloomy, and, as Linnie expresses it, dismal.

Lines to Lizzie

I am sitting sad and lonely
And the Past, our joys renew;
As those sunny pictures linger
Round my heart — like evening dew.

And — amid the many faces
Rising up before my view,
There is one of gentle beauty
And, *that face* belongs to you.

Mongst the eyes of sunny gladness,
In memory meeting mine,
There are two of Heaven's making
And *those eyes*, sweet friend, are thine.

Midst the sound of merry laughter,
Coming softly to my ear,
Is a voice of loving sweetness
And the one I oftenest hear.

Through the sound of distant music,
Floating o'er my dreaming heart,
Is a touch of fairy fingers,
Of that *Past* a desert part.

Chap 74

(Beginning with lines to Lizzie)

Dec. 8th. Father has gone up to Petropolis, to be gone a few days, professionally. We are thinking seriously of returning to the States.

20th Several startling and painful events have cast a gloom over us. First, Mr. Sampson's dreadful and sudden death. Gottschalk too is dead; he who so lately gave so much pleasure with his wonderful talent. But nothing saddened us more than the death of Mrs. Wright. So young and so lovely— How desolate now, must be the home so lately brightened by her presence. We spent an evening at their house not long since & she sang, so beautifully & with much feeling, Tennyson's "Break, break, break;

On thy cold grey-stones — Oh! Sea."

She seemed then to be well but her voice was sadly sweet. Her death was sudden.

Dec. 24th Friday To-morrow is Christmas. We have decorated the parlor and dining room, with flowers, green leaves, and scarlet berries; deep purple, white, crimson, and trumpet flowers droop amid the garlands. We have, also, added fruit, purple plums, etc. Captain Johnson has been to help us find a Christmas tree. We have invited all the Americans friends that are near enough to come and take dinner with us to-morrow.

Jan 3rd 1870 I have more than a week to recall. 'Christmas day our friends came. Mr. L. Judkins, Mr. H. Gunter & Manly, Duncan & Robt McIntyre, R. & Capt Freligh. The latter is now boarding with us. He has business which keeps him, at present, in the city — while his family are settled in San Paulo. They are on a large Fazenda of Col. White's.

The Tidal Wave did not come but a great wave of emigration is again flowing towards San Paulo. All our friends now go to Funil that are not returning to the States. I think Father would take us there if he had not been to the Doce. This San Paulo settlement prospers and every one seems to be happy there.

In the evening we walked down to the new wharf. That night we attempted to have a little dance, but as there were no other girls besides ourselves it ended in a failure. Still, it was pleasant enough to make us laugh a little. The week passed off quietly.

Last Friday evening Dr. Coachman, Mr. Gunter; accompanied my sisters and me to Mr. Judkins' fazenda, Bangu, to spend New Years Day. Enjoyed ourselves much more than we did Christmas. Went fishing in the afternoon. It was an unusually warm day for Brazil. In the evening it was cool and pleasant again. Came home yesterday.

Wed. Jan 5th. My sisters & I have been to call on Mrs. Rainey, her sister-in-law, Miss Blanche & her daughter, Gussie. We are glad they have come. They have a comfortable home in San Domingos, not far from us. Mrs. R. will be sociable, will visit our Mother first as her health is not good now.

The new ferry-boats have commenced running. Yesterday the Emperor came to witness the inauguration. The bridge at the landing was decorated with wreaths & flags. The boat the Emperor was in more highly ornamented still. Many flags floated from the top. Everything that is just finished must have the presence of Don Pedro before it is considered complete.

9th. Sam Kerr and Lucius White are here from S. Paulo, expecting to go to Montebideo. We have heard directly from our friends, the Frelighs. They are happy in their new home. Their letters have been cheerful & believe they are delighted.

12th. Our community now is very small but those that are left are still sociable. Our friends the McIntyres are really settled and do not think of leaving. They are wise, for they are comfortable in every sense of the word. Doing well and it is well that they know it and are contented.

Jan 16th. We have another little sister. There is great rejoicing in the family, as the last four children were boys. And this is a variety.

27th. Dear Kind Miss Margaret McIntyre is here. She takes care of our little sister & Mama's room is now the brightest and most cheerful part of the house.

Feb. 6th. We have had a visit from an elegant & agreeable gentleman Mr. Ganville Wright. He has just gone.

11th. Capt Freligh is still boarding with us. We do miss our absent friends very much. But it is well they have left the city, for every one is leaving on account of the yellow fever, which is now raging, in Rio. We have dry clear weather and lovely nights. We wish for a rain as we would in the States for a frost. As the streets are thus thoroughly cleansed and the air purified. A heavy rain would wash off the epidemic.

20th. Business is much diminished. Fever still rages. We never attend church — Have very few visitors on account of sickness. We do not fear the epidemic on our high hill, which is swept by sea breezes & the gentlemen here go in late and return early. They do not feel uneasy.

Our cook was taken sick though not with the fever & has gone home, & we are taking it turn about to attend to kitchen work. Jose, the office boy, comes over to bring up our water from the well at the foot of the hill & to get our wood, which we buy already cut up. The French Baker brings us hot bread to our door, every morning, & we manage pretty well. They bake our meats for us when we wish. But—I have forgotten to tell of *some* changes we have made lately. Joanna, our own Servant, who remained at Capt Johnson's, died of Typhoid fever. We returned Sophie & have since hired a negro woman named Marlquelina. A very good servant & good cook. We miss her sadly and wish she would get well.

26th Mr. Slaughter has had a slight attack of the fever but has recovered & spent several days with us to recuperate. Jose' left us looking dull one morning & *he* now has the fever. He is a real negro & a good faithful servant.

March 1st Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Judkins have sent a pressing invitation for us to visit them, at their fazenda. Bangri. Their home is on the Don Pedro Railroad, about twenty miles from Rio.

Chap 75

Letters to the U. S.

And now, while the hurried preparations are going on for this trip — we will introduce a few more letters of “the Father” written from his San Domingos home, to the States.

Rio de Janiero
June 28th 1869

Mrs. M. B. C. Rivers

Dear Friend,

By the last N. American packet your unexpected but very welcome letter came.*** I wish I could describe this country to you, so that you can understand it, but after a residence here of two years I find I can not do so.

The climate is the most delicious I have ever known. The fruits are in the greatest abundance and variety. The flowers have a wealth of beauty and fragrance, elsewhere unknown. The birds are as various and beautiful as the flowers. Their songs as sweet as any other & the scenery surpasses the painters imagination. Whether you look at the lofty peaks or the deep tangled woods, of the mountain side or valley.

The people are very polite and kindly disposed and the upper class will compare favorably with any but their union of church and State and their antiquated & cumbrous laws retard their progress and tend to make them paradoxical, consequential & effeminate, though liberal and hospitable.

If the Church and State were separated and a few of their old laws abolished, the administration of the good ones enforced in a less cumbrous, red-tape manner, I think there would be a rapid improvement in people and development of country.

The religion, as we see it, consists in priests processions tinsel show shooting fire crackers & making other pyrotechnic displays. But as I have long since determined to worship God after my own conscience and meddle with no Man's religion, I give myself no concern about these things. All religions are permitted here and no one is questioned about his belief the only requirement being that no other than the Catholics are allowed steeples or belfries, and that a decent respect shall be observed towards the State religion.

Many of the antiquated notions of the Brazilians & much of their exclusiveness is gradually passing away.

The products of this country are all those of the temperate climates and a thousand others. Chiefly now, for export — coffee sugar, cotton & tobacco. The woods & dye stuffs, medicines, minerals, gum, risins &c &c are not yet developed. Some of the finest cabinet woods in the world are found in Brazil and are unknown out of the Empire. Cattle, hogs, sheep &c *grow* here in spite of all the neglect and bad treatment of the natives. Poultry of all kinds, flourish & yet you cannot buy a chicken for less than 50 cents.

Vegetables of all kind can be had at all times. The butter is mostly imported from Europe & never sells for less than fifty cent.

In the market of Rio you can find almost anything you wish, for all quarters of the earth empty some of their produce here.

The greatest trouble to an American is the language — until he learns it he cannot succeed well at anything without assistance or at any rate, he labors under a serious disadvantage. The Brazilians cultivate the French & German more than the English. Many & most of the educated speak several languages & are beginning to learn more generally the English. Any one who has an aptitude for language can acquire a good idea of the Portuguese in three or four months.

We have an Episcopal Church & English schools in Rio, but I think the province of San Paulo will be the great centre of American enterprise in Brazil. There are many now located there, planting and prospering & others are constantly going. The Southerners are scattered from the Amazon to Buenos Ayres. The great valley of the world will yet be the Amazon Rich in everything & with resources that hundred years will only partially develop.

*** Since I wrote to Sister M — we have moved to San Domingos — one of the *cir-cumurban* villages of Rio. We are about four miles from the city, across the Bay. Our home is a very comfortable one—on the top of a hill which overlooks the Bay of Rio, with its shipping—the little Bay *Jurajuba*, which forms a beautiful sheet of water on the other side of this village & Prial Grande. The views are beautiful. At night we see Rio with its gas lights on the beach, extending for miles and then winding up the mountain sides, in Hogarth lines of beauty, until they are blended with the stars. The boats, with their colored lights moving over the water the distant islands scattered over the bay. Well—it is very beautiful. My house is commodious and

we have about five acres attached—with fruit trees of various kinds, garden and poultry yard. Will soon buy a cow & then hope to have butter & milk of our own. We breakfast soon after seven o'clock, take the boat, which runs every half or three quarters of an hour from daylight till ten or eleven at night. The landing is about five minutes walk from the house. At 9 o'clock am in my office, where I remain, until half past three or later, if necessary—then come home to dinner. We have a market close by where we get meats of all kind—vegetables and fruit. Stores, or *Vendes*, are on the street, at the foot of our hill, where articles of necessity can be procured. The ladies do their real shopping in the fine stores of Rio. Altogether—I do not know that we were ever so pleasantly situated before.

You ask about the family. I wish you could see us in our happy home. The elder daughters assist the Mother & they all help each other***

We have our own home school—The larger girls teach the smaller children, & all seem to enjoy themselves.***

Remember me kindly to Dr. Rives and believe me always your friend.

The Manifold letter-writer which we have occasionally used in our family, has been serviceable. By writing two or more letters at the same time we can refer to the original ones, which we still preserve on the thin sheets of the Book.

Moro de Inga
San Domingos - near Rio de Janeiro
June 28th 1869

From a letter to Dr. Rambo

After business hours I can go fishing - bathing or strolling around. This is the beauty of Brazil life. Dont have to work every hour in the day. Public gardens are always open & there is rarely a day or night that you are not entertained by music from a full brass band.

From the window where I sit to write I can see crafts of all sizes and characters and all nationalities, to the number I should say of one thousand. Flags of all kind are flying - bands are playing - Soldiers are out in holiday attire & rockets & crackers abound. Bless me - what a quantity of pyrotechnics are gotten off here, in a year. It seems to me there are about five hundred Saints & every one has some day set apart for his *festa*.

Night - The lights of Rio, Botafoga, Priae Grande and other circum-urban sites are to be seen from our house and it is an illumination upon a scale scarcely ever seen. They seem to begin in a horizontal line at the waters edge and wind their way to the worlds overhead. Here and there you see boats with particolored lights darting about over the Bay and the lights of homes on the islands scattered about in the water.

This is St. Anthony's *feira* and there is a grand display near the beach. Sham battles between two forts and a ship fine music and all manner of fireworks &c All the town and my family excepting Reb George & myself. Reb sits with over-coat on, nodding, whilst I write & wants to go, too. This is our winter but what a luxury not to be obligated to provide for fires.

We only need wood for cooking. Charcoal for ironing. This is indeed a delicious climate.

We have two students — one lad about fifteen — and a Brazilian doctor. The former is of American and English parents and speaks English & portuguese. The latter reads one language & speaks it a little.

We have never advertised & now have only a small sign on the door post — yet we are found & they come from far and near. Our rent is very high, also taxes & with incidental office expenses we pay \$13 or 14.00 a year.

So far, the firm has kept out of debt and lived and I think our prospects better now than ever, for we have a goodly number of patients trained to our practice and prices.

Coachman is a fine operator and stands very high — speaks the language well and is as polite as a Brazilian & they excell the French. I wish you could step in and see us.

Brazil is not near so far from the U. S. as it once was. You can run down in a month, from Baltimore, very pleasantly, for \$100.

I may write more before the end of the month. Remember me to the other Doctors and all my friends.

Truly-

Your friend

To Dr. L. Rambo Montgomery,
Ala.

To sr. C. A. Hentz
Quincy, Fla.

Moro de Inga
San Domingos near Rio
June 28th 1869

Dear C---

I would have replied to your letter, by the Steamer

which brought it, but was too much occupied to write fully — as I wished to do.

If I could advise you to come to Brazil it would give me more pleasure than it would you, but it is a responsibility I cannot assume. If the examination for license or degree, depended on merit I could advise you to come, feeling sure that fortune would await you, but you cannot *safely* practise until you have been ordered by the faculty. If you can stand an examination in French and write a thesis in French, then, you might pass. If you would be willing to live on a fazenda in the interior you could live and do well & practise till you learn the language, and that, with your great aptitude you would be able to accomplish in four or six months. Then you might pass an examination. I am satisfied, from the number of calls I receive to prescribe, (I who am known to only a few as a Physician) that you could soon, among the English and Americans; alone, command a practise that would lead to a competence if not a fortune.

There is but one English physician here; he has more calls than he can attend — is not a strong man. Am acquainted with him. He is just such a man as you would think loveable gentle, kind, affectionate — but is not the man to grapple with great emergencies. This is the estimate I believe, of his friends and patrons. He lives out of the City & of course cannot spend all the time a physician ought, in his office. *July 11th* Time slips away very rapidly — One steamer has just gone, and we begin to look for another. Then — we frequently receive letters and papers by the English & Fsench packets.

We are on a high hill — in full view of Rio the bay and its shipping. We nightly hear the pulses of the great Atlantic beating on the beach. All around the mountain's sides are beautiful residences and gardens, nestled in the lusuriant verdure of this tropic clime. You can form no idea of the richness and grandeur of this scenery. The Imperial Palm is the most perfectly symmetric and graceful tree I have ever seen. Four of them stand at our front gate. A large Mango with its dense foliage rears itself to the right from the parlor door and under it, is a rude bench. All around the yard, within the wall, which encloses it, is a hedge of evergreen of some short shrub like an air-plant. The foliage is a very rich oily green. From the front gate we descend stone-steps — which lead out upon our hill which has a gravel slope to its base — around the foot of it is a fence — which divides us from the street. Our well is also enclosed & is only a few steps from the lower gate.

Our hill is over a hundred feet high. The side is terraced and planted in fruit trees with spaces in plenty for

vegetables and grass. I am preparing to plant grass, *capins* so that I can keep a cow.

Capt Johnson an American friend has just sent me a sack of coffee of beautiful quality — from his own fazenda. You seldom get the best in the U. States. The best sells here often at 10&12\$ 5 & 6 \$ per arroba. 32 lbs and is sent chiefly to England and France.

I have been so disappointed in my negotiations for a Fazenda that, for the present, I intend to devote myself to my profession and wait like Micawber. I have an interest in a meat-curing process but it does not get on to suit me, and I think I may realize nothing from it, though if I had capitol could make it the grandest business in Brazil. Meat is cheap and abundant and could be prepared here, for all Europe. I do not mean in this part of the Empire, but South of this and on the river La Plate. Good fat mutton in the Argentine republic is said to be used for fire-wood. From 60,000 the sheep have increased to 60,000,000. That portion of this continent and the Amazon valley are going to be the great and wealthy portions of this continent.

You ask me what Chacaca is. The *agua dente de cauna* — the spirit, made from cane juice rum being the spirit made from molasses. Good Chacaca is pure and makes a pleasant stimulant pronounced *Casash* like your whiskey in its effects, but has a flavor of its own. Indeed, when you consider alcoholic drinks — alcohol is the best, because it is pure; brandy, gin, rum, whiskey etc. being only alcohol, containing some of the essential oil of the grape, juniper cane or corn.

You ask what we eat. I answer almost every every-think except bacon and greens, and may soon have that. For breakfast we have either beef steaks hashed meats — mutton chops — broiled bacon, fish or oysters. There are certain dishes nearly always present. These are, *Carna-secca* — (dried beef) *fajios* — black, beans — *Farinha de Mandioca*. These three constitute the chief food of the Brazilians. Americans, generally become fond of these articles of diet.

We have fruit every day — mostly oranges and bananas. Our dinners are similar to breakfasts with the addition of soup and we keep our seats until coffee is brought on — you find wine on every mans table — We prefer the claret, in our warmest weather. Have a Norwegian friend who has gone to Hamburg and has promised to bring me some fine wines. Our bacon, here, is English — can-cost 50 cts per pound. Duffield hams I have bought for 35 cts a pound. for English or Baltimore hams we pay 50 cts.

The fish market on this side of the Bay is poor but in the Rio market we can get all kinds of fish from fresh Sardines to groupers, weighing four or five hundred pounds — have seen sides cut from these fish larger than a quarter of beef. The mullet, here, are *enormous*. I have seen them five times as large as any I ever saw in the Gulf of Mexico. All the gelatinous fish, sharks, eels, craw-fish, as large as lobsters, crabs, shrimps, pompano a few trout — blue fish — flounders etc. ad infinitum, are in the market. Indeed — the market is a wonder — a sort of worlds' exhibition. Ice from Massachusetts and parrots from Australia. Onions from Portugal. Cod fish from New Brunswick — beef-tongues from Baltimore & from the Banda Oriental. You can find anything from any where & often the extremes of the earth in?

Occasionally I go down after dinner to the "old ferry-house" now occupied by a friend from N. Carolina and catch fish and crabs. The parasites and dawns of animal life that are to be seen clinging to the rocks are very interesting and I spend, almost every day, some minutes in quiet communion with these mute brothers of mine as I wait for the boat. I generally go down a little in advance of the time — for fear of missing the eight o'clock Steamer.

Enough of Brazil, for the present. I wish we could enjoy its delights together.

The girls have gone in the city to Church The Episcopal. "The Mother" attending to some household duties and the little ones at play.

I wish you could visit us and see our whole family,
now.***

Love to all and write when you can to your friend and brother.

San Domingoes near Rio

July 11th 1869

To Mr. G. P. K. Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Brother

Your appeal to me to come back is very strong — the arguments good and addressed very cogently to my feelings and my judgment. It is certainly very flattering to know that we are held in such esteem that our friends would be willing to donate funds to enable us to be with them again. But, granting all, what would I do if I was back in Montgomery in my old home and free of debt? Could I *certainly* support myself? If much of my practise should return

would it be able to pay? Whilst I do not say that I will not go back I think it would be unwise for me now, to do so. We are living comfortably & not getting into debt. Our practise is still improving and promises to be as much as we wish. Our rent and taxes are high but we are proportionally pushing up our prices.

My children have not such advantages for education as I wish but in Montgomery, would be no better off, unless I returned with money. They are constantly improving, however in their studies & reading at home. The little ones are learning rapidly enough, and gaining health & strength.

If I was rich I would like to live in Brazil and visit the U. S. occasionally. I believe I like the country better every day. Sunday 18th The Steamer will be here in two more days. Unless I write to-day, may not be ready with my letter, when she sails, for we are kept very busy lately.

Last night and to-day it has rained. The first we have had for two months. We shall soon have a garden, now, and the children are raising poultry — so we are settled down quite home-like.

There has been some yellow fever — here chiefly among the sailors, but no one seems to apprehend that it will become epidemic and now that it has rained, suppose it will all disappear.

Dr Dunn arrived day before yesterday, from San Paulo, quite fat and says S. Paulo is the finest country he has seen. He is making money — so is every one, there, whether at profession, trade or planting. All our people are prospering, there, Some are here, now to buy more negroes. Cencir has just returned from a visit to S.P. & is much enthused with the country as the others. Ben Yancey is so delighted he is going to try to persuade his Mother to come. Capt Shippey & Bruce are just up from S. Catherine. They look very robust and say that is the chosen part of the earth; tho they agree it is much the same as the table lands of San Paulo

The railroad system of S. Paulo has taken a fresh start and will soon be very efficient, bringing the fine lands of the far interior near the coast. Col. Thompson & Maj. Jones think S. Paulo the finest country they have seen.

Your old friend Newman has moved to San Paulo & is I understand, doing well. So has Miller, from the Doce — and indeed it is almost another confederacy. Sixteen persons came on Nathans' vessel from N. Orleans. All went to S. Paulo. One o'clock — Have just finished my

lunch Think you would have enjoyed some fine *vinho branco* which we had.

Dr Hentz wishes to come to Brazil and, if you and your family, with his, would join us in San Paulo I think I would never desire to get fifty miles from home. The country is growing and prospering so that we could soon have our own of everything — schools & churches, etc. We could have peace, health quiet and independence, in a climate that is delicious, affording everything we have in the temperate zones, adding thereto all the tropic productions. The girls yesterday went over to the city to hear Madam Ristori in Queen Elizabeth. The Emperor & every body was to be there. They intended to go to Church to-day & will remain till evening, but the rain which is falling will doubtless prevent their going.

Mr Miller — our Doce neighbor, who remained on the Lake awhile, after we left is now living in San Paulo. He writes to me & his daughter to our family that they are quiet satisfied with the country. From all accounts affluence waits them. Mr Nathan has a very large tract of land which is said to be very fine. He looks forward to the day when he can establish a cotton factory. If one was in operation there it would out pay the gold mines. And—if in place of cotton the *ramine* was cultivated, the pay would be still greater. The growing of this plant is going to be a source of great wealth to Brazil & to those who raise it. Mrs. Miller says the vegetables, poultry & cattle are finer than any she has ever seen. When one can grow provisions and fruit so abundantly & cheaply he must keep his physical man in good condition and prosper and be happy.

I have no doubt Coachmans Father and family will come. Will hear from you again next mail. For the present

Adeos,

Your brother

San Domingos,
Aug 22d 1869

To Gen Hawthorne.

Dear Genl.

Your very welcome letter of July 19th came by last Steamer.****

I receive the Montgomery Mail — The Eclectic Magazine & Land we love and for them gather enough to feel still quite satisfied with Brazil. The climate and produc-

tions are such, that one feels if they were removed from the necessity of labor they might reverse Job's remark & say "I would like to live always."

My present home on the high hill top is more convenient & comfortable than Dixie & you know we both agreed that was a small paradise. I sold my lease on Dixie to some Englishman. They invested largely in chickens — the pest got among them and killed them. Three very high tides swept over the low lands and destroyed their vegetables and a long drought finished those above water. Just then the gentleman Mr Heinsman received a letter from his father in England offering him a situation and money to pay his passage home & he went. His partner remained & has gone into business here. Dixie then passed back into the hands of its owner.

Dr Dunn is here — expecting to go before the board, for a diploma. He has done well in San Paulo. Morgan left recently for Georgia. Kneese is here, helping to build the new ferry-house. Cogburn is overseeing for Capt Johnson. Slaughter is teaching in Rio & Cencir still edits the Reflector. Sampson has a large contract on Don P. S. Railroad & Thompson-Shears-Shippey and others are with him.

All the Confederates are doing well — perhaps better than they could in the States. Nathan publishes a weekly edited by Capt Freligh & it is a good paper.

A few emigrants continue to come from the South & all or nearly all go direct to San Paulo.

The Railroad to Compainas is to be built and then extend indefinitely. The country there has grown so rich and prosperous that the demand for a road is very urgent.

Coachman & I are making a living & I think, building a good reputation, but I am tired of professional life and so long to get away from its peculiar annoyances.

My prospect in curing meat is at a stand still. Wharton, Capt Johnson & I formed a company & united with *Rodacanachi*. It was all informal. *Rodacanachi* was to obtain the privilege and furnish capitol & we were to be equal partners in profits.

The privilege was obtained from the Minister for the Province of Rio Grand de Sul, for five years and there the matter stands. We of the company are the only parties that know the secret but outsiders, I think, influenced R. to believe the process was an old & exploded one although we exhibited specimens of bacon, hams dried beef & pickled

pork & beef, put up in the hottest part of the summer & under the most unfavorable circumstances which after three & even six months was perfectly good.

Now, about the matter to which you refer. Must thank you most kindly for the offer you make. It appears to me that I could manage that matter readily. If you can get the right for this continent do so — You can, by paying a certain per cent in receipts and thus need no capital. There will be no difficulty in getting all the money that might be required in the business here. The plan is first to secure the privilege then sell local rights for various places — reserving for a company a right in some good place when the work could be carried on, on a grand scale. I went to see Dr. Galvas but he was not in. I know the plan of securing the right & will inform myself fully & then write you if I am wrong. With a little knowledge of chemistry, do not doubt I can tan leather. The plan is to get the process here — tan some hides & then apply to the minister for the privilege — the Minister refers it to the Society Auxil. National. who pass upon the merits of the matter, & if they vote in its favor the privilege is granted if not, refused. This is the simplest way of getting a patent here. Should it fail it may be brought before the Camara in May next & be granted by special act.

Rodacanachi has the right to slaughter all animals for the Rio Market. No one can butcher without paying him so much & this is a princely fortune annually. Now — a tannery, by his slaughter house would supply Rio with leather. But, for sheep, the Argentine Republic is the country. I have some friends in the Society Auxilidare — think I could confidently apply to them for assistance in this department. Let me hear from you as soon as possible. We have another, an English line of steamers from here to N. York. Leaves here on the 7th for N. Y. direct thence to Liverpool thence here & hence to Liverpool & back again for N. Y. It takes passengers for L35 \$175.00. We are all well.

Your friend, &c
San Domingos

Nov. 16, 1869

My dear Col.

Professional engagements during the day & company at night prevented my replying by the Steamer that brought your letter. Have been very busy & also very tired all the time lately. Read late but must lie down. But enough — of that:

Capt McEachin has just dined with me and we drank to your health and recalled the days when we were at Cumberland Gap. The good old days — the memory is pleasant. There is a possibility that I may leave this country — as much as I love the climate. Am delightfully located & enjoy life as much as any one can. Although the remote reasons for leaving the States are as forcible to my mind as ever — still I *may* return.

I left as you know, because of anarchy which I expected to prevail — of the poverty that was already at our doors and the demoralization which I thought & still believe will surely cover the land.

Feeling as I do — philosophizing as I have done — convinced as I am — I say I may return. Why? The reasons must be cogent. They are — but have not yet determined me. If the order of my family was reversed & the boys came first I do not think I would entertain a thought of leaving Brazil — as it is I cannot carry out my plans — but must stick to city & professional life — which means live rich and die poor.

The practice we have here is good. Within a year our practice has spread & we get patients from every direction. It daily increases and another year will give us all the foreign and much of the elite of the native practice we now have. But — I am not as young as I was once.

The social links that have bound me to Brazil are loosening daily, for despite the fact that I find friends among the foreigners, my feelings fervently fondle about a genuine rebel. Soon there will be but few left near Rio. If I had followed my original plan and gone to San Paulo I should have been located for life. If my friend Sampson had lived I might have still settled in S. Paulo and grown rich — but there is something hewing at my plans, and works on them with a will.

My wife has just come in and says “I want to see what you say about going back to the States.” I asked if she wished to return she replied “I am satisfied with the country but we must think what is best for the children.” She is charmed with Brazil and well she may be for the climate is really delicious and all the family in such fine health that life is a luxury.

Capt McEachin will leave next week and with him you will have some pleasant talks. He and his family will be with me a few days before they sail. When you meet think of me — I’ll be with you in spirits.

Remember me to all your family. Gov Watts and other friends —

Your friend

To Col. D. S. Troy
Montgomery
Ala.

Rio de Janeiro
Nov 21st 1869

My dear Doctor.

I embrace the occasion of Captn McEachin's return to send you as an earnest of my good feeling a bottle of Laran-ginha — an alcoholic drink made from the bitter-sweet orange, *laranja de terree* of this country.

I write this note on the bark or cuticle taken from the husk of the leaf from an Imperial Palm which stands by my front gate. This I sent as a curiosity — the leaf lies under the thin paper in my manifold letter writer on which I write. We can also use ink and it does not blot. By the husk I mean the part which is correctly represented by that portion of the corn leaf, which encloses the stalk. The leaves are dropped at regular intervals and each one leaves a ring around the body of the tree. This Palm is the perfection of beauty and symmetry among trees.

I wish I was sufficiently independant of the necessity for daily labor to give me a leisure month. I would like to make for you and the society a collection of the curious things of this country. Among others I would like to get a specimen of Eliphantiosis so common here. Monkey heads, hands & feet — specimens of birds — reptiles & curious plants. I might also, collect some parasites, so singular & flowers so curious & beautiful. I think Darwin would get lost among parasites I long for the ability pecuniary, to be confined to my profession never more than three hours a day and to be able to devote the rest to study — learning more of nature in animals, plants etc. But my nose is to the grindstone and there it will probably stay till it turns its sense into account in that other existence to which I look forward with much pleasure.

All the family are well. Our health has been uninter-ruptedly good since we got our first imbibition of malaria out of us.

I did not want to write you a letter, thanking you for some things and dissenting from others in your letter to Dr Nott, but I dont have time. I cannot write at the Office —

it is rebel head quarters and full of either rebels or patients. At home, I cannot write in the evenings, as we usually have company — and Sundays I generally find myself, surrounded by little ones, to whose pleasure I must attend. You will learn from my wife who writes, also by Capt McEachin something of our pleasant home so I will not add more.

Your friend to

To Dr. W. O. Baldwin
Montgomery

Fazenda Bangu

Chap 76

Once more we draw from the Journals.

Moro do Inga

March 14th 1870 Monday “Things have changed about, since I last wrote — though it is only eleven days. Pa & Mr Judkins have arranged a plan for us to live at Bangu until we start to the States. Had been there a week or more when Pa, Mama and I came back to our old home this morning to pack. Some of the things we dont expect to open until we reach Montgomery. Ellie & I expect to go on a visit to Petropolis. I have stopped in the midst of the packing to write in my Journal. The last time, in our dear S. Domingos home. We cannot but feel sad — for we love this place very dearly & have been very happy here. Still — we look forward with pleasure, to our voyage back and wish we could take with us the climate & the Palm trees and many things which are delightful. There sits our little stuffed dog, looking as wise as if were wondering whether he too is going. I expect he will — for as Pa loves his curiosities so much he will be very sure to take him.

We will here give an interesting history of our little dog — written by Lizzie F. The particulars given by Madame Tissot.

“More than forty years ago, this little stuffed dog, whose name was Fidele, was the pet of a French lady, and while traveling in Italy he suddenly died; his fond mistress had his skin stuffed, and, as I was told, had the kind expression of his eyes

imitated. This lady afterwards emigrated to Switzerland, where she died, bequeathing the dog to a friend who had only one child and that a daughter. This friend came with her little girl to Brazil, bringing the dog with her. The little daughter grew up & soon after her marriage died, and this stuffed dog, with other relics, descended to her — she afterwards became Madame Tissot. She gave it to a little American boy, Willie Freligh. About one year from the time Willie came in possession of it his parents were preparing to move to another province. Not wishing to take the dog with him he presented to an American friend, then residing in Rio de Janerio, little Wille K.....”

Now, if this mute little “Fidele” takes a voyage to the United States and his history is continued, it may prove a yet more interesting one. *Bangu — April 11th 870* Returned from Petropolis Friday — Weather was exceedingly cool while there. Enjoyed the visit, very much. The Imperial family came up, while we were there and all the aristocracy of the place went out to meet them. The procession was quite imposing — a long, double row of carriages. In front the Emporer’s equipages and a body of men on horseback. They all passed under the beautiful arches prepared for the Emperor’s reception into the palace grounds. There are three Palaces — one in Petropolis — One in the city — and one on the Don Pedro R. Road. St. Christorao. We see the grounds of this on our way to Bangu. The Emperor invited all the lookers on to alight from their carriages — knowing he was tired from his long ride we left him to rest. That night, and the one following the streets were brilliantly illuminated and there was a great display of fire-works. I am going to begin teaching the little ones, again.

The Paraguayn war has ended and the Brazilians are having great rejoicings. *April 17th Sunday* We have been walking in the Avenue. We are busy all the time in the week and the days pass pleasantly, with Mr Judkins family. we sew all day nearly. About sundown all go to the orange groves & enjoy eating the delightful fruit. Prepare ourselves with knives to peel them & sit under the trees — thinking always that it will be a great privation to leave them. At night when the children of the two families are asleep we either read, make tatting and play chess or cards.

Chap 77

The Bamboo Avenue & The Festival in Rio.

April 23d Ma has been very sick; Pa sent for a quantity of ice, which we think saved her life — for before it came neither quinine or morphine was of any use & the fever could not be broken.

Mr Judkins whole family has been so very kind.

March 6th We are busy sewing, Mama is well again, though not yet strong. She too is busy and all are in fine spirits, making clothes. How the machine goes! and how we enjoy our work! We call Mrs. J. our "Madame Demorest" because she keeps up with the fashions better than we. We consult the magazines and refer to her. She, too, is getting ready to return to the States and is happy at the thought of meeting her family & friends. She certainly has a delightful home here and every comfort of life. The house immense — large enough for a good many families. Was once the home of a Baron and it is interesting to walk about from room to room, some of which contain remnants of old abused furniture. The part occupied is very well furnished. Has quite a large & handsome parlor and two sitting rooms. One in which we sit, to sew, has an old Piano, that is un-used, except to spread our work upon, when basting or cutting out: a number of large & pleasant bedrooms and at each window of the general sitting-room hangs an iron balcony. When the blinds are open to the floor and we place our chairs outside, it is delightfully cool and we can watch the moon & stars & look around, on the darkened mountains and the quiet valley.

12th How I wish my pen was a painters brush & that the gift was mine to place, on paper, some of these rich views. How I would like to keep with me, always, a picture of the Bamboo Avenue, which is the greatest attraction of the Fazenda. This Bamboo is an immense cane and the avenue is formed by two rows planted about thirty feet apart — the boughs at the top meeting overhead, forming a beautiful arch. The ground is carpeted with dried leaves & husks from the cane, which continually drop, while the leaves at the side and overhead remain always green. The opening at the farthest end looks very small, as the Avenue is more than two hundred yards in length. Here

it is always cool & we enjoy morning and evening walks under this delightful shade & here we often sit to eat oranges.

Mrs Judkins is painting a view of Bangie from the front. It will be very beautiful — she has made some pencil sketches of the mountain scenery.

20th The Count De Eu returned from Paraguay not long ago and the Brazilians seem to want to show him all honor possible. A week or two ago, they had rejoicings & the city was brilliantly illuminated. From the 21st of this month to the 28th there is to be general demonstration of joy. Several shambattles on sea and on land and various displays of fire-works of course. The Brazilians seem to think very much of such form. Father wants us to go in to witness the grand spectacle but the Yellow fever has broken out again in Rio and I expect we will be disappointed as we would be afraid to stay all night in the city. What a pity! I would like to go — very much.

Little Tommy Judkins speaks only the Portuguese language. It is very amusing and interesting to listen to him. He & George play very happily together & George is now mixing the languages. Little Mary Judkins was born here in this great old Mansion. Little Mattie at San Domingos in our home, called Moro de Inga. When they meet, in years to come, they will speak of these places, that they will not remember — and tell that they were born in a foreign land. Little "Mattie" in mid summer on the 16th of January. We will all have much that is pleasant and useful to recall, of the varied scenes through which we have passed. Many and great beauties will remain in our mind, of the glorious mountain scenery & the rich forests & we would gladly carry with us the soft, healthful sea-air. We may yet sigh for all this when winter winds make us shiver in the U. S.

30th We have had some disagreeable rainy weather, once, since we came to Bangie and as the Sun remained behind clouds for several days it was really chilly and we all agreed that a fire-place would be cheerful & comfortable. Mrs. Judkins had charcoal put in a little furnace & we sat cozily around, warming our feet, & we had shawls over our shoulders. This weather does not come often. The great *faesta* is over and we feel that we have lost the privilege of witnessing the grandest sight of all.

As it seemed a little unsafe for us to go in the city at that time, "the Father" enjoyed the whole scene for the rest. Listening to his account was almost equal to having seen it ourselves.

The war with Paraguay was closed after the death of Lopez.

When the Count De Eu, Commander in Chief of the Allies, returned to Rio the Imperial family and some of the dignitaries of State went out to meet him on the Bay, in a Steamer, handsomely decorated in real Brazilian style, with flags, wreaths and gay colored pennants. they landed at the naval arsenal, which is at one end of Rua Dereita. The procession then passed, on foot, to the business Palace, on Palace Square, where the Count received the congratulations of the people. For some hours they thronged the building. Soldiers were stationed on each side of the street to prevent the crowd from blockading the way, but to no avail. The mass became so dense the Emperor begged permission to pass, waving his hat imploringly, which he had taken off to cool his brow. Then followed a three days jollification or festival. The whole city was illuminated — arches of gaslights, crossing the streets, were arranged at great cost. Temporary buildings were erected, (covered with flowers and wreaths) some of them representing forts that had been taken. In the arsenal of war, which was illuminated with calcium lights, were gathered all the trophies — cannons — battle flags & c. The Sword of Lopez which he wore at the time of his death and the spear with which he was killed, by Jo Diable.

Festoons, were suspended, having a most beautiful effect, arranged by many different colored tumblers, containing lights; these glasses fastened with wires. Elevated buildings were placed in the streets, high above the crowd, as Pagoda's for the Musicians.

The Brazilians have more taste in their display of fireworks & city decorations than any other nation, and a vast amount of money is expended at their festivals. After all this, a very handsome building was raised on Campo Santa Anna — with an immense arch in the centre — decorated as was anything else, in brilliancy. This had not been taken down when we passed through the city the last time.

June 5th Sunday We have been busy as possible, getting ready to start some time this week to the U. S. We have gathered some curiosities, but not as many as we wish to take with us. We are too busy, and I do not take time to write in my Journal.

Chap 78

Out on the Ocean

June 12th 1870 Sunday On board the *Wavelet*. On the morning of the 10th we came out to our Ship. Were very sea-sick. The Bay was rough — although the sky was clear and blue and no vestige of a storm. The Chaptain seemed to think it strange. We regretted very much that Mr. Judkins family did not come with us but he had not yet sold his place & of course could not set any definite time for leaving. We had, so much, hoped to make the voyage together. Still — we feel sure they will soon follow.

Our last evening in the city, was sad — though very pleasantly spent. Our American friends were with us. Took us to the Ice-cream saloons, for the last time, Then we returned to the office & had music on the Piano. Tried to be cheerful but it was an effort, for although we rejoiced to know we were returning to our Native land, we could not help these regrets — leaving behind some who had been, throughout the years of our stay, in Brazil, so kind and true. Who had been but I cannot say how much we felt at parting with one who has filled a brothers place in our home & our hearts. But he is now more lonely than we. He returned to his Office. No. 43 & found it different from what it has been, I know & he will find it hard to be cheerful for he will remain several years. Perhaps there were never hearts so divided, between joy and sorrow. Joy at returning to the States sorrow at leaving Brazil.

13th We have brought with us the pet doves and they do not seem conscious of being out at sea.

“Out on an Ocean all boundless, we ride —
Rocked by the waves of a rough, restless tide
We are homeward bound, homeward bound.”

We have on board as passengers two gentleman from N. York — one from Baltimore and also a Canadian who is taking to his far home a Brazilian wife. We find they are the same whose wedding my sisters attended while I was at Pao Grande.

June 14th Tuesday About 9 o'clock A. M. sighted a Brig — after getting near enough, found she wanted to speak to us. Could not distinguish her name, as it was in white letters on white ground — which proved her to be Dutch, as well as the North German colors she was flying. Her Captain wanted correct longitude, having been some time at sea. From London, Eng. bound to Santos, Brazil. Found his reckoning to be 20 minutes out of the way. His being 39°22' — ours 39°42' West. After passing the usual salute of dipping our respective flags, we parted — probably never to meet again.

The above passage was written, in my Diary, by a gentleman — not understanding nautical phrases, I asked him to make this note for me.

We do not suffer now, from sea-sickness and the days pass quickly & pleasantly. At night we have singing and conversation sometimes card playing. In the day we sew or read and the children are perfectly happy. They play most of the time on the lower deck among the sailors & they cannot possibly fall over-board. The officers and all the crew are kind to them & seem interested in the four little boys, looking like stairsteps — when all in a row. They allow them many privileges & often play with them.

June 17th Friday Yesterday morning the wind became fresher — the water is still a little rough. About three o'clock sighted a sail on the weather bow, proved to be a Brig, traveling the same way as ourselves — over-hauled and passed her about 8 P.M. Wind became a little more blustering, causing our ship to dip her nose under water, some of which coming on the quarter deck — sending the lady passengers below — 11 o'clock P.M. took in the fore and main royals to make the vessel ride a little more easy. Towards morning carried away our jib-top-sail — showing the wind to be viciously inclined.

This note was taken down by the same gentleman — who assisted me before & he is also marking on our map the course

we are taking. Each day we see how many miles we make on our voyage. This will not be so pleasant as our *Marmion* travel. The quarters although fitted up for passengers, are very close and we stay below as little as possible. Almost every one sits on deck, to prevent sea sickness. We enjoy the breath of the ocean.

June 19 Sunday Have more favorable winds and very little sea sickness.

22d This morning saw a whale—not a very large one.

We understand that Mr. Smith is a fine performer on the Banjo. He says if he only had the materials he would make one and give us music. I have given him a porcupine skin which was a present from Mrs. Pinckney — did not like to sacrifice the beautiful fur but the prospect of having music overcame my dislike to part with it. The wood-brass band etc. has been found on the ship, & he has gone to work to make a banjo. Ellie had some guitar strings which she contributed.

June 27th Sunday A ship passed us this morning from Spain bound to Australia. We have another whale, larger than the last.

The Banjo is finished—and yesterday Mr. Smith gave us a few tunes. He plays delightfully & sings remarkably well. Had no idea he could have made such a good instrument or could bring such music from it.

July 13th Wednesday We expect to stop at the island of Barbadoes and we are much pleased at the thought of seeing land. Had quite an excitement on board, a few days since — some of the gentlemen caught a fearful looking shark. They are drying its jaw bones.

There was an eclipse of the moon—last night.

July 21st Thursday Saturday morning we reached Barbadoes. What a beautiful picture — the “green-robed hills” were to our eyes, so long accustomed to the broad field of waters. We all went ashore except Ma who remained on the ship with the children. We saw shingled roofs once more and it made us home sick. We spent several hours in shopping — having learned

that some kind of goods — linen silks etc were much cheaper; there being no duties upon them as the town belongs to the English. We only regretted that we had not a large sum to lay out in such articles as we would always need. We returned again to the Wavelet, much pleased with our short visit to the Barbadoes and the friends of an hour, who showed us some kind attentions. We are now on our way again. We learned while on the Island that an earthquake had occurred at Guadaloupe on the 10th of June. and that is why the water so rough — near the coast when we were leaving Rio. Also, heard the news of the death of Dickens who died on the 9th.

July 28th Thursday After leaving the Barbadoes, the winds were fair and our ship has made good time. Some days we have sailed so rapidly we find it unpleasant to walk on deck. We enjoy sweet music from the banjo, every night.

To-day the gentlemen caught a large Porpoise — caused quite a stir & bustle on deck.

July 31st We are only within a short distance of N. York, but contrary winds prevent our getting there.

I must mention a little exhibition—fixed up by the Sailors, for the amusement of the children—but which the grown people enjoyed nearly as much. Two of the men converted themselves into one elephant by putting a mattress over their heads, which they covered with a grey blanket. The tail was made of one of the rope-swabs, which they use to wash the deck. The head was shaped properly & with the four feet below — the animal seemed to move heavily along. Another sailor made music with a cane-pine & the circus was satisfactory, better than a Show on land. At least, the children thought so.

Chap 79

An Alarm

Supper was just over and part of the family had gone up on deck; the others still seated around the table, when suddenly a flash of light broad and bright, illuminated the whole saloon. We seemed to be surrounded by flames. In that one

moment an age was lived. The fearful thought that the ship was on fire brought a scene before our minds, never to be forgotten. The last struggle with life, in a death at sea. It was awful! Our first deep impulses, in the agony of the moment, was to gather, in a last embrace, our dear family, that we might, in parting from the world, be together in eternity. We made one step towards the door. A few exclamations of horror were heard. Madame de Bushaville fainted away; when quite as suddenly as the great flash appeared, it was gone and, then we heard the cause of our alarm.

Capt Osborne, a passenger, who then returned from the pantry explained it. He was quite pale with fright, (although an old sea man) but he had not lost his presence of mind: Finding, at once, that the light was in the pantry the door being open he rushed in & saw a lamp was upset & the fluid burning on the floor, which had spilt in different directions. Ford, the black steward, had jumped on a barrel in the corner & was standing, only as a bewildered looker on, after his stupidity in attempting to fill the lamp while lighted. Some of the fluid, which had dripped on his hand caught fire & this made him drop the lamp. Capt Osborne picked up a large damp cloth which was lying spread at the door, that Ford has been using to wash up the floors, threw it on the blaze putting it out instantly.

There was certainly a moment of the greatest fear we had ever experienced. How thankful we all were when we sat quietly on deck, a little later, enjoying the cool breeze and the gentle motion of the Ship, that it was only an alarm that Providence was with us and all was well.

How very small an object was this Barque at Sea, freight with a cargo & precious lives, compared to the mighty Ocean, upon which it floated and how entirely alone on this great waste of waters it seemed, with no earthly hand to aid, in time of distress. None but God to save. Why should we ever, for a single moment, forget our entire dependance on Him?

Aug 1st 1870

Broad, boundless and deep
Thou tempestuous ocean

Lashed into foam
By the winds mighty motion.

Dashing in anger
Thy waters on high
Matching in beauty
Thy blueness — Oh! sky.

Cold — selfish and cruel
Thou beautiful sea
How many heart treasures
Lie buried in thee

J—————

Aug 13th

Oh! for words, for true expression
Of these thoughts, so wild & deep
Thoughts, that with my burning heart throb
Wake, and start, as if from sleep.

Earnest, fervant searchings after
Things unfathomed, things unseen
This mysterious wish for something
Lying Heaven & earth between

If I owned this magic power
Could I wield this pen of flame
Could this music find an echo
And this something find a name,

Like the organ's swelling music,
Which the heart cannot withstand;
Would my thoughts flow out in numbers,
Earnest, beautiful and grand.

J—————

Aug 2d "We arrived yesterday and anchored in New York bay, but cannot yet go ashore. The Ship which left Rio the day before ours and which arrived two days ago has been quarantined on account of two cases and a death from yellow fever while on its passage. And although our passengers and crew have been perfectly healthy we must be quarantined, and the fever was not prevailing as an epidemic when we left.

Aug 3d Wednesday The Captain went ashore to learn the particulars of the quarantine. He was told it would last five days and perhaps more.

The custom-house officer will come on board to examine our baggage and a Physician is coming to feel our pulses and look at our tongues. One of the officials has refused two hundred and fifty dollars which the Captain offered for permission to enter the city. He then procured a Pilot and tow-boat and at midnight raised anchor and shipped around to South Amboy on the Jersey Coast. We will to to N.York from here, by rail-road. Sad hearts yesterday—but glad ones to-day.

Chap 80

Home Sweet Home

Montgomery, Ala.

Friday Aug 12th After reaching South Amboy, New Jersey we were detained on ship a day and a half, As the expected Doctor did not come at the appointed time. He came at last and his pale countenance bore a striking contrast to our healthful and ruddy faces, as we all (even the baby) were tanned by the sun & sea breeze. If we had not known this would soon wear off, we would not have felt so willing to enjoy the briny air on deck for so long a time. The Physician fulfilled his duty — smiling as he passed from one to another—saying himself, that it was a mere farce to even enquire the state of our health.

Then came the custom-house officer who very respectfully examined our trunks & left and afterwards the grand conclusion and burlesque of fumigating the Ship. Even these men looked around upon the hardy sailors and glanced at us, as if amused at what they were sent to do. After all these imagined obstacles were removed we were permitted to leave the "Wavelet."

Another sad parting. We were sorry to say Good-bye to the sailors who had been so kind to us all. The children were embraced & gently lifted into the boat which took us to shore. The sailors waved their hats as long as we could see them, &

then the Ship which had safely borne us over the wide waters was seen no more.

We took the cars for N. York. Every road, tree, house, fence, man, woman, or child we saw filled our hearts with thankfulness, for we felt we were indeed on land.

My little brother Reb saw some hay stacks & he exclaimed "I did no know that Cocoa-nuts grew so large in Montgomery," and George drew our attention to "a house on legs," having never seen a building that did not have its foundation on the ground.

We remained in N. York two days at the Western Hotel. The Proprietor was very kind and much interested in our large family. The children did behave very nicely and we were astonished that they should be so quiet and orderly, after romping, to their hearts content, on shipboard for nearly two months.

We took a walk on Broadway & also visited Central Park, saw little else worth remembering during our short stay.

We took passage for Savannah on an elegant Steamer San Salvador commanded by Capt Nickerson. This was such a delightful change from the Wavelet and the sea was so beautifully smoothe we enjoyed every hour of the trip.

The Captain was attentive and agreeable and there were also some pleasant passengers. One gentlemen we found to be a particular friend of some friends we had made in Brazil. He entertained us by giving an account of the wreck of the Mississippi, on which he was travelling when it ran ashore. All lives were saved. I think this is the only steamer that has been lost on the line from N. Y. to Brazil. From Savannah we went on to Columbus stopping with my uncle, Dr T. Hentz. We were made very happy for a time and would have remained a week or so as they urged us to do but our baggage was checked through to Montgomery and our journey had been so long Pa thought it best to get on home.

Home! How pleasant now to write the word. Can any one think of joy, for a time, greater than a return home, with a loving welcome from friends, after an absence, in a foreign land for three years? If so, let them go back with us to the

night of our arrival on the cars, mid the crowd that gathered around us — the glad smiling faces which appeared and familiar voices we heard. Unutterable joy filled our hearts as we felt ourselves folded in kind arms. Our hands were clasped by many whose figures in the crowd we could not see.

But when we saw the roof and chimneys of our dear old home, so plainly marked behind the cedars, the horses could not take us fast enough across the grassy field, along the sandy road. We could have flown.

The bright, full moon, again looked down, as if to bless us and we felt that God was good. The sentinel poplars stood, as though we had never left them, guarding our old loved home. Lights gleamed through the windows. We had stopped.

One of our old servants, whose voice was among the first we heard, jumped down from the drivers' seat of the Omnibus and opened the gate. Two of us were with Uncle Pres in his Rockaway, but all reached home together.

Then came the meeting with Aunt Fannie, who met us at the door — unchanged from what she was, unless to look more lovely. Our little Cousin Ammie, who had been taught not to forget her absent relatives, next had her arms around our necks. She too looked just the same, only larger and taller grown.

Through tears of gratitude, we enjoyed this meeting, never to be forgotten — in our home, made dearer than it had ever been before, by this sweet welcome. A tempting supper was, also ready for the weary travellers. But — were we tired? No — truly, joyfully, thankfully at rest. We did not sleep until long after we had gone to our rooms. The rose-vines which, when we left, only ran upon the lattice, now climbed around the upper pillars and trembled in the moonlight. The cedars which had grown thicker and taller could now be seen from our windows, as we lay in our beds and the dear old poplars rose higher much higher. Yet this seemed all the change. We feared to close our eyes, lest in the morning we might find our joy a dream.

But "Earth lay slumbering neath the smiles of Heaven." And we, too, needed sleep. At length, it came, to happy hearts at "Hillside."

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I N D E X

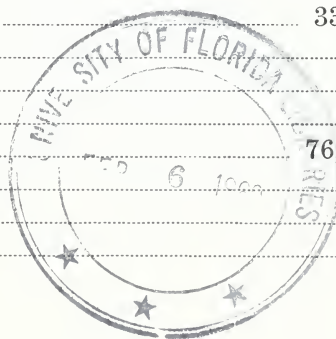
1966

-A-

Adams, John Quincy	8
Alabama Legislature	31
Andrew, Bishop James Osgood	64
Atkinson, Joe	83
Avery, Robert W.	144
Avery, William	93

-B-

Baldwin, Mary	283
Bank of the United States	27
Barbour, P. P.	26
Barker, Rev. Josiah	118
Barnesley, Dr.	263
Barton, John B.	75
W. S.	100
Bedford, G. B.	86
G. M.	91
Benjamin, Judah P.	40
Berney, Dr. James	192, 193, 267, 279
"Bivouac of the Dead"	33, 34, 43
Bowman, T. H.	70
Boyd, M. B.	80
Bragg, Gen. Braxton	41
Brame, Charles E.	76, 98, 101
Brannon, Dr. Peter A.	127
Breckinridge, John Cabell	33, 41
Broome, Col.	139



976.105

Brown, Mrs.	308
Burpo, William A.	98

-C-

Callaway, Christopher	
Columbus	72, 80, 82, 90, 113, 115, 117
Carson, Mr.	147
Carter, Miss M. E.	73
Casey, Oscar F.	64, 80, 113
Chamberlaine, Chas.	304
Chambers, Henry	7
Christian, Mary W.	90
Clarke, C. B.	63
C. D.	83
Clay, Clement Comer	7, 29
Henry	7, 8, 9, 34
Coachman, Dr.	267, 308, 311
Coffee, John	7, 15, 18, 23
Cogburn, Mr.	260
Mrs.	188, 199, 260
Contributors	122
Cooper, Col. Samuel	38
Cowin, Thos. C.	68
Cox, G. W.	67, 68, 94
W. H.	92, 94
Crews, Melancthon	81

-D-

Davis, Jefferson	34
Mr.	188, 199
Nicholas	8, 26
DeBow, Dr. R. U.	82
(See DuBois and DuBoux)	
Dennis, Wesley B.	118
Densler,	85, 103
F. H.	71
T. A.	114
Douglas, Stephen Arnold	94
Dozier, Capt.	305
Mrs.	305
Dubois, Dr.	97

DuBoux, Mrs. R. U.	89
Duncan, John C.	85
Manly	310
Dunn, Rev. Ballard	147, 297, 298
Dr. J. A.	147, 169, 195, 224, 271, 298, 303, 322

-E-

Early, John	119
Eaton, John	15
Ellis, Charles Cannon	74, 79, 80, 95, 99, 100, 115, 117
Ellison, William Holmes	119
Emory, William H.	34
Eu, Count De	141
Ewell, Brig. Gen. Richard S.	39
Ewing, Presley Underwood	116
Evans, Nathan G.	34
Shanks	38

-F-

Fahay, Mr.	185, 189, 194, 200, 220, 226, 227, 232
Farley, Dr.	188, 199, 201, 225, 247, 248, 287
Field, Charles W.	35
Fort Morgan	72
Fort Pickens	87, 93, 95
Fort Sumter	86
Fourth Ala. Inf. CSA	111
Freeman, Hugh H.	104
Freligh, Captain	257, 270, 310, 312
Lizzie	259, 268, 285, 286, 302, 326
Mr.	246
Mrs.	257, 259, 284, 286, 298, 302, 303, 305, 307
Ruland	249, 310
Friend, Dr. Llerena	51

-G-

Garrard, Kenner	35
Gaston, Mrs. Dr.	143
Jane	86, 88
Rev. John	118
Mrs. R. U.	93

Glass, _____	97
Anthony	86
J. C.	86
Glover, Francis Lyon	77
Goodloe, _____	97
Gragg, James A.	96
Granberry, J. H. H.	69, 70, 80, 81, 103
"Greene Greys"	99
Greensboro	12, 69, 82, 89, 113
Gunter, Anna	283, 304, 305
Mr.	227, 244, 247, 251, 311
Mr. H.	310
Manly	171
Miss Nellie	304, 308
Mr. T.	211

-H-

Hale, Anthony W.	78
Stephen Fowler	98
Hall, Mr.	276
Hamilton, Jefferson	65, 79, 85, 93, 97
Hanson, Mrs.	259
" 'Hard Fortune' of Theodore O'Hara"	33
Hardee, William J.	34, 35
Hatch, James M.	121
Hawthorne, Gen.	270, 272, 276, 321
Hayden, Mr.	294
Mrs.	294
Heath, Flora	75
Hentz, Dr.	321
High, Isiah P.	77
Hill, Ann	64
Hoffman, John U.	109, 111
Hood, John B.	35
Hopkins, Arthur F.	30
Howard, J. H.	63, 78, 81, 93
Hubbard, David	19, 20, 21
Hunt, John Wesley	15
Hunter, Miss F. L.	82
Hutcheson, Kate	267

Hutchinson, Adelaide	94
Hutchin, J. J.	85, 99, 118

-I-

Indian Removal Bill	17, 20
Internal Improvement Bills	21

-J-

Jackson, Andrew	7, 8, 10, 15, 23, 24
Jacobs,	78
Jenifer, Walter H.	35, 38
"John McKinley: Jacksonian Phase,"	7, 31
Johnson, Capt.	222, 235, 249, 252, 264, 267, 277, 278, 279, 282, 287, 289, 294, 312, 322
Dr.	222, 233, 249, 252, 263, 277
Johnston, Col. Albert Sidney	34, 40
Joseph E.	42
Jones, Robert T.	40
Judkins, Mary	329
Mr. L.	301, 306, 310, 311, 327, 328, 331
Mrs.	329
Judson Female Institute	72

-K-

Kavanaugh, Hubbard Hinde, Jr.	63, 97
Kelly, William	7, 8
Kennedy, John	118
W. E.	88
Kerr, Mrs.	285, 287
Keyes, George	250
Mrs. J. L.	128
Jennie R.	127
Julia	127, 129
King, William R.	10
Kneese, Mr.	282, 287
Kohner, Herman	121

-L-

Lane, Miss Lottie	267, 269, 295
Mrs.	267, 269, 288
La Place, Ala.	63, 70, 103, 104, 105, 108, 111

Lawson, Louis	12
Lee, Fitzhugh	35
Robert E.	34, 37, 38
Leopolinda, Duchess	141
Lewis, Dixon H.	24
Littlejohn, Joseph B.	92, 97
Lynch, Rev. Thomas M.	119

-M-

McDade, Dr.	161, 176, 256, 299, 301
Mr.	300
Mrs.	162, 167, 171, 176, 181, 300
McEachin, Capt.	308, 324
Mrs.	308
McIntyre, Duncan	263, 264, 310
Julian	269
Major	156, 193, 267, 268, 275, 279, 300
Miss Margaret	311
Mrs.	267, 268
Robert	310
McIntyres, Aunt	305
McKee, Col. William R.	34
McKinley, John	7
supports H. Clay	7
connection with Huntsville Bank	8
elected to Senate, 1824	8, 9
19th Congress	9
speeches in Senate	9
on Bankrupt Bill	9, 10
supports Jackson	8, 10, 20
20th Congress	10
earlier ties with Clay	10
on internal improvements	11, 17, 22, 27
on Muscle Shoals Canal	12
on public land policy	12, 14, 15, 17, 19, 28
Tariff of 1828	14
Opposes Jackson	17
campaign for Senate, 1830	18, 24
Muscle Shoals Maysville Bill	21
Moore seeks Senate seat	22

defeated, 1830	24
refuses to run for governor	24, 25
elected to House, 1831	25
opposes U. S. Bank	25
opposes nullification	25
Martin Van Buren	26
elected to House, 1833	26, 31
Speeches	29
Governorship	29
Elected to Senate, 1836	30
Elected in 1836 as a member of the Ala. House of Representatives	30
Chosen as a Democratic elector	30
Magruder, H. B.	94, 115
Malone, Mr.	270
Manassas	107, 111
Martin, John M.	7, 122
Massey, Jr.	305, 306
Mathews, J. W.	91
Rev. John	119
May, Mr.	117
John M.	101
Laura	101
Maysville Bill	17, 20
Mears, Dr. Joseph W.	83
Menefees, G. T.	106
“Migration Patterns of Alabama’s Population, 1850 and 1860”	45
Miller, Mr.	184, 190, 199, 221, 225, 238, 239, 240, 247, 248, 321
Mrs.	186, 221, 248, 250
Miss Anna	186, 193, 199, 205
Ellie,	216
Mr. S.	251
Mr. Sim	282
Terese	216
Mobile	65, 70, 72, 83, 85, 91, 114
Montgomery	105, 113, 131, 320
Moore, Gabriel	20, 22, 30
Morgan, Mr.	271, 282
Muscle Shoals	11

-N-

Nathan, Mr. Charles	146
Nativity of the free population, 1850	49
Nativity of the free population, 1860	50
Neeley, Philip Phillips	120, 260
New Orleans	132
Newman, Mr	260
Mrs.	267
Mr. Newnis	292
Nicholson, The James family	82
Rebecca	82
Nickerson, Capt.	338
Northup, Mr.	304
Norton, Rev. Ethelbert B.	117, 118

-O-

Oaks, Jonas	155
O'Hara, Theodore	33
In Mexican War	33, 34
Writes "Bivouac of the Dead"	34
Journalistic career	34
Court-martial	38
Resigns from U. S. Army	38
Commissioned in Confederate Army	39
Lt. Col. 12th Ala. Inf.	40
In Battle of Manassas	40
"Our Life in Brazil"	129, 339
Owsley, William	33

-P-

Palmer, William M.	121
Panama	8
Panama Mission	10
Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. John	106
Mary Emily	85
Payne, Mr.	264, 268
Perry, Melville Barton	74, 75, 81, 88, 93, 96, 97, 98
Chappell Streetmen	75
D. R.	71, 80

Ernest	75
Hill	75
Hunt	75
Ila	75
Joseph William	75
Leroy Cavasso	75
Llerena Collinsworth	75
Loula	75
Orion Sanford	75
Pat	75
Sarah Story	75
Susan Ann Hamill	75
Tabitha	75
Turner Hunt	75
Wilbur Fisk	75, 117
Peters, Miss Mat	106
Phares, John Wesley	92
Pickens, Israel	7, 10
Mrs. Mary E.	77
Pierce, Brig. Gen. Franklin	33
George F.	120
Dr. Lovic	102, 120
Lydia	120
Philip	120
Pinckey, Mrs.	333
Porter, Miss Mary	268
Portis, E. T.	66
Powel, Smith	93
Preston, Mr.	284

-R-

Rainey, Dr.	307
Rambo, Dr. Samuel	315, 316, 378
Ramsey, Thomas Yancey	67, 71, 74, 81, 83, 98, 99
Randle, William R.	97
Rencher, Daniel W.	85, 97
Rivers, Mrs. M. B. C.	313
Rev. Richard H.	95
Roberts, J. Newton	109

Rogers, Tommy W.	45, 122
Ross, Rev. B. B.	118
Rowley, Miss.	285
Royal Party	8, 9
Rush, John Wesley	108
Russell, Mr.	247

-S-

Sadler, W. G.	117
Sampey, John Watkins	103 92, 94
Sampson, Mr.	310
Sassnet, William Jeremiah	119
Scott, May	267
Seay, Bettie	95
Selma	103, 113
Seymour, Mr.	246
Shackelford, Jack	121
Smaw, Eliza	99
Smith, Mr. Edmund Kirby	333 34
Southern Emigrants	133
Southern University	56, 66, 114
Spencer, Mr. 220, 226, 232, 235, 236, 237, 239, 241, 242,	267
Spillman, William J.	83 72
Starr, John Wesley	114 73, 88, 95
State Lands	21
Steele, Mr.	145
Stollenwerck, Alphonse	121
Stoneman, George	34
Storrs, Maj.	214
Story, Calvin	84
E. W.	64, 105
Elias	63, 113
Frances Elizabeth	75
George Chappell	65
James Osgood Andrew	51

Biographical sketch	51, 62
John	113
Lou	107, 117
Martha Ann	94
Sarah Jane	75
Suggsville, Ala.	66
Summers, Dr	103
Thomas Osmond	101
Swanson, W. G.	109

-T-

Talbert, Ann	101
Taylor, Joseph W.	78, 83, 101, 103
Thomas, George H.	34
Thompson, Col.	282
Tobin, Dr.	147
Trimble, Mollie	112
Troy, Col. D. S.	325
Turner, R. H.	70
Tuscaloosa	117
Tuskegee	107, 109, 113, 268

-U-

Urbane, Rufus	82
Urquhart, Henry	59, 77

-V-

Van Buren, Martin	30
Vanderbilt University	102
Van Dorn, Earl	34, 37, 38

-W-

Wadsworth, Dr.	76, 80, 83, 87
Walker, Leroy Pope	40
Waller, Harris	73
Walton, John W.	95, 115
Sally	115
Warrior Stand	110
Watts, T. H.	128

Webb, James Daniel	89
Mrs. S.	80
Wharton, Mr.	246
Weinert, Richard P.	33, 122
Wightman, Edith	73
Dr. William	59, 70, 79, 80, 83, 85, 86, 88, 89
.....	96, 102, 116, 117
Williams, James M.	70
Dr. Ted	110
Willis, John Cunningham	86
Wilson, Lawrence M.	105
William N.	100
Winder, Gen. John H.	39
Wood, Robert C., Jr.	38

-Y-

de Yambert, Dr.	211
John Marshall	114
Yancey, Capt. D.	210, 222, 233, 239
Captain Ben	176, 271, 276, 282

-Z-

Zachry, Cooper	108
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